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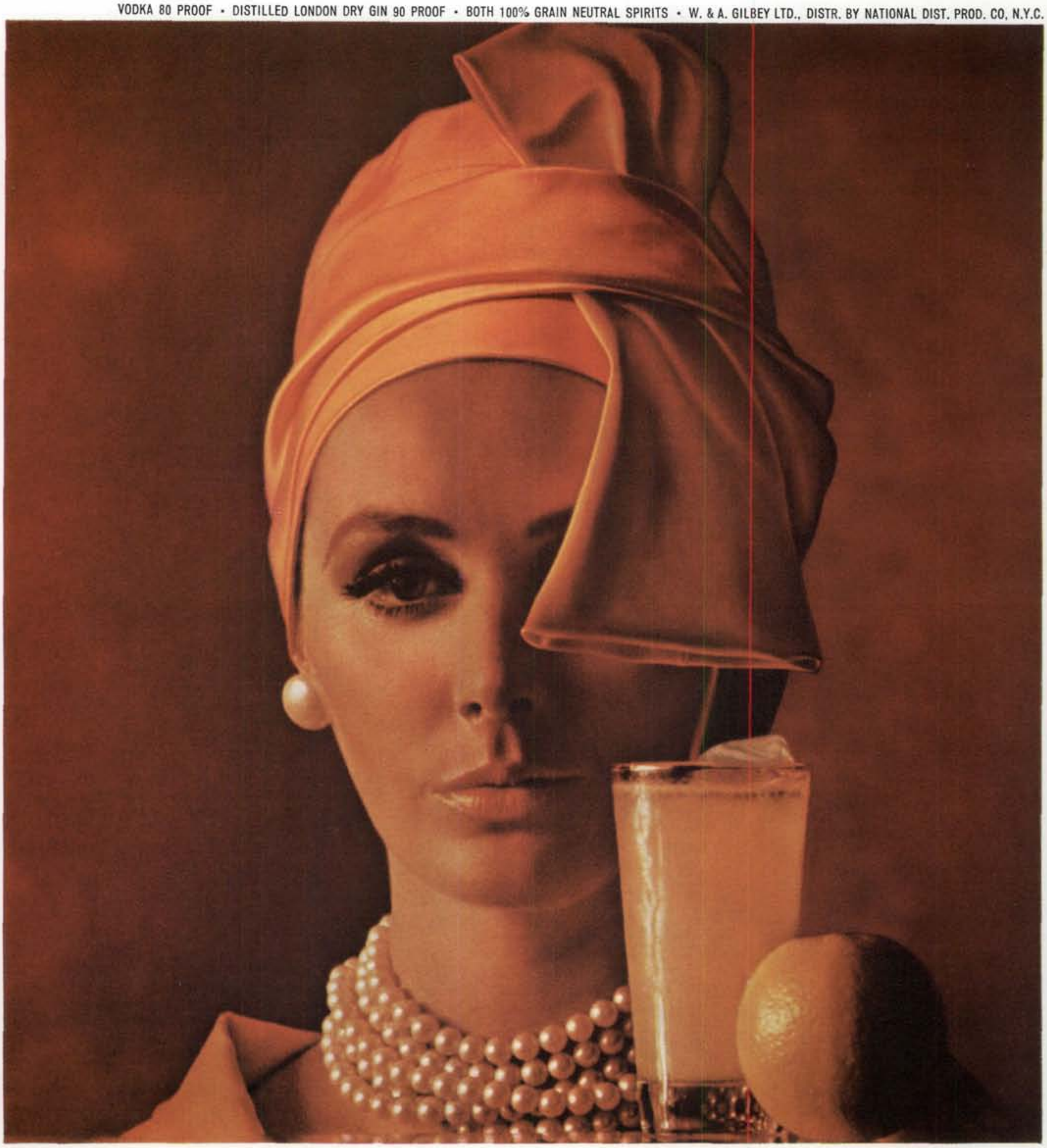

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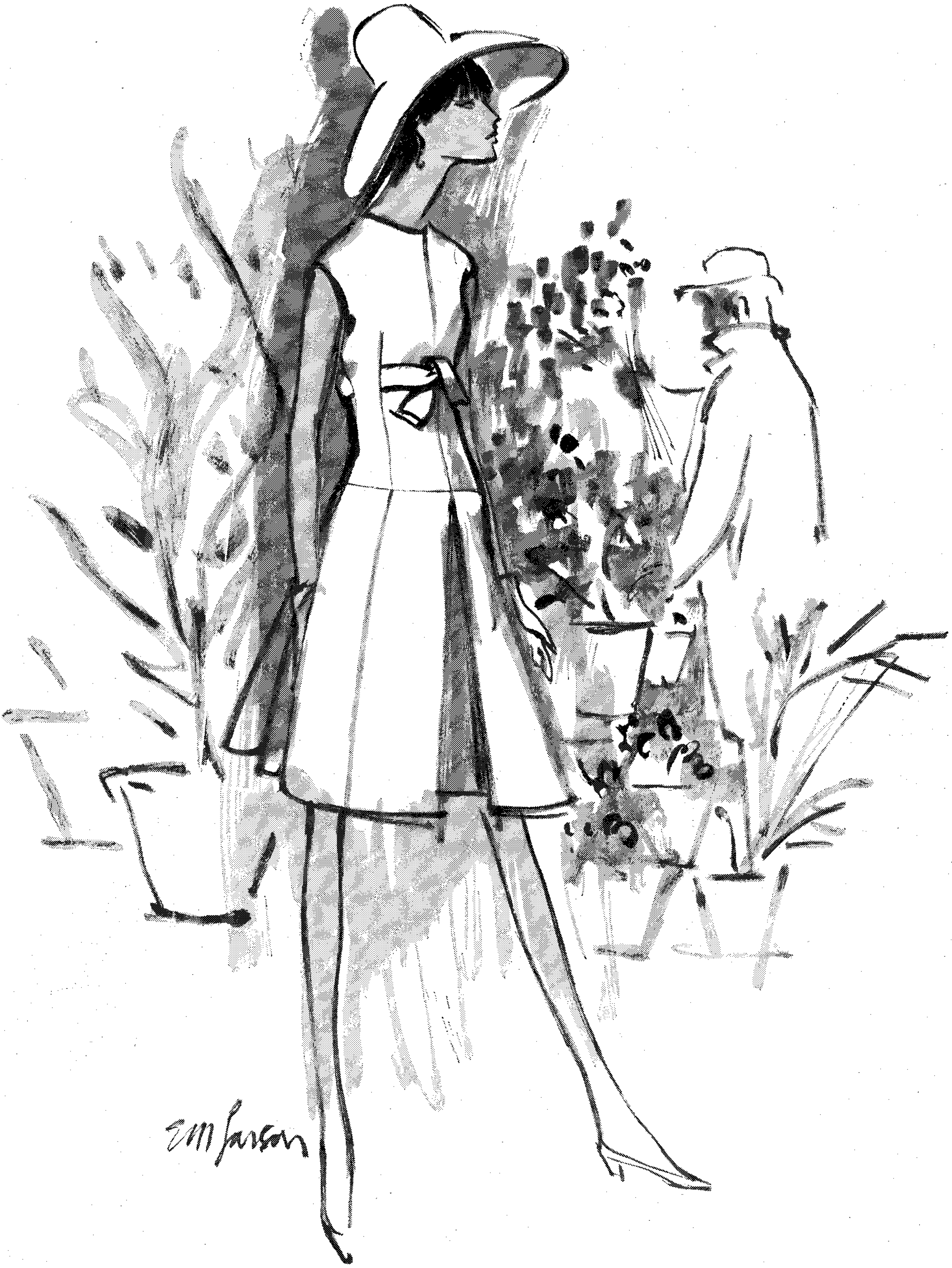

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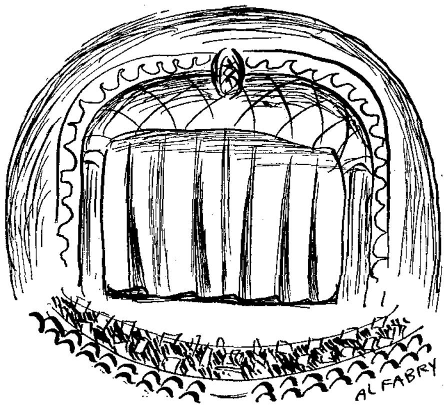
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Amen Corner—James Baldwin's rueful description of life in a Harlem store-front church. Very loosely strung together and a trifle too loquacious, but with a number of meritorious scenes. Bea Richards, as the pastor of Mr. Baldwin's tabernacle, does a fine job, and so, for that matter, do her supporting players. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. May close Saturday, May 15.)

Catch Me If You Can—Dan Dailey, Tom Bosley, and Bethel Leslie are estimable people, but their efforts to galvanize this dull murder-mystery comedy are unavailing. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Glass Menagerie—A limited engagement of Tennessee Williams' play, starring George Grizzard, Pat Hingle, Piper Laurie, and Maureen Stapleton. Directed by George Keathley. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Luv—This comic triangular trifle by Murray Schisgal, which has an excellent cast (Alan Arkin, Eli Wallach, and Anne Jackson) has been wonderfully directed by Mike Nichols. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Odd Couple—A fine, funny comedy by Neil Simon having to do with a couple of hilarious male marital rejects trying to keep house in a rambling Riverside Drive apartment. Mr. Simon has been given a big assist by the director, the ubiquitous Mike Nichols, and by Walter Matthau and Art Carney, who head up the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—A two-character comedy by Bill Manhoff, in which Alan Alda and Diana Sands appear as a stuffy pseudo-intellectual and an antic prostitute, with sporadically amusing results. Skillful direction by Arthur Storch, and a good set by Jo Mielziner. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tiny Alice—An excursion into metaphysics arranged by Edward Albee. The play often seems incoherent as it explains man's relation to the world above and below, but John Gielgud, Irene Worth, John Heffernan, and Eric Berry are for the most part admirable in it. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 22.)

Long Runs—**ANY WEDNESDAY:** Barbara Cook, Rosemary Murphy, and Don Porter in a play by Muriel Resnik about a girl being kept by an industrial big shot. George Gaynes will succeed Mr. Porter on Monday, May 17. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** Neil Simon's frivolity concerning the adventures of a pair of newlyweds in a Manhattan walk-up. The cast includes Penny Fuller, Anthony Roberts, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES:** About a clutch of middle-class Irish-Americans in the Bronx who spend most of their time bickering. With Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize and of an award from the Drama Critics Circle. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Bajour—Gypsies dancing, prancing, reading tea leaves, examining palms, and all that sort of thing in a lively creation that has a book by Ernest Kinoy and music and lyrics by Walter Marks. Peter Gennaro is responsible for the choreography, and the musical has the nimble services of Chita Rivera, Nancy Dussault, and many other attractive performers. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Baker Street—Holmes vs. Moriarty in a divertissement that is only occasionally effective. Fritz Weaver is the Sherlock of the piece and Martin Gabel the Professor. Jerome Coopersmith created the book and Marian Grudeff and Raymond Jessel the lyrics and music. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Do I Hear a Waltz?—Despite the fact that Richard Rodgers contributed the score for this musical version of Arthur Laurents's "The Time of the Cuckoo," it isn't anywhere near as beguiling as most of the other works in which the Master has had a hand. Stephen Sondheim did the lyrics, and Mr. L. the book, which describes the ups and downs of an American spinster reluctantly caught in the amorous atmosphere of Venice. Elizabeth Allen portrays the spinster and Sergio Franchi the Venetian who unsettles her. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fiddler on the Roof—Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, garnished with music by Jerry Bock, lyrics by Sheldon Harnick, and choreography by Jerome Robbins, who also directed the enterprise. Although the material is rather too frail to sustain all the large production numbers, the cast, headed by the redoubtable Zero Mostel, is diverting. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Boy—Sammy Davis in an adaptation of a tired Odets play about a fighter who doesn't like his work. With the exception of a couple of sharp production numbers, it has little in its favor. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Half a Sixpence—Solid songs and lively dances in an adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps," with Tommy Steele figuring to fine advantage in the leading role. David Heneker is responsible for the tunes and lyrics, and Onna White for the choreography. Gene Saks directed the happy affair. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Had a Ball—Behind the scenes with the grifters at Coney Island, who are no more amusing than the folks they try to swindle. Buddy Hackett, Richard Kiley, Karen Morrow, Steve Roland, and Luba Lisa are among those present. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**FUNNY GIRL:** Barbra Streisand representing Fanny Brice. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** The Carol Channing commotion. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **WHAT MAKES SAMMY RUN?:** A musical having to do with a Hollywood striver who would be glad to throw his own mother into the snow if she didn't pull her weight on his sled. Steve Lawrence, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi are in it. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Flora, the Red Menace—Liza Minnelli in a musical adaptation, by George Abbott and Robert Russell, of Lester Atwell's novel "Love Is Just Around the Corner." John Kander wrote the music and Fred Ebb the lyrics; Mr. Abbott is the director. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées this week on Thursday at 2 and Saturday at 2:30; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates *and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify* them before starting out.)

The Roar of the Greasepaint–The Smell of the Crowd—A musical by Anthony Newley and

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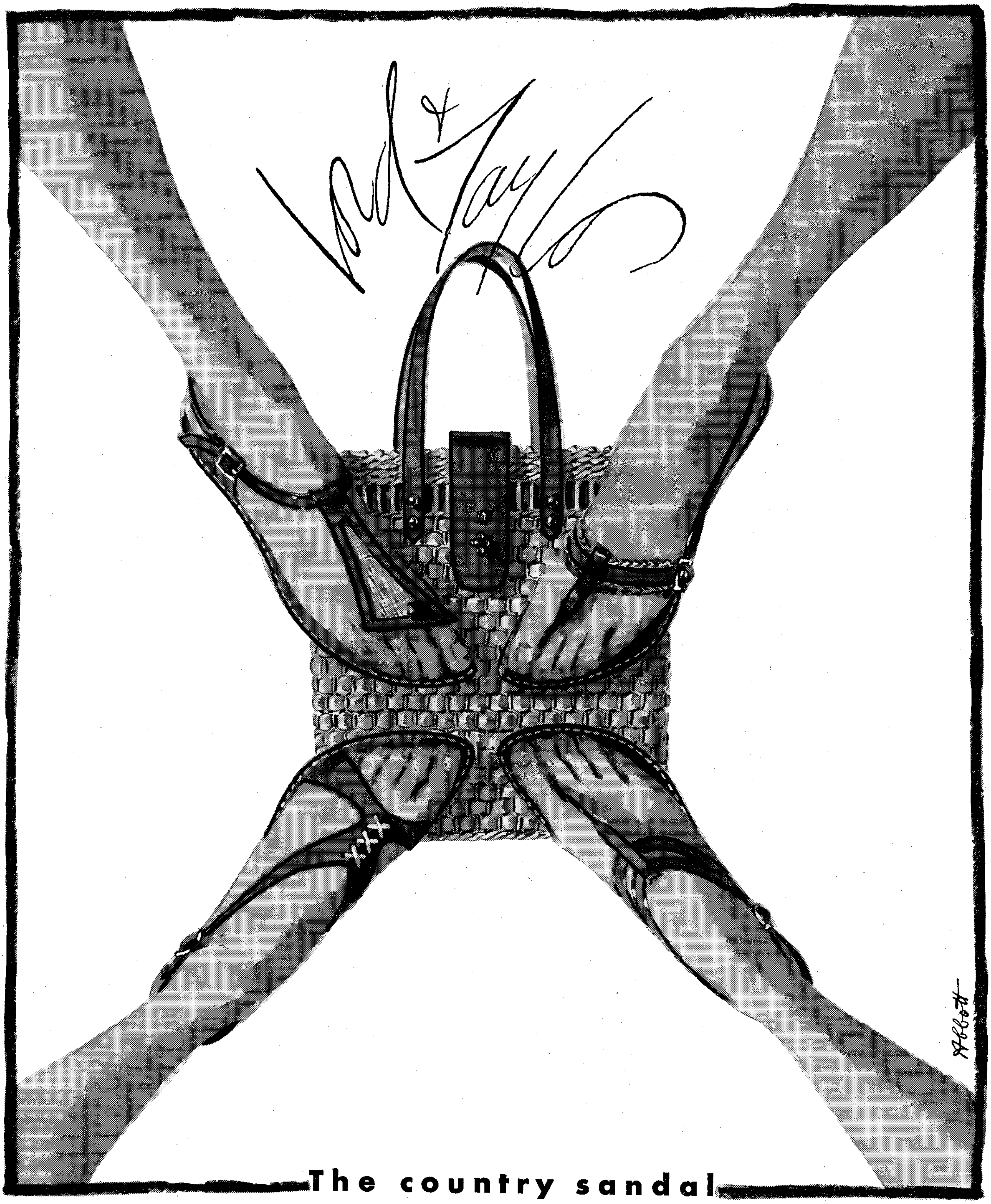

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Leslie Bricusse, starring Mr. Newley (who is also the director) and Cyril Ritchard. Previews through Saturday, May 15. Opens officially with a special performance for the Actors' Fund on Sunday, May 16. (Shubert, 14th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:10. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—New York City Center Light Opera Company: Patricia Morison, Bob Wright, and Nancy Ames in "Kiss Me, Kate." The second in a series of four shows by the company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 30.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—Richard Wilbur's translation of Molière's TARTUFFE, with Michael O'Sullivan, Salome Jens, and Larry Gates. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

APA at the Phoenix—A three-play repertory by an exhilarating company. Tolstoy's WAR AND PEACE: Thursday and Friday, May 13-14, at 8:30; Saturday, May 15, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Tuesday and Wednesday, May 18-19, at 8:30.... Giraudoux's JUDITH: Sunday, May 16, at 2:30 and 7:30; Thursday and Friday, May 20-21, at 8:30; and Saturday, May 22, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288.)

Amato Opera Company—"Il Trovatore." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays, and Thursday, May 20, all at 8:15.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Friday, May 14, at 8:40 (preview); Thursday, May 20, at 7:30 (opening); and Friday, May 21, at 8:40: "H.M.S. Pinafore." ... ¶ Saturday, May 15, at 3 and 8:40 (previews), and Saturday, May 22, at 3 (opening) and 8:40: "The Mikado."... ¶ Sunday, May 16, at 3 and 7:30 (previews); Tuesday, May 18, at 7:30 (opening); and Wednesday, May 19, at 8:40: "Iolanthe."... ¶ Monday, May 17, at 8:40 (preview): "The Gondoliers." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Knack—This English farce about seduction, directed with considerable ingenuity by Mike Nichols, is sometimes funny, sometimes just strenuous. As one of three young men who become involved with a girl bound for the Y.W.C.A., Brian Bedford gives one of the best comedy performances around. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Othello and **Baal**—Shakespeare's tragedy has been joined in repertory with an adaptation by Eric Bentley and Martin Esslin of the Brecht play. "Othello": Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at 3.... ¶ "Baal": Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056.)

The Room and **A Slight Ache**—Two early (pre-"Caretaker") one-acters by the remarkable English playwright Harold Pinter. Again Mr. Pinter has combined the elements of menace, suspense, and wild high comedy to produce any number of surprises. The cast, which is fine, is headed by Frances Sternhagen and Henderson Forsythe. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Sound of Silence—The daughter of a conventional Southern family brings a Negro clergyman home for the weekend. The play is weak but otherwise harmless, and so is the performance. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. LO 4-2298. Thursday and Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3:30. Closes Sunday, May 16.)

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The Trojan Women—A production of Euripides' tragedy of the bereft women of the Trojan War that is good to look at, always clear, and often moving. It does, however, lack stature. Michael Cacoyannis is both director and choreographer. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—Robert Duvall in a strong revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday, May 13, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Allegro Brillante," "Meditation," and "Ballet Imperial."... ¶ Friday, May 14, at 8:15: "Dim Lustre," "Shadow'd Ground," "Meditation," and "Raymonda Variations."... ¶ Saturday, May 15, at 2:15: "Swan Lake," "Interplay," "Irish Fantasy," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Saturday, May 15, at 8:15: "Bugaku," "Donizetti Variations," "Ivesiana," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Sunday, May 16, at 12:45: "Scotch Symphony," "Firebird," "Tarantella," and "Ballet Imperial."... ¶ Sunday, May 16, at 5:15: "Bugaku," "Apollo," "Pas de Deux and Divertissements," and "La Valse."... ¶ Tuesday, May 18, at 8:15: "Serenade," "Episodes," "Pas de Deux and Divertissements," and "Fanfare."... ¶ Wednesday, May 19, at 8:15: "Ivesiana," "Episodes," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Agon."... ¶ Thursday, May 20, at 8:15: "Fanfare," "Apollo," "Interplay," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Friday, May 21, at 8:15: "Four Temperaments," "Donizetti Variations," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Saturday, May 22, at 2:15: "Four Temperaments," "Agon," "Meditation," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Saturday, May 22, at 8:15: "Agon," "Apollo," "Meditation," and "Donizetti Variations." (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 13. Latecomers are officially, and severely, frowned on.)

Royal Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday and Friday, May 13-14, at 8:30: "Laurentia Pas de Six" (American première), "Daphnis and Chloe," and "The Invitation."... ¶ Saturday, May 15, at 2:30 and 8: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Sunday, May 16, at 2:30 and 8: "Swan Lake." (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1554. No seating at any performance after the curtain is up.)

Moiseyev Dance Company—A hundred and ten dancers from Moscow, plus a symphony orchestra. Presented by S. Hurok for a two-week engagement that starts Tuesday, May 18, and will run through Saturday, May 29. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1554. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Percival Borde—With his company, in "Black Rhythm," choreographed by Pearl Primus. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. Saturday, May 15, at 3:30, and tentatively Monday and Tuesday, May 17-18, at 8:40. For tickets, call GR 3-6778.)

Merle Marsicano—With her dance company. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Wednesday, May 19, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

This Was Burlesque—Ann Corio as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip-teasers. (Hudson Theatre, 141 W. 44th St. 757-9570. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Pearl Bailey, who is (if her wicked-world lyrics are to be believed) a Pearl of great price, is proclaiming herself her favorite charity. This amiable amusement takes place at dinner and supper in the Royal Box. The dance music comes from the orchestra of Lee Evans, which night by night in every light is getting better and better. On Monday, May 17, Carol Lawrence, a ballerina as well as a soprano, will succeed Miss Bailey. Closed Sundays.

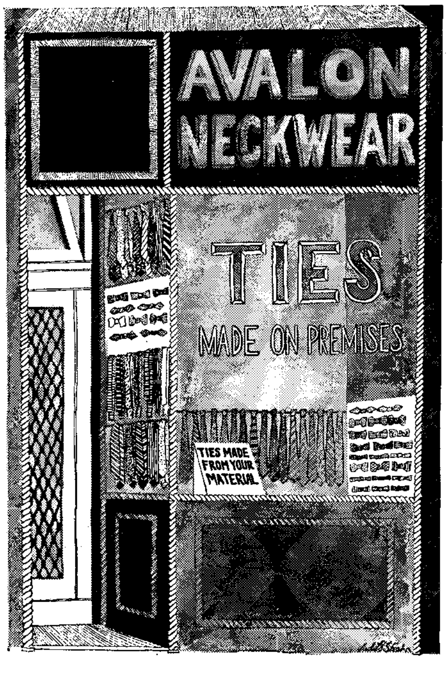
Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The restaurant, which is sort of Department of State, has music by George Anaya's minute band—presented in menu style from eight to ten and prancing style from then until one. No music on Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—"Vanity Fair" done to the life, but in modern dinner dress. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Freddie Jagels' larricking orchestra are on the dead run the whole night; customers who would rather not be on their feet at all resort to the Champagne Room, where Ernest Schoen's threesome suns itself on the banks of the Blue Danube. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The reënactment of the Age of Steamboating that takes place here is so deft that it is restoration comedy, but the stage set is nonetheless rich and handsome. On the promenade deck, Stan Rubin's Tiger Town Five makes dance music from around seven-thirty to a bit past midnight during the week, and from nine to two Saturdays; Sundays, the sound is all tinned tunes.

New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—In the piazza known as the Seven Hills, the Quintetto di Roma, a jaunty bunch of boys, plays from eight to one, or even to two on Fridays and Saturdays. Dino Palermo, the carolling member of the Quintetto, makes Italian a truly Romance language. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, the senior class of Ben Cutler University is on the bandstand every



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

night of the week. The Irish-coffee breaks are occupied by Yvette Souviron's voice and piano, though not on Mondays.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Eartha Kitt, the littlest snapdragon of them all, is chortling and chivying away at dinner and supper in the Persian Room, and merry indeed is the net result. The scampering posse of Mark Monte and Burt Farber's newly hatched Plaza Orchestra wax eloquent all through the night. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin play watercress-sandwich music in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and *vin-rosé* music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. They're off duty Mondays, the room getting along with just a piano. . . . ¶ Some enchanted evenings can be spent in the Palm Court, converted (on the stroke of eight) by the necromancy of light and shadow into a perfect Xanadu. Simultaneously, Gunnar Hansen's *toujours-l'amour* violin, a thousand-calorie pastry cart, and a covey of lovely dryads laden with water ices and *café noir* debouch upon the scene. One in the morning is time to go home. Sunday nights are stilly nights.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—On top of Old Smoky, which is a fair enough name for this town. Remote control brings the music of Michael Longo's cheerful little orchestra to the cocktail lounge (view south); the sound appears in person, from eight to one, in the dining room (view north and west), which has a small dance floor. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Downstairs in the Maisonette, which is a grandiose and life-enhancing way of doing over the Nether Regions, swinging and swaying are practiced to the good-humored music of Charles Turecamo's band, and fancywork to the music of Quintero's able-bodied Latins. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, too, goes grandiosely about its task of care and feeding, which is expedited by the outpourings of Walter Kay's piano and Jani Sarkozi's violin, on hand between eight and two. No dancing. Closed Sundays.

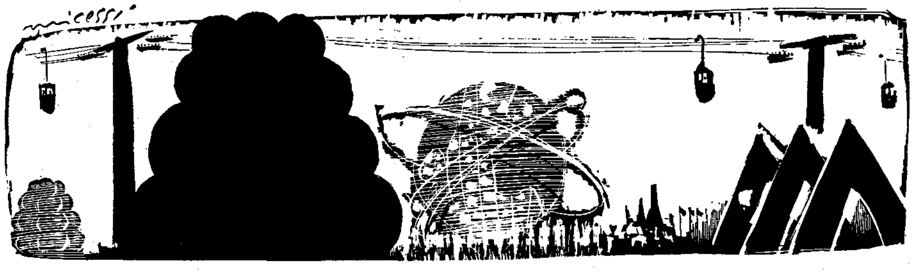
SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181)—Not the Little Shepheard's of Kingdom Come but a Modern American version, in which even the whirling dervishes that haunt the dance floor are our compatriots. After ten, the music is issued by computers, and it rolls on until three or four every night except Sunday, when curfew arrives at one; from seven to ten, a trio of real human beings supplies the noise.

NOTE—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—Where the deer and the antelope could play if the boundless plains were not occupied by serious, non-Twist dancers. They are fringed by two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud, which tee off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one; Sundays they start off at three-thirty. For insatiables, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées, from one-thirty to six, and a floor show at eleven every Tuesday. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The look and the sound of a ceaseless cocktail-and-dinner party of Thanksgiving style, inasmuch as all ages are clinking glasses. Through this merry crossfire music can be heard from cocktails on—beginning with Sam Hamilton and ending with Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins himself, who settle down to four-handed piano after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): No handbook is needed for this guided tour of Florence, for plenty of the lyrics assigned to the now-and-again singers are couched in our native tongue. Thursdays through Saturdays, there is also at-your-leisure dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE CAPRICE,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): The early birds are fed their dinners to the nonchalant piano of Jules Kuti; i.e., five-thirty until nine. The late birds, including an assortment of persistent night owls, are fed their suppers to the inner-circle lyrics and piano of Bobby Short, official greeter of the dawn, who gets great help from his alert sidemen—Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Ten-thirty is their starting time. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The greenskeeper of this templed mead is, it should go without saying, Cy Walter, the fountain from which nearly all good ideas about drawing-room piano flow. His piano runs from six to one, except Sundays. . . . **IL MIO,** 65 E. 59th St., in Delmonico's Hotel. (EL 5-2500): A discothèque that is—*mirabile dictu*—to be enjoyed rather than endured. One reason is Tanya Everett, a "Fiddler on the Roof" sprite, who is the leader of the pack of exponents of the New Calisthenics. The music all comes from a speaking tube. The generous schedule: from eight until all-fall-down every evening but Monday. The menu though, is minimal. . . . **SHERATON-EAST,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): In the august Café Ambassador, Ray Hartley's piano redecorates the tunes of the day in a fashion that makes them sound brand-new. This takes place between seven and one every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ In Le Palais, the lower deck of this enterprise, Vienna is restored (in wine, menu, and sound) in a manner grand enough for the approval of Maria Theresa. The sound is the zither of Hans Hansberg, who gently vibrates it from seven to ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): All the ills that love is heir to are alleviated, or even cured, by the artful lyrics that no one but Mabel Mercer has on the tip of a wise old tongue. Her ministrations to the walking wounded commence at ten-thirty. Sam Hamilton, her lifetime equerry, is her pianist. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Quaint conceit is the essence of this children's-hour castle keep. The everlasting Norbert Faconi tosses and turns a come-hither violin as he roams from table to table. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The good King's second castle keep, likewise planned to amuse the eye as well as the palate. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The songs and the dances by the permanent party are all in colloquial Spanish. There's dancing for the customers as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The S.P.Q.R. are thinking of holding their annual conventions here. Already among the population is a round of dulcet wandering minstrels. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A road that leads in a straight line to Rome. Journeyers are serenaded along this Appian Way by a clutch of musicians who are often on the prowl. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner, has, after ten years at one piano, unassailable squatters' rights in the New World. He begins at nine-thirty in the neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48,** 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): An all-out propagation of faith in Iberian architecture, décor, cuisine, and music. The last commodity comes from a guitar (Gustavo Lopez) that starts at



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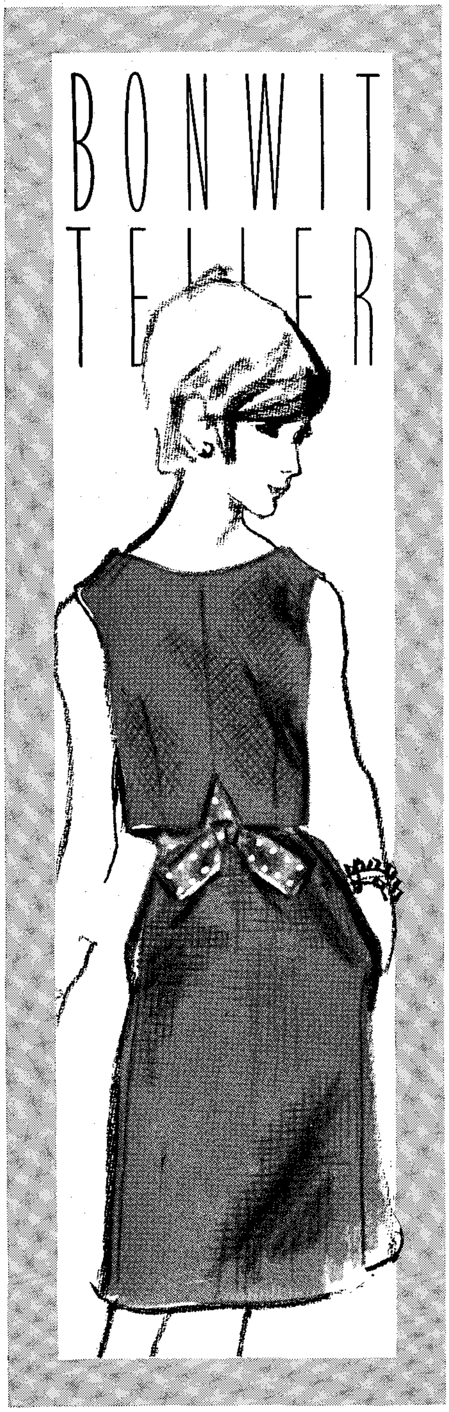

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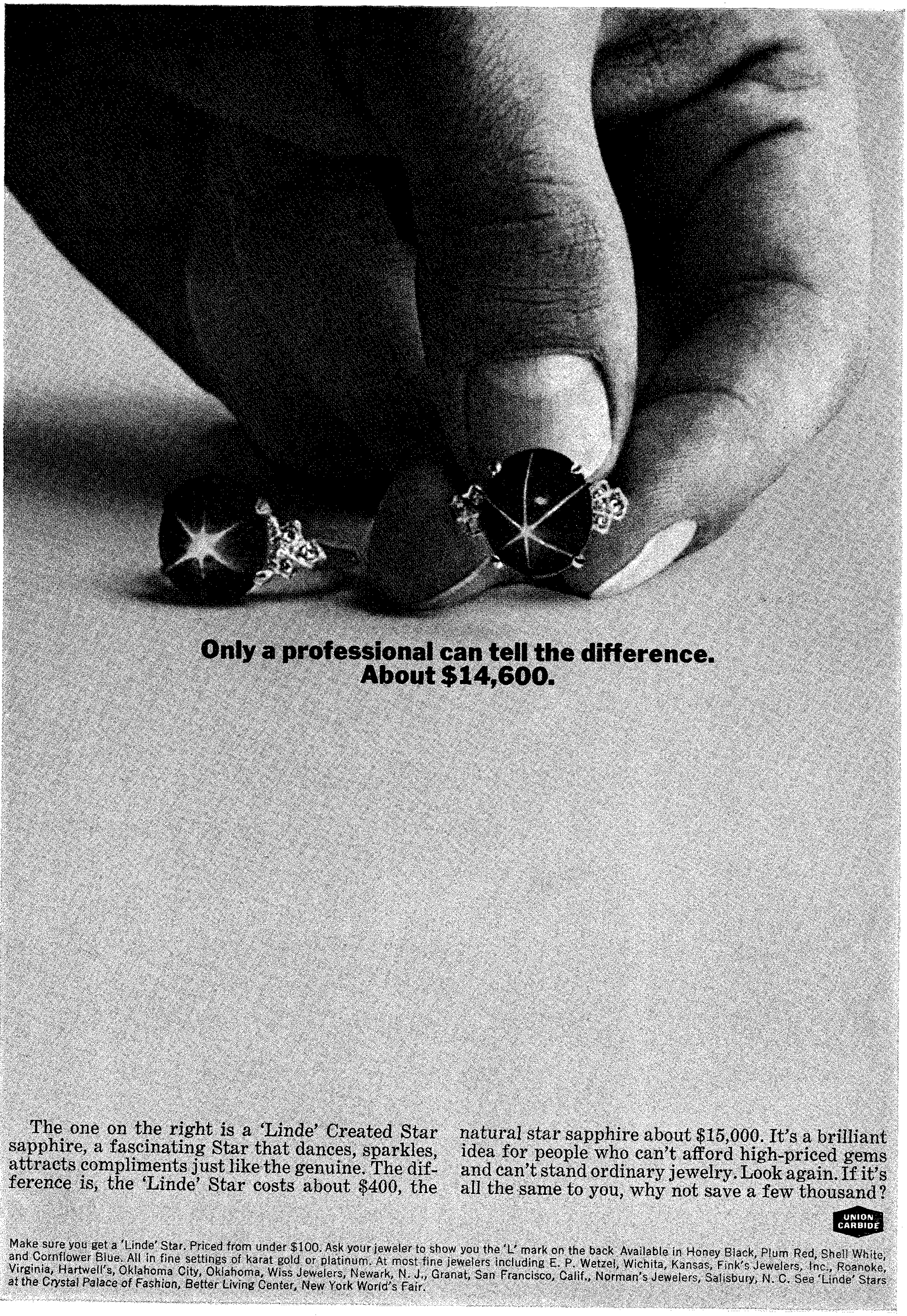
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

seven in the third room back of this jubilant display. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): One more affirmation of delight in everything Spanish—sight, sound, and sustenance. The music—guitar again (José Luis Franco)—is hands-across-the-sea that lies between Iberia and the New World. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **L'INTRIGUE,** 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): Nighttown revived, in the good, old-fashioned playpen way, by characters who understand—Nancy Steele, whose carolling is scamp/camp; Jimmie Daniels, whose singing is boulevardier; Murray Grand, whose piano is opulent and omniscient. Ronnie Ball and Sonny Dallas do the jazz-hounding. The piano starts at cocktail time. Closed Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Exactly the sort of place where you'd expect to run into someone named Lord Superior, who plays guitar and sings West Indian chansons. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays, from seven-thirty to two, and in shorter stints the rest of the week. The décor, which is amusement in its own right, is there all the time. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Home port for a bunch of young people who have to do with this or that dab of the amusement industry. The setting and the talk are very heads-up. A robust jazz trio performs every day of the week but Sunday, when a solitary pianist handles the whole thing. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Looking about this dining-in-state and dining-in-the-nineties restaurant, one wonders what is delaying the arrival of Diamond Jim Brady. In the bar, there's piano from five to eight and nine-thirty to two, except for Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Dignity is what the Regency Room cocktail lounge stands on, but that does not prevent Rack Godwin's piano from indulging itself in occasional subtle bouts of byplay. He's there from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A Budapest that was not built in a day is occupied by a hand-picked citizenry, such as players of the fiddle and the zimbalon, not to mention chanters of ballads. Béla Babai's band does the dance tunes. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHERATON MOTOR INN,** Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): The Hudson River, a next-door neighbor whom we rarely see, is plain as day from the windows of the Crown Restaurant. From seven to ten-thirty, a harp—usually in the hands of Gladys Hubner—sounds throughout this version of Tara's halls. . . . **LA FONDA DEL SOL,** 123 W. 50th St. (PL 7-8800): In this wholly imaginary South American republic, it's nip and tuck between the scenic pleasantries and the musicians to see which are the livelier Latins. The performers are there every Sunday from one until nine. . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): An establishment operating on Central Standard Chekhov time, which means no haste, no waste, and a plenitude of *chansons d'amour* (Marina Fedorovskaya attends handsomely to these), Slavic violin and piano, and occasional Volga-boatman chimings-in by the gentlemen in the audience. Seven-thirty until two every night but Monday is the house rule. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, whose manner of song swings between gypsy-caravan and wickedest-woman-in-Paris, sings at dinner through the week and at dinner and supper on Fridays and Saturdays. A trio provides for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Singing waiters, singing cigarette girls, singing salad chefs, singing bottle washers, none of them in the least frustrated performers of Italian opera, work here with all stops out. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A Book-of-the-Month Club in which *Debrett's* is compulsory reading. The centerpiece is George Feyer, player of piano that is full of Valenciennes lace. Eight-thirty until one or two is the range of the music. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): On the top deck of the Casino-on-the-Park, Steven Weltner feeds a concert grand a balanced diet that runs, in leisurely fashion, from Gershwin to Grieg. The music goes on from five-thirty until midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR,** 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Fun-and-games piano by Bunty Pendleton, a girl who's seen a lot of New York night life but is still cheerful enough to sing at her work. Most of the evening, she takes turns with Lynn Richards, another girl pianist. Thus, there's apt to be music from six until around three. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): The decorum of this carefully brought up refectory is punctured ever so slightly by the piano of Muriel Roberts, whose work never quite conceals the fact that she has a real get-with-it jazz background. No music Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Reasonably subdued grandeur presides over the bar-restaurant, where Johnny Ryan does catch-as-catch-can piano from six-thirty until one every night but Monday, and Enzio Lembo vocally accompanies his guitar from nine-thirty until one every night but Sunday.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): "Tonight's the Night" is a prodigious caper, choreographed to the hilt and replete not only with young ladies but with the customary very special variety acts—the fantasy ballet of François Szony and Nancy Claire, a maniacal Japanese demon-driver sequence—and a séance by Edie Adams, a television queen bee, who deals in songs and in sassy paraphrases of the performances of other professionals. Dancing for the house guests, too. All quiet Mondays. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Today, long-haired musicians are the ones who come onstage with a guitar and a look of unrequitable hunger; such a one as this is Johnny Rivers, who sings with a rock and a roll and a bullfrog background. He is flanked by Pat Morita, who is a comedy of bad manners, and by a gaggle of extremely pretty handmaidens, among them Jane Zachary, a pleasant memory from "Milk and Honey." On Thursday, May 20, Johnny Mathis, that artful troubadour, will replace the Messrs. Rivers and Morita. Dancing. . . . ¶ Up in the lounge, a smother of musicians is carrying on as if there were no tomorrow. The sound runs from ten to four every night of the week. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): On the witness stand there is Ella Fitzgerald, a voice that cannot fail at



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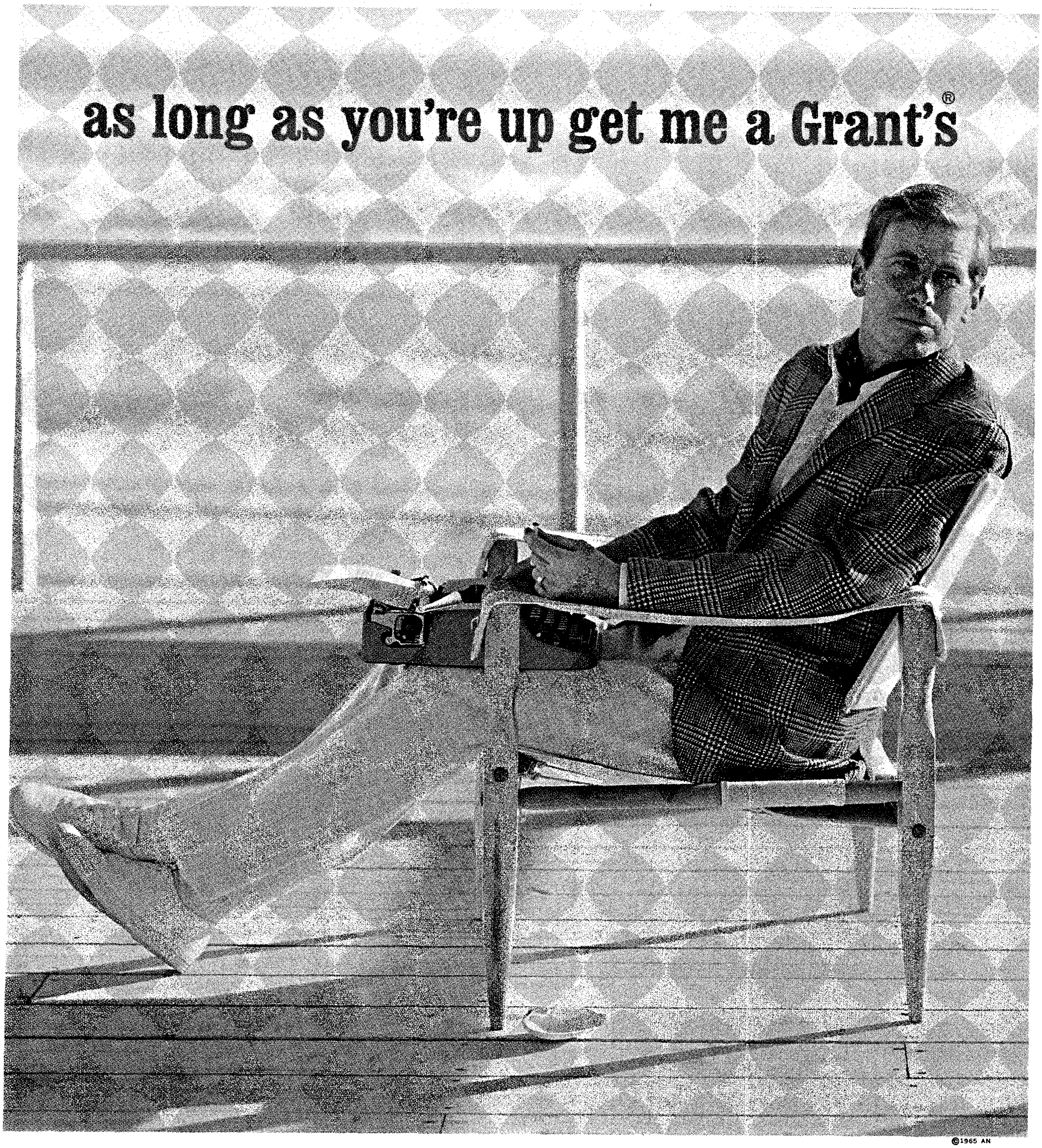
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

anything—which in her case means all that lies between ballad and bop. Wild Bill Davis and trio, and Ram Ramirez, all by himself, make the music. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The world and its problems are cut down to size (pretty damn small) by the words and music of "Bits & Pieces, XIV," the fourteenth of Julius Monk's annual White Papers. The enunciation of his cutting remarks is assigned to Gerry Matthews, Barbara Cason, Jamie Ross, and Nagle Jackson, well-remembered faces from earlier Monk animadversions, and also to the more recent Barbara Minkus and Nancy Myers. Robert Colston and Carl Norman are the pianoforte orchestra. Nine and eleven-thirty every evening but Sunday.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Being an experienced army, Los Chavales de España like to keep on the move as they indulge in flourishes of trumpet, in croonery, in clowning, or just in background instrumentation for Luisita Sevilla, a dancer composed wholly of air and graces. Dinner and supper during the week is the schedule for this rich life, but the dancing by the customers makes the performance continuous. On Sundays there is tea dancing in the afternoon and just one show, at ten-thirty.... ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Juan de la Mata's *simpático* guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "The Game Is Up," the tiny revue that lives here, has revamped and improved its editorial policy in its second edition, making itself simultaneously silly, swift, and salubrious. Again, R. G. Brown is the prize package, and Carol Morley and Marian Mercer are big helps. The runs begin at nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays.... **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Exterritorial Cuba, with menu and conversation to match, plus the twice-a-night ministrations of the Lydia Torea Spanish Ballet, a shuttle between Andalusia and Las Vegas that contains, along with Señora Torea, a little gem called Maribel de Cirez. The customers get equal time on the floor.... **SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): Where there's Kaye Ballard there's fire, and so "The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as Seen Through the Eyes of Cole Porter Revisited," a revue devoted to the words and music of guess who, sounds perfectly wonderful a large part of the time. Harold Lang and his febrile feet are the other major contributors. Now and then, the affair endeavors to outwit Mr. Porter's wit—a losing battle for practically anybody. Tuesdays through Sundays at eight-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays an extra show at eleven—that's the ticket.... **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Felicia Sanders, for whom the phrase "melodramatic soprano" might as well be coined, is once more in residence. Her pianist, Irving Joseph, conspires with Norene Tate and Warren Vaughn to produce a large supply of keyboard études. Also present: George Matson, whose caricaturing of lovely womanhood stooping to folly is one of night life's cleverest contributions to the art of visual wit. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): An establishment lately subject to change without notice. But the probabilities are that Sonny Rollins, heading a quartet, is blowing those long, stately oceanic rolls of his. Sundays, there is a four-thirty matinée as well as the evening deal; Mondays are dedicated to *conversazioni*, often spirited, by people accustomed to speaking (or shouting) their minds. The topic, an inexhaustible one, is always what's wrong with what, and the shooting begins at nine-thirty.... **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Below the top-level restaurant, which operates from five to eleven every night but Monday, there is a vast cavern devoted to the younger set. Tito Puente's exclamatory Latins will be at work in it through Sunday, May 16, and on Friday and Saturday, May 14-15, Gloria Lynne, an exclamatory soprano, will help out. The next sound you hear begins on Thursday, May 20, when Erroll Garner, backed by bass and drums, sits down to his piano; Leon Bibb, who gives folk music the benefit of a great big voice, arrives the same night. Mondays, a band of Caribbean persuasion is likely to show up; listening to Symphony Sid's conversation will be compulsory for the Latin students. Visitors get to dance, as well, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Sunday.... **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The most reliable of the Village's coffee mills, and the most discerning in the choosing of new faces, new voices. The Bitter End Singers, a worthy clutch of folk musicians, are chanting now, and they are augmented by Woody Allen, a B.E. graduate, who is our brightest hope for the future of monologue high comedy. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting graduates and undergraduates.... **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Whoop, dedoo, hoot, and holler well into the night, and even in the late afternoon. The music is indistinguishable from cataclysm.... **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Art Blakey's quintet is the local thunderstorm, to be followed, on Tuesday, May 18, by the quartet of Kai Winding, who is much more of a traditionalist. Closed Mondays.... **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The foursome of Roland Kirk, who is all things to all instruments, is working out here now, but on Tuesday, May 18, Teddy Wilson's trio and Pepper Adam's quintet will be taking over. Walter Bishop's trio is the sole occupant of the premises on Mondays.... **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Business as usual (i.e., a survey of the glorious past) is being conducted by Eddie Condon himself and other early settlers, such as Max Kaminsky, Bob Wilber, Dill Jones, Cliff Leeman, and Herb Gardner. Dancing. Closed Sundays.... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Ceaseless crescendo and diminuendo, freshets of invigorated piano, the pastoral windings of French horn—these are the attributes of Willie Ruff and Dwike Mitchell, returned to town after a four-year absence, and now aided by the Brazilian timpani of Helcio Milito. This refreshment is available every night but Monday, and so is the piano of Eddie Thompson, an import from England, which waxes hot as the evening waxes long. Nine-fifteen is starting time.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): Wild Bill Davison and his maddened horn have the local welkin all agog. His teammates are Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, Zutty Singleton, and Cliff Jackson. Sundays, Don Frye plays piano all by his lonesome, beginning at nine.... **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): A congeries of banjoists called the String Stretchers is hitting this sawdust trail. The peanuts and beer, though, remain as they were. The plunking runs from nine to three or four every night. ... **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): Another at-ease brewery, another set of junior citizens, another aggregation of clamorers (washboard, tuba, banjo, and such). On Sundays from four-thirty to eight-thirty, Dixieland comes into what's left of its own.... **GORDIAN KNOT**, 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): Fry, small but agile, spend the evening in a setting that could be Boothbay Harbor or Mount Desert Island. A nice, easygoing band of traditional standing does the exercise music from nine-thirty until early morning night after night. Sundays, though, there is rock-and-moil music from six o'clock on.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

BEN BENN—An exhibition of paintings that is running concurrently with his show at the Jewish Museum; through May 29. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

ARNOLD BLANCH—Nudes and landscapes; through May 29. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL BURLIN—Abstractions; through Saturday,

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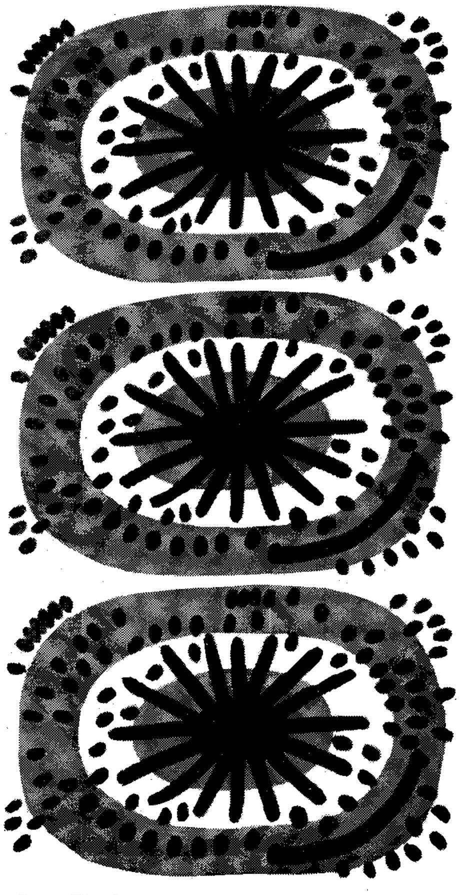

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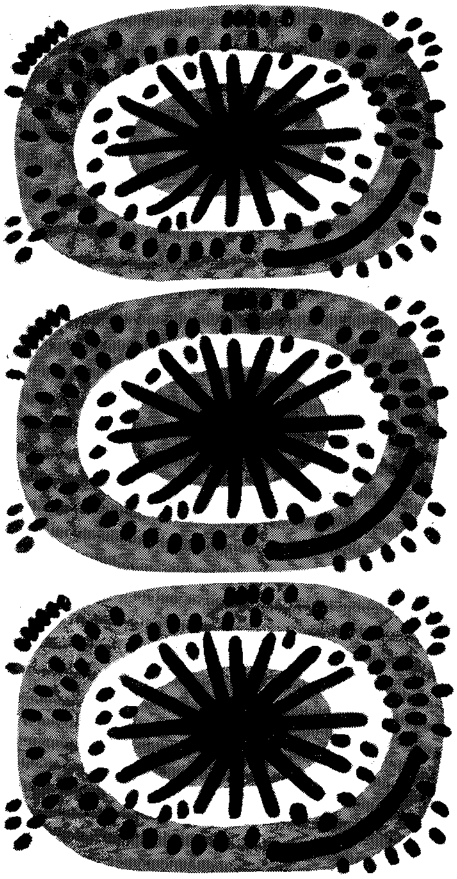


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

May 15. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Andrea Cascella—Sculptures; through Saturday, May 15. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Marc Chagall—Paintings 1955-64; through Saturday, May 15. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Bruce Conner—Assemblages (1954-64) and drawings; through May 28. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Niki de Saint-Phalle—Sculptures; through Saturday, May 15. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

Claire Falkenstein—Free-form sculptures in tangled metallic wire and colored-glass nuggets, plus kinetic paintings; through June 18. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Goto—Welded-metal sculptures; through Saturday, May 15. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

David Hostetler—Wooden-figure sculptures; through Friday, May 21. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Ralph Humphrey—Paintings; through Saturday, May 22. (Green, 15 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Taku Iwasaki—Collages made of aluminum sheeting and cast-off electronic parts; through May 29. (Grippi & Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Morris Kantor—Semi-abstract paintings; through Saturday, May 22. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Fernand Léger—"The Figure," an exhibition of paintings (1913-54) commemorating the tenth anniversary of his death; through May 29. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

Marino Marini—Bronzes, paintings, and drawings, from the forties and fifties; through Thursday, May 20. (La Boetie, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Henri Michaux—Inks and watercolors; through Saturday, May 15. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Arthur Okamura—Landscapes and flower pieces by a West Coast painter; through May 28. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Reginald Pollack—*Paintings and bronzes*; through Saturday, May 22. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leo Rabkin—Constructions; through Saturday, May 22. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

Leatrice Rose—Paintings; through Saturday, May 15. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

Dorothy Ruddick—Drawings; through June 4. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

Gordon Russell—Landscapes, figures, and still-lifes; through Saturday, May 22. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

Harry Sternberg—Landscape and figure paintings and drawings; through Saturday, May 15. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

Teiji Takai—Paintings; through May 29. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Arline Wingate—Mostly bronzes of plant life; through Saturday, May 15. (Southampton East, 145 E. 72nd St.)

National Association of Women Artists—The annual exhibition of paintings and sculptures by the members of this organization (now in its seventy-fifth year), who are professional artists and number about seven hundred; through May 30. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, except Saturday, May 15, from 1 to 5.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **janis**, 15 E. 57th St.: Pop Art by Arman, Dine, Fahlstrom, Marisol, Oldenburg, and Segal; through May 29. . . . **lewison**, 35 E. 64th St.: Paintings by Thomas Cole, Theodore Robinson, George Inness, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through June 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by the gallery artists, among them Waldo Peirce, Nathan Cabot Hale, and Robert Vickrey; through June 5. . . . **milch**, 21 E. 67th St.: Paintings by such artists as Childe Hassam, Ogden Pleissner, and Stephen Etnier; through June 25. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **pace**, 9 W. 57th St.: Objects by James Rosenquist, Richard Artschwager, Chryssa, and others; through May 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **salpeter**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings by (for instance) August Mosca, Jacques Hnizdovsky, and John Sennhauser; through Saturday, May 15.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **greenross**, 41 E. 57th St.: A benefit showing of the Jacques Kaplan collection of paintings and sculptures by (to mention a few) Larry Rivers, Karel Appel, and Ben Nicholson; through Saturday, May 22. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **griffin**, 32 E. 58th St.: Art Nouveau and *fin-de-siècle* bicycling posters; through May 29. . . . **kootz**, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.: Hans Hofmann, Pierre Soulages, Ibram Lassaw, and other members of the gallery in a painting-and-sculpture show; through May 29. (Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **hahn**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Twentieth-century French masters, including Bonnard, Utrillo, and Miró; through Saturday, May 22. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **saidenberg**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Picasso, Dubuffet, Giacometti, and others; through May 29. (Closed Mondays.)

Latin-Americans; Group Show—Drawings and prints by young painters from Uruguay; through Saturday, May 15. (Sudamericana, 10 E. 8th St. Open Friday evenings until 9:30.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Three Centuries of American Painting," an exhibition of nearly five hundred paintings dating from early Colonial times to the present (John Singleton Copley to Hans Hofmann), supplemented by American sculptures and eighteenth- and nineteenth-century furniture and silver; through Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Matisse, Brancusi, and Alfred Maurer are three of the artists represented in "Stieglitz and his Galleries," an exhibit paying tribute to Alfred Stieglitz (1864-1946) and comprising prints, photographs, drawings, and a few sculptures; through Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Italian drawings (by Piranesi, Canaletto, and Raphael, to name several) from the collection of Janos Scholz; through Sept. 12. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"John S. Newberry: A Memorial Exhibition," a selection of about forty drawings (by Grosz, Klee, Modigliani, Bontecou, and others) either presented to the Museum by Mr. Newberry or purchased with funds made available by him; through June 13. . . . ¶ Collages (1950-65) by American artists, including Robert Goodnough, Robert Motherwell, and Conrad Marca-Relli; through July 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Nearly two thousand objects covering fifty centuries of the arts of Indian peoples from the Arctic to the Argentine are on view in the new Hall of the Americas. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

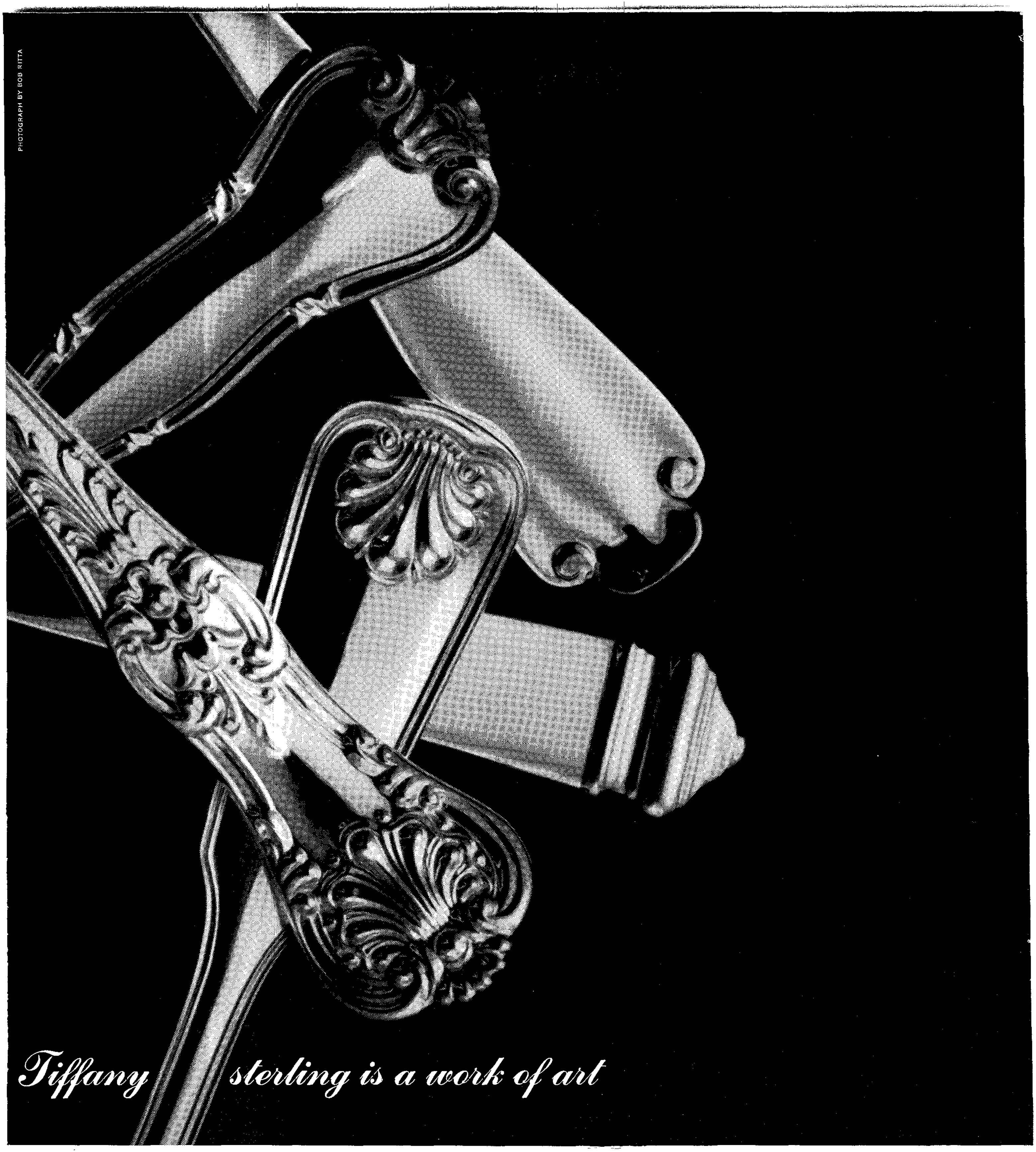
Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Mingei: Folk Arts of Old Japan;" through July 2. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A loan exhibition of master drawings, from Titian to Sargent; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—Paintings (1877-1914) by William Merritt Chase, lent from American and European public and private collections; through June 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than a hundred paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by, among others, Renoir, Degas, van Gogh, and Picasso) assembled by the art dealer and collector Justin K. Thannhauser. Seventy-five of these Impressionist, Post-Impressionist, and later works are a recent bequest to the Museum and are housed in new galleries constructed for them. Through Sept. 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of landscapes, still-lifes, figures, and portraits by Ben Benn; through May 23. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.) A good complement to this exhibition is the Benn



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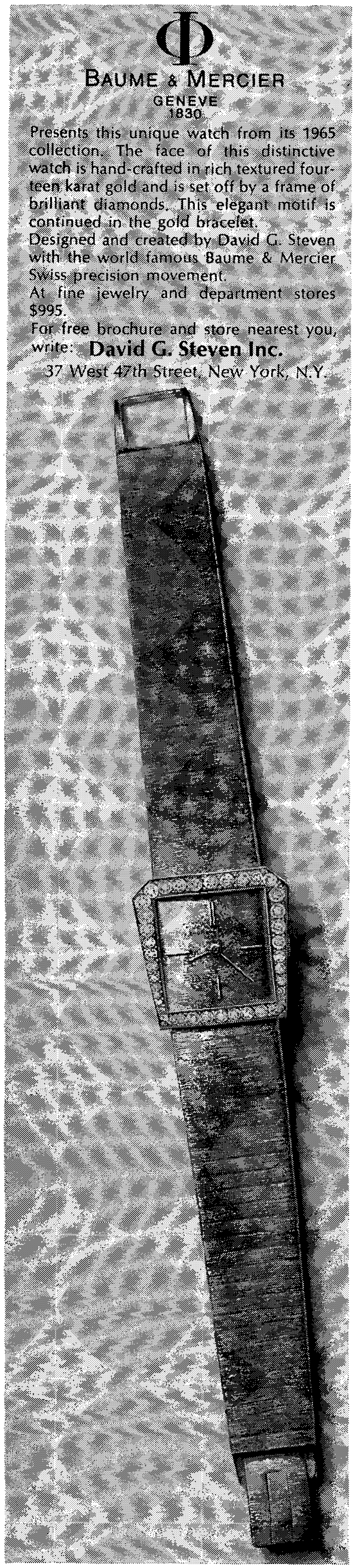

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

showing at the Babcock Galleries, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"Dante," a seven-hundredth-anniversary exhibition of manuscripts and printed books; through July 30. . . . ¶ Recent acquisitions; namely, the Morgan volume of "The Hours of Catherine of Cleves," master drawings, bookbindings, and autograph manuscripts; through June 4. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF EARLY AMERICAN FOLK ARTS, 49 W. 53rd St.—"Hudson River Steamboat Portraits," a loan show of pictures by the nineteenth-century twin brothers James and John Bard; through May 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—*Manuscripts of American and English* novels (from the Library's Berg collection) by forty-four eighteenth- to twentieth-century authors, including Charles Dickens, Samuel Clemens, Max Beerbohm, and Elizabeth Bowen; through Sept. 27. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—A hundred nineteenth-century American drawings and watercolors (by such artists as John James Audubon, Ralph Blakelock, and John Frederick Kensett) from the M. and M. Karolik Collection, recently presented to the Museum *of Fine Arts in Boston; through Wednesday,* May 19. . . . ¶ "A Decade of American Drawings, 1955-65," the eighth exhibition organized by the Friends of the Whitney Museum, with works by Charles Burchfield, David Smith, Andrew Wyeth, and others; through June 6. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

BROOKLYN OPERA COMPANY—"Die Fledermaus" (in English), the final performance of the season. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, May 15, at 8:30.)

MANHATTAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC OPERA THEATRE—Berlioz's "Béatrice et Bénédict," produced by John Brownlee, conducted by Emerson Buckley, and staged by Basil Langton. (Hubbard Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 238 E. 105th St. Friday through Sunday, May 21-23, at 8. For information about tickets, call EN 9-2202.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, William Steinberg conducting—Thursday, May 13, at 8:30; Friday, May 14, at 2:15; Saturday, May 15, at 8:30; and Sunday, May 16, at 3 (all with Edith Peinemann, violin); and a Gluck-Bruckner program on Thursday, May 20, at 8:30; Friday, May 21, at 2:15; Saturday, May 22, at 8:30; and Sunday, May 23, at 3 (no soloists).

BBC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Antal Dorati conducting the last two in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 14, at 8:30, with Jacqueline Du Pré, cello, and Heather Harper, soprano; and Saturday, May 15, at 8:30, no soloists).

"NOYE'S FLUDDE"—Performances of Benjamin Britten's musical setting for the Chester (England) Miracle Play, performed by a cast of about a hundred children, with Marie Powers, contralto; Norman Riggins, bass-baritone; and an orchestra. (St. George's Church, 207 E. 16th St. Thursday and Friday, May 13-14, at 8; Saturday, May 15, at 5:30 and 8; and Sunday, May 16, at 5:30. For free tickets, call GR 5-0830.)

INTERRACIAL CHORALE AND ORCHESTRA—Harold Aks directing an Amram-Schubert program, with soloists. (Town Hall. Thursday, May 13, at 8:30.)

COLLEGIATE CHORALE—Abraham Kaplan directing, with Veronica Tyler, soprano; Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Stanley Kolk, tenor; and Thomas Paul, bass. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, May 14, at 8:30.)

HUNTER COLLEGE CHOIRS—Ralph Hunter directing. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 737-3570. Saturday, May 15, at 8:30.)

MASTERWORK CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA—David Randolph directing a program of baroque music, with soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 21, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

ROBERT MOSLEY—Baritone. (Town Hall. Saturday, May 15, at 5:15.)

SVIATOSLAV RICHTER—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, May 18, at 8:30.)

MUSIC IN OUR TIME: 1900-65—A concert followed by a discussion period with the program's composers, among them Easley Blackwood and Henry Brant. The last in a series of concerts. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Thursday, May 20, at 8.)

NEW ART STRING TRIO—With Adele Addison, soprano. (Town Hall. Thursday, May 20, at 8:30.)

CLAUDIO ARRAU—Piano, in a benefit recital. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 737-3570. Friday, May 21, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. Cincinnati, Friday, May 14, at 8; Saturday, May 15, at 2:15; and Sunday, May 16, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. *Boston,* Tuesday, May 18, at 8; Wednesday, May 19, at 7; and Thursday, May 20, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Washington, Friday, May 21, at 8, and Saturday, May 22, at 2.

BOXING—Rubin (Hurricane) Carter vs. Dick Tiger, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Thursday, May 20. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

CREW—Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass. Saturday, May 15.)

DOG SHOW—Ladies Kennel Association of America. (Garden City. Saturday, May 22.)

HUNT RACING—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, May 15.). . . ¶ Adjacent Hunts Racing Association. A benefit meeting. (Purchase. Saturday, May 22.)

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30. The Acorn, Saturday, May 15, and the Top Flight Handicap, Saturday, May 22. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 2; last day Monday, May 31. . . . **PIMLICO,** Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 15.

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At **LIME ROCK PARK,** Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, May 22, at 1. . . . **WATKINS GLEN:** Saturday, May 22, at 1:30.

TRACK MEET—Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Outdoor Championships. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Saturday, May 15, at 11.)

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30, from Thursday, May 13, through Wednesday, July 28. (Special trains will leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)

FOR CHILDREN

STAGE SHOWS—By the **GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK:** "The Wizard of Oz," Saturdays at 2 and 3:30. . . . ¶ "Pecos Bill," Sundays at 2 and 3:30. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177.). . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays at 2:30. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.). . . **THEATRE A LA CARTE:** "Emperor's Nightingale." (Riverside Plaza, 253 W. 73rd St. TR 7-1889. Sunday, May 16, at 2:30.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show is called "Cities of Stars." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

CHILDREN'S ZOOS—In **CENTRAL PARK:** Where the youngsters may visit a pond inhabited by ducks and geese, a Jonah's Whale (with an aquarium inside), a storybook castle, and so on. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.)... ¶ At the **BRONX ZOO:** Once again, the miniature menagerie is offering very small fry a bevy of animals that can be petted as well as admired. There are, for instance, lambs, kids, a skunk, and a new addition, Sugarplum, an Argentine pygmy horse. (Open, weather permitting, weekdays 10:30 to 4:30 and Sundays 10:30 to 5.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Flower Show—A display of spring flowers presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, May 19, from 12:30 to 4.)

Armed Forces Day Parade—Nine thousand representatives of the Armed Forces will march down Fifth Avenue, from 95th Street to 62nd Street, starting at 2 on Saturday, May 15.... ¶ The Navy will open to public inspection the destroyer Gary, the seaplane tender Valcour, and the transport Chilton at Pier 88, W. 48th St., on Saturday and Sunday, May 15-16, from 1 to 4.

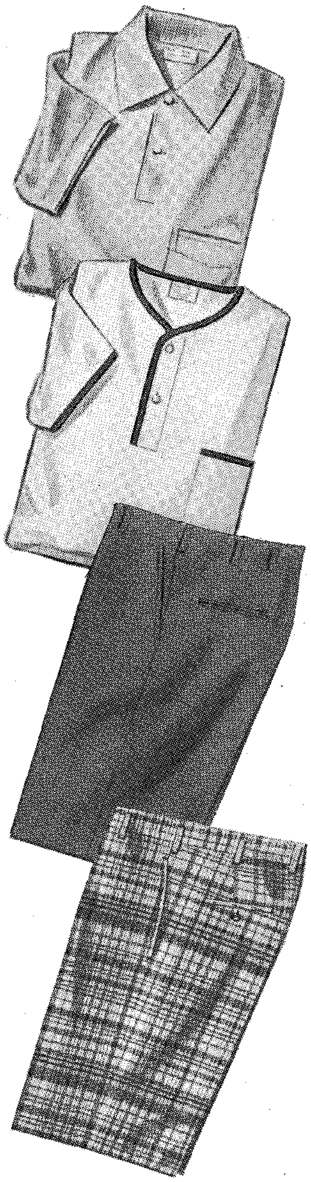
Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, May 14, at 10:30 and 1:45, and Saturday, May 15, at 1:45: French eighteenth-century furniture and objects of art, belonging to Mme. Ganna Walska.... ¶ Tuesday, May 18, at 1:45: Press books, reference works, and fine bindings, from the University of Minnesota Library, together with literary works by English, French, and American authors, from various owners.... ¶ Wednesday, May 19, at 11 and 1:45: American and other modern paintings, drawings, and ceramics by such artists as Raphael Soyer, Reginald Marsh, Diego Rivera, and Picasso; from several collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, May 14.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

Hours—Grounds open daily at 8:30 A.M., close at 2 A.M. Exhibits don't open until 10 A.M., although waiting in line is permitted from 8:30. Some exhibits close at 10 P.M., some later. Most restaurants are open until midnight, and some until 2. Now is probably the best time to go to the Fair, since it still isn't very crowded.

Admission—Adults $2.50, children (2-12) $1. Admission for children accompanied by an adult will be twenty-five cents on Mondays and Fridays in July and August.

Pavilions—The Winston Churchill exhibit consists of an almost endless series of photographs of Churchill, a collection of Churchill's paintings, and various objects related to his career, including political cartoons and Churchill cigarette and bubble-gum cards. Adults, $1, children, fifty cents.... ¶ The Indonesian Pavilion is permanently closed. ... ¶ The small exhibit of the Dominican Republic hasn't opened yet.... ¶ The Spanish Pavilion is probably the best at the Fair. The exhibit of paintings is different from last year's, and includes two large El Grecos, two new Goyas, and a vast painting by Dali called "The Apotheosis of the Dollar." The Marisqueria restaurant is less expensive and less formal than the other Spanish restaurants, and is a particularly pleasant place to eat on a sunny day.... ¶ The pavilions of Greece, Guinea, Sudan, and Sierra Leone (this last one now internationalized as a United Nations exhibit) have just opened. ... ¶ There is a booth at the I.B.M. pavilion where seats may be reserved for later in the day; for those who prefer to stand in line, on the other hand, I.B.M. provides live entertainment.... ¶ In the American Express pavilion, there is an exhibit of Pop, Op, and some more archaic forms of modern painting and sculpture by artists who are, for the most part, under thirty. Free.



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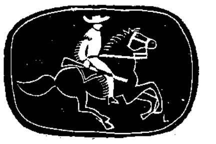
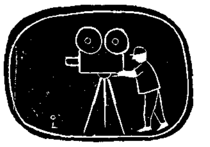


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Becket—Richard Burton as the Archbishop of Canterbury and Peter O'Toole as King Henry II, in a rousing and surprisingly witty adaptation of the Anouilh play. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through May 18. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting May 19.)

Chronicle of a Summer—An early experiment in *cinéma vérité*, giving a remarkable cross-section of the people of Paris in the troubled summer of 1960. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189.)

Goldfinger—Sean Connery as the elastic and inexhaustible James Bond, who bungles every encounter but the last. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through May 18, except the afternoons of May 15-16. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting May 19, tentative.)

The Greatest Story Ever Told—Hollywood persists in recounting the life of Christ and always fails. This failure, produced and directed by George Stevens, is notable only for its length. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2, and Saturdays at 9:30 and 2. Reserved seats only.)

A Hard Day's Night—Why the Beatles are a benign infection, perhaps incurable. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

How to Murder Your Wife—George Axelrod's latest examination of holy wedlock, and a very funny one it is. Jack Lemmon is the delightful star, assisted by Virna Lisi, Terry-Thomas, Eddie Mayehoff, and Claire Trevor. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through May 18.)

The Love Goddesses—A first-rate documentary, in which Saul J. Turell and Graeme Ferguson display an astonishing assortment of movie sex-kittens, from Fannie Ward to Brigitte Bardot. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through May 18. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through May 18, except the afternoons of May 15-16.)

Mary Poppins—A "My Fair Lady" for children, or maybe grandchildren. With Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

My Fair Lady—Yes, as good as it was on the stage. Rex Higgins is, of course, incomparable, and Audrey Hepburn makes an entrancing Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Nobody Waved Goodbye—A marvellous Canadian movie, written and directed by Don Owen, about a charming boy determined to go bad. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

One Potato, Two Potato—This movie, about the courtship and marriage of a young Negro and a white divorcée with a child, is almost spoiled by a weak, sentimental script, but it has its appealing moments all the same. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through May 18.)

The Pawnbroker—An extraordinary performance by Rod Steiger makes this worth seeing. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; and Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

The Pumpkin Eater—A miserable wife and mother, brilliantly played by Anne Bancroft, is the central figure in this curious examination of the married state. Also on hand are Peter Finch, James Mason, and Maggie Smith. Fancy but effective direction by Jack Clayton. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through May 18.)

Séance on a Wet Afternoon—A stylish British melodrama, with Kim Stanley and Richard Attenborough acting their heads off in commendably scary fashion. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting May 19.)

Il Successo—An Italian comedy about a businessman who makes a big killing and loses his soul, just as the Good Book warns. With Vittorio Gassman, Anouk Aimée, and Jean-Louis Trintignant. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Synanon—A fictional account, in documentary form, of a cure for drug addiction that has become celebrated on the West Coast. Directed by Richard Quine. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. . . . ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through May 18.)

36 Hours—Wicked Nazis and an alert United States Intelligence man in a seesaw battle of wits at a critical moment of the Second World War. With James Garner, Eva Marie Saint, and Rod Taylor. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting May 19.)

The Train—Burt Lancaster, Paul Scofield, and a lot of expendable French rolling stock, in a thriller based on a true episode of the Second World War. Directed by John Frankenheimer. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg—A sweetly sung tale of young love unable not to lose its way. Credit for this fearlessly sentimental triumph goes to Jacques Demy, who wrote and directed it, and Michel Legrand, who composed the score. The lovers are played by Catherine Deneuve and Nino Castelnuovo. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

Variety Lights—The first Fellini, made in 1950 and full of humor and charm. With Peppino De Filippo, Carla Del Poggio, and Giulietta Masina. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189.)

World Without Sun—According to Captain Cousteau, it's feasible, and may someday be economically desirable, for men to spend much of their time under the sea. This picture shows how beautiful it is down there, and how eerie. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

Zorba the Greek—A bold burst of a picture, notable for Anthony Quinn's embodiment of the passionate hero, for Michael Cacoyannis's direction, and for Walter Lassally's photography. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 13.)

Days of Thrills and Laughter (1961)—The apotheosis of the custard pie and the runaway train in a series of excerpts from early silent films. The stars include Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, and Pearl White. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; May 15 at 1 P.M. and May 16 at 1:10 P.M.)

Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb (1964)—A comedy about atomic war. Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through May 18. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting May 19.)

The Easy Life (1963)—Vittorio Gassman depicts a good-looking rogue in eruption on the sunny seacoast of Italy. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through May 18.)

He Who Must Die (1958)—A French picture about some Greek villagers who, in the course of staging a Passion play, unwittingly revert to the original roles. With Pierre Vaneck and Melina Mercouri. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

High and Low (1963)—A Japanese thriller based on an American novel about a kidnapping. Directed by Akira Kurosawa and starring Toshiro Mifune. (Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th, LT 1-1788; starting May 14.)

The Hunchback of Notre Dame (1939)—Charles Laughton, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, and Maureen O'Hara in medieval Paris. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; May 18.)

Knife in the Water (1963)—A director named Roman Polanski takes a look at life and love in contemporary Poland. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; May 13.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—Alec Guinness and Stanley Holloway making off with the assets of the Bank of England. An English picture. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; May 14-17.)

The Manchurian Candidate (1962)—Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Angela Lansbury, and Janet Leigh in a non-stop thriller about wicked Russians and wicked Americans. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through May 18.)

Mayerling (1937)—Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer in this famous royal romance. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 13.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers cutting up in the musical world. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; May 14-17.)

The Secret Passion (1962)—An account of the origins of psychoanalysis, directed by John Huston and starring Montgomery Clift. Formerly called "Freud." (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting May 18.)

Shadows (1961)—An episodic movie, all of it improvised by a group of young players under the directorial guidance of John Cassavetes. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting May 18.)

A Shot in the Dark (1964)—Peter Sellers as a French police inspector more incompetent than most. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through May 18, except the afternoons of May 15-16. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting May 19, tentative.)

Sons and Lovers (1960)—D. H. Lawrence's 1913 tale about the silver-cord tangle between a Nottingham miner's wife and her artistically gifted son. An English-American production, with Trevor Howard, Wendy Hiller, and Dean Stockwell. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through May 18.)

A Summer to Remember (1961)—Out of Russia, a picture demonstrating that to be a child in a village there is like being a child in a village anywhere. With Borya Barkhatov. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 14-17.)

Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A French picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a girl of twelve, and how their encounter leads to heartbreak and death. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; May 13. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 14-17.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow (1964)—A three-part Italian comedy starring Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni and directed by Vittorio De Sica. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; starting May 19.)

Zazie (1961)—A wild romp through Paris, as seen through the eyes of an eleven-year-old child. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; May 13.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "D. W. Griffith: American Film Master"—Through May 15, showings at 3, and on Thursday evening at 8: "The Birth of a Nation" (1915), with Lillian Gish. . . . ¶ May 16-19, showings at 3 and 5:30: "The Last Deal" (1910), "A Terrible Discovery" (1911), and "Hoodoo Ann" (1916). (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				13	14	15
16	17	18	19			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
THE TRAIN.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
SYNANON.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"In Harm's Way," John Wayne, Kirk Douglas.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through May 18: "Young Cassidy," Rod Taylor.
From May 19: "Your Cheatin' Heart," George Hamilton, Susan Oliver; and "Signpost to Murder," Joanne Woodward, Stuart Whitman.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Yellow Rolls-Royce," Rex Harrison, Jeanne Moreau, Ingrid Bergman.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"White Voices" (in Italian), Paolo Ferrari, Anouk Aimée.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through May 18: "Young Dillinger," Nick Adams; and "My Baby Is Black," Gordon Heath.
From May 19: "Taboos of the World," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration; and "Go Go Mania."

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
From May 14: "Harlow" (in Electronovision), Carol Lynley.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Lord Jim," Peter O'Toole, James Mason. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
May 13: "Yojimbo" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.
From May 14: **HIGH AND LOW** (in Japanese), revival.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Mister Moses," Robert Mitchum, Carroll Baker.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
WORLD WITHOUT SUN.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
GOLDFINGER; and **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT.**

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 18: **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE,** revival; and "A Stranger Knocks" (in Danish), Birgitte Federspiel.
From May 19: **SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through May 18 (evening performances only on May 15-16): **GOLDFINGER;** and **A SHOT IN THE DARK,** revival.
May 15-16 (afternoons only): "Hansel and Gretel," revival, a film with a cast of electronic puppets.
From May 19 (tentative): "A Stranger Knocks" (in Danish), Birgitte Federspiel; and "A Kind of Loving," revival, Alan Bates, June Ritchie.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
NOBODY WAVED GOODBYE.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through May 18: **THE LOVE GODDESSES;** and "Circle of Love," Jane Fonda, Catherine Spaak.
From May 19: **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW** and "Seduced and Abandoned" (both in Italian and both revivals).

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Mister Moses," Robert Mitchum, Carroll Baker.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
ZORBA THE GREEK.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Young Cassidy," Rod Taylor.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through May 18: "Young Dillinger," Nick Adams; and "My Baby Is Black," Gordon Heath.
From May 19: "Taboos of the World," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration; and "Go Go Mania."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"The Magnificent Cuckold" (in Italian), Claudia Cardinale, Ugo Tognazzi.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE TRAIN.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Backfire" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Jean Seberg.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"In Harm's Way," John Wayne, Kirk Douglas.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"White Voices" (in Italian), Paolo Ferrari, Anouk Aimée.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
HE WHO MUST DIE, revival.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
May 13: **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (in French), revival; and "Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian), revival.
May 14-16: "Psycho," revival, Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles; and "Stalag 17," revival, William Holden, Don Taylor.
May 17: "Rebel Without a Cause," revival, James Dean, Natalie Wood; and "The Old Man and the Sea," revival, Spencer Tracy.
May 18: **THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME,** revival; and "Anthony Adverse," revival, Fredric March.
May 19: "The Magnificent Seven," revival, Yul Brynner, Eli Wallach; and "The Vikings," revival, Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE PAWNBROKER.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through May 18: **HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE.**
From May 19: "A Stranger Knocks" (in Danish), Birgitte Federspiel.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 18: **THE PUMPKIN EATER;** and **ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO.**
From May 19 (tentative): **GOLDFINGER;** and **A SHOT IN THE DARK,** revival.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through May 18 (evening performances only on May 15-16): **THE LOVE GODDESSES;** and "Circle of Love," Jane Fonda, Catherine Spaak.
May 15-16 (afternoons only): "Hansel and Gretel," revival, a film with a cast of electronic puppets.
From May 19: **SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON.**

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through May 17: "Young Dillinger," Nick Adams; and "My Baby Is Black," Gordon Heath.
May 18: "The Firefly," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Allan Jones; and "Bitter Sweet," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy.
From May 19: "Taboos of the World," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration; and "Go Go Mania."

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through May 18: "Crack in the World," Dana Andrews, Janette Scott; and "A Boy Ten Feet Tall," Edward G. Robinson, Fergus McClelland.
From May 19: "Die! Die! My Darling!," Tallulah Bankhead, Stefanie Powers; and "Code 7 Victim 5," Lex Barker.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
May 13: **KNIFE IN THE WATER** (in Polish), revival; **ZAZIE** (in French), revival; and "My Life to Live" (in French), revival, Anna Karina.
May 14-17: **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA,** revival; and **THE LAVENDER HILL MOB,** revival. (In addition to the regular films, **DAYS OF THRILLS AND LAUGHTER,** a revival, will be shown on May 15, at 1 P.M. and May 16, at 1:10 P.M.)
From May 18: **SHADOWS,** revival; "Come Back, Africa," revival, a semi-documentary film; and "On the Bowery," revival, a semi-documentary film.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through May 18: "Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte," Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland; and "Bye Bye Birdie," revival, Janet Leigh, Dick Van Dyke.
From May 19: **BECKET;** and **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB,** revival.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through May 18: **HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE;** and **SONS AND LOVERS,** revival.
From May 19: **36 HOURS;** and "The Americanization of Emily," James Garner, Julie Andrews.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Goldstein," Lou Gilbert.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through May 18: **SYNANON;** and **THE EASY LIFE,** revival.
From May 19: "Crack in the World," Dana Andrews, Janette Scott; and "A Boy Ten Feet Tall," Edward G. Robinson, Fergus McClelland.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through May 18: **THE LOVE GODDESSES;** and "Circle of Love," Jane Fonda, Catherine Spaak.
From May 19: **SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON.**

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
THE PAWNBROKER.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MARY POPPINS.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Between Tears and Smiles" (with Mandarin dialogue).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE PAWNBROKER.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The New Angels" (in Italian).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
IL SUCCESSO (in Italian).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"Male Hunt" (in French), Jean-Claude Brialy, Jean-Paul Belmondo.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
VARIETY LIGHTS (in Italian); and **CHRONICLE OF A SUMMER** (in French).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 18: **BECKET;** and **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB,** revival.
From May 19: "Masquerade," Cliff Robertson, Jack Hawkins; and "The Pleasure Seekers," Ann-Margret, Carol Lynley.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
May 13: **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival; and **MAYERLING** (in French), revival.
May 14-17: **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (in French), revival; and **A SUMMER TO REMEMBER** (in Russian), revival.
From May 18: **THE SECRET PASSION** (formerly called "Freud"), revival; and "The Eternal Mask" (in German), revival.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through May 18: **THE LOVE GODDESSES;** and "Circle of Love," Jane Fonda, Catherine Spaak.
From May 19: **SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON.**

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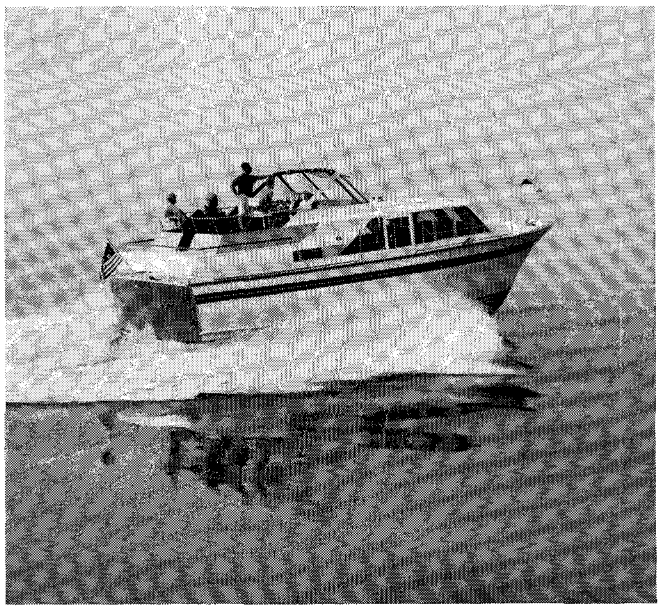

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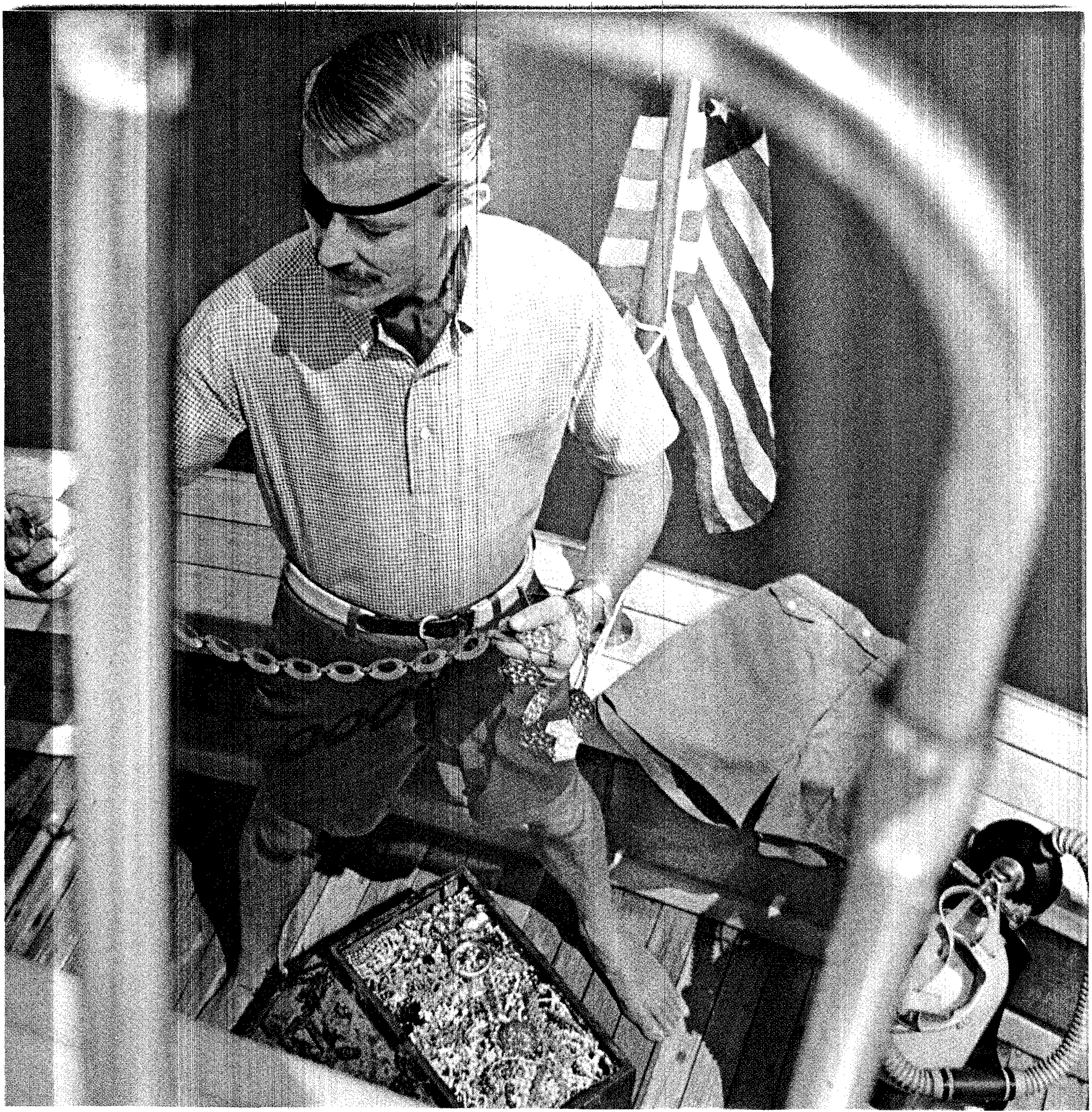

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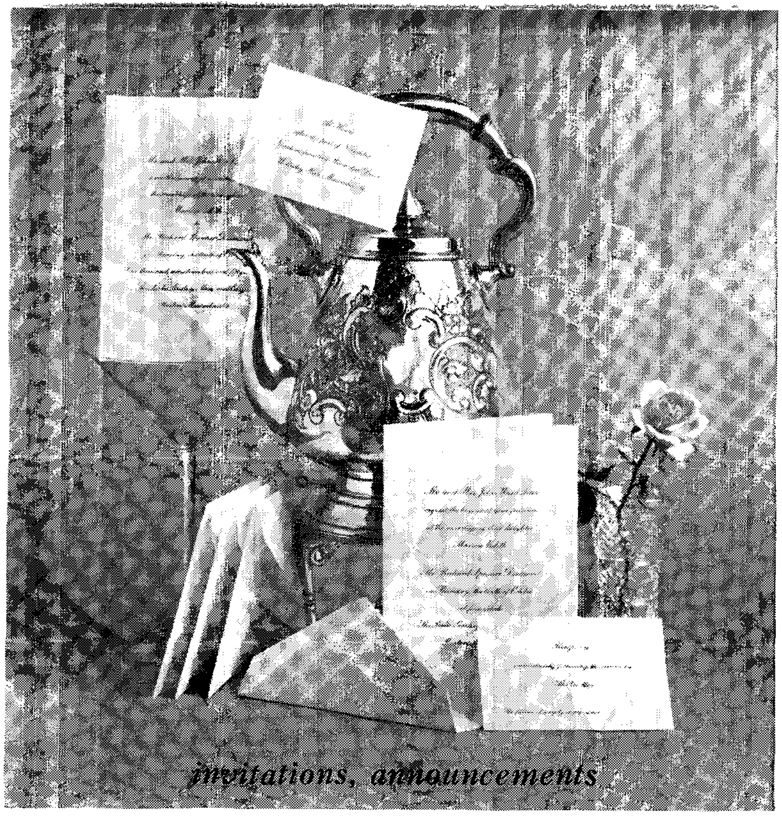

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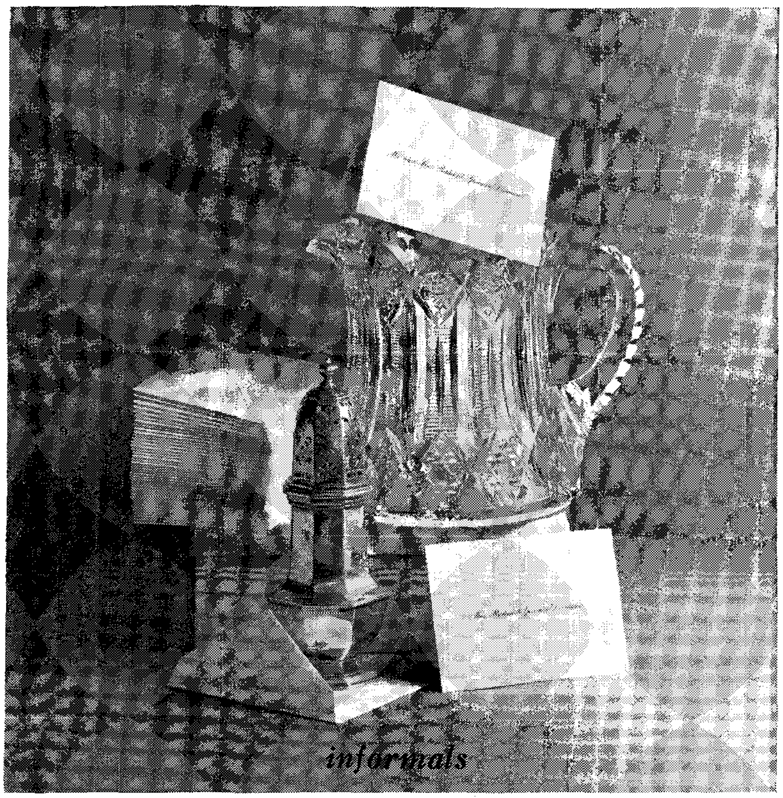

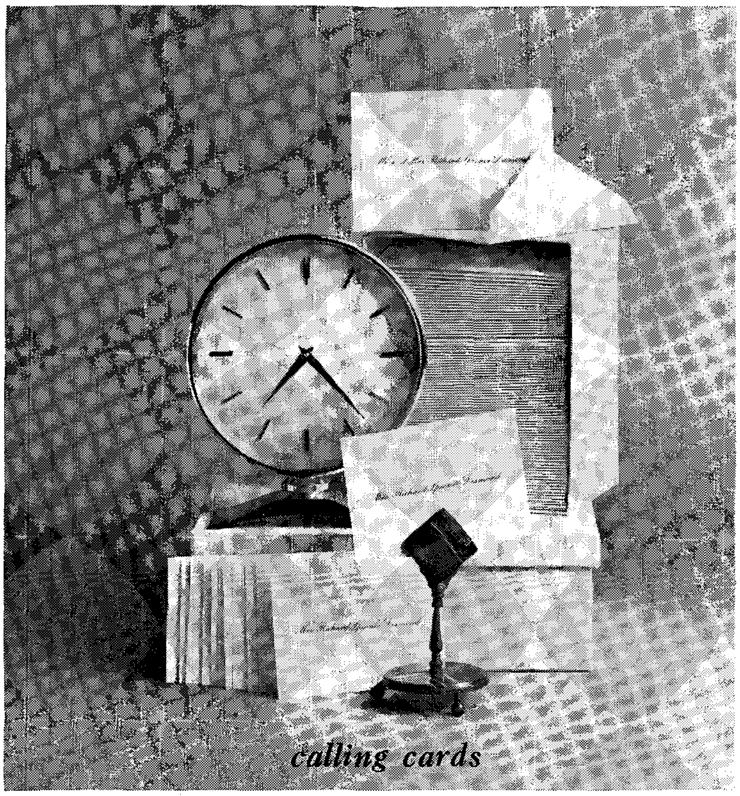

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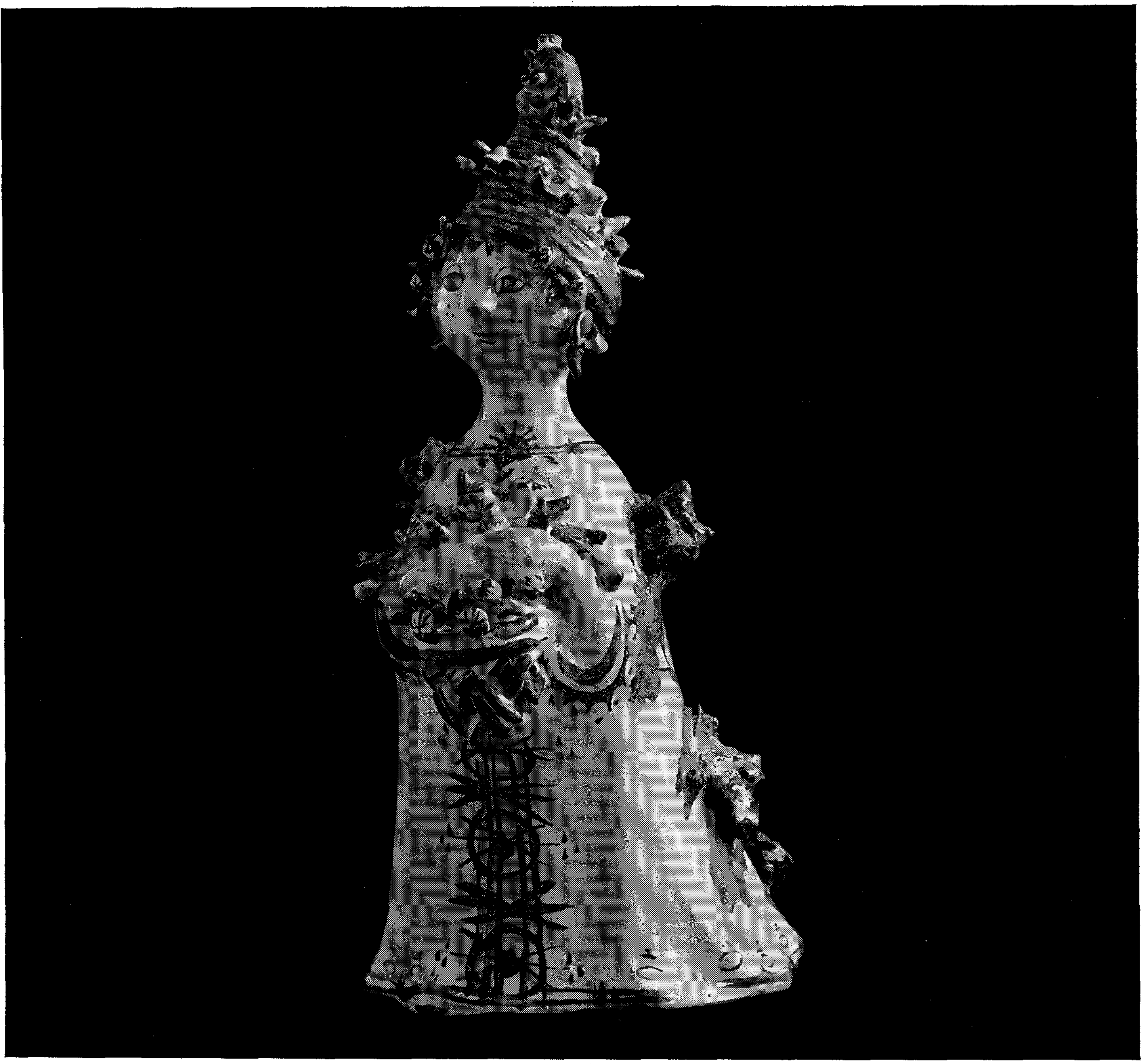

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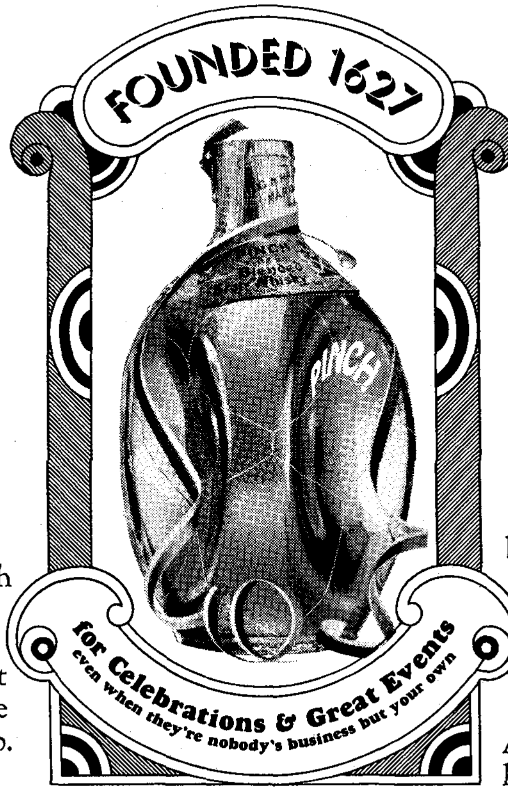
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Historic anniversaries! Birthdays! Inventions!

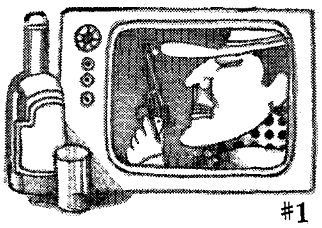
Great Events piled one on top of another.

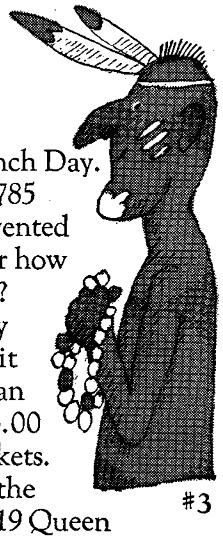
Calling for Celebrations. Calling for Pinch. The Scotch for Celebrations and Great Events.

Consider the nature of Pinch. It is, of course, Smooth and Mellow. As good Scotch should be.

But there's another thing: Pinch tastes delicious. The flavor of Pinch comes from a delicate balancing of light Grain and rich Malt whiskies that has taken the House of Haig over 300 years to develop.

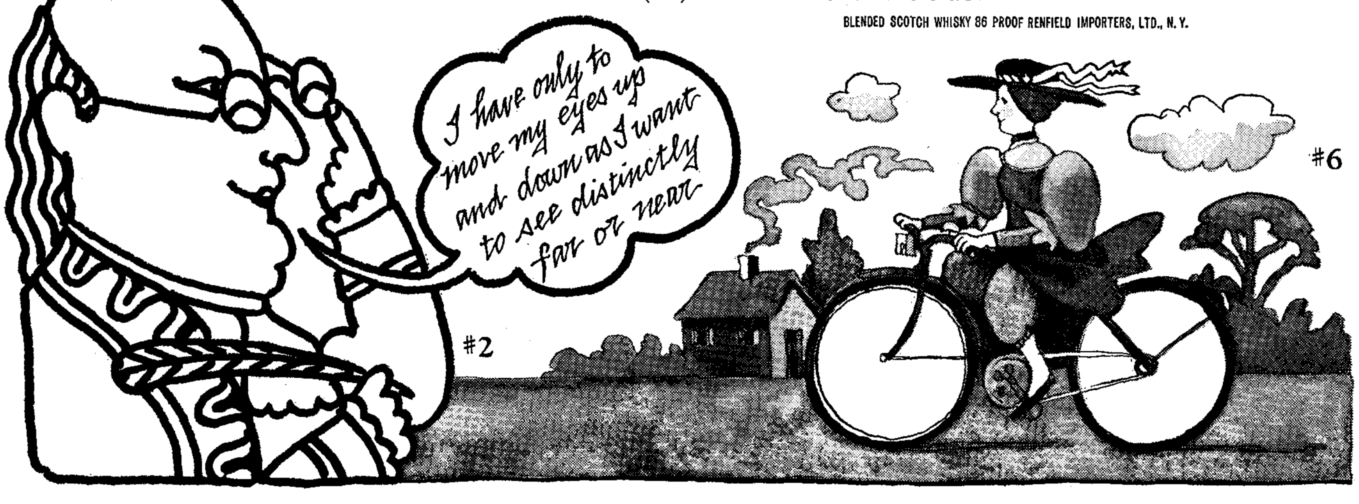
The flavor of Pinch is only for Festivals, Field Days and Grand Functions. At all other times a man has to be satisfied with Scotch in Round Bottles. Not that Scotch in Round Bottles isn't good. It is. But who would think of hailing the upcoming plethora with Scotch in Round Bottles? (#1)

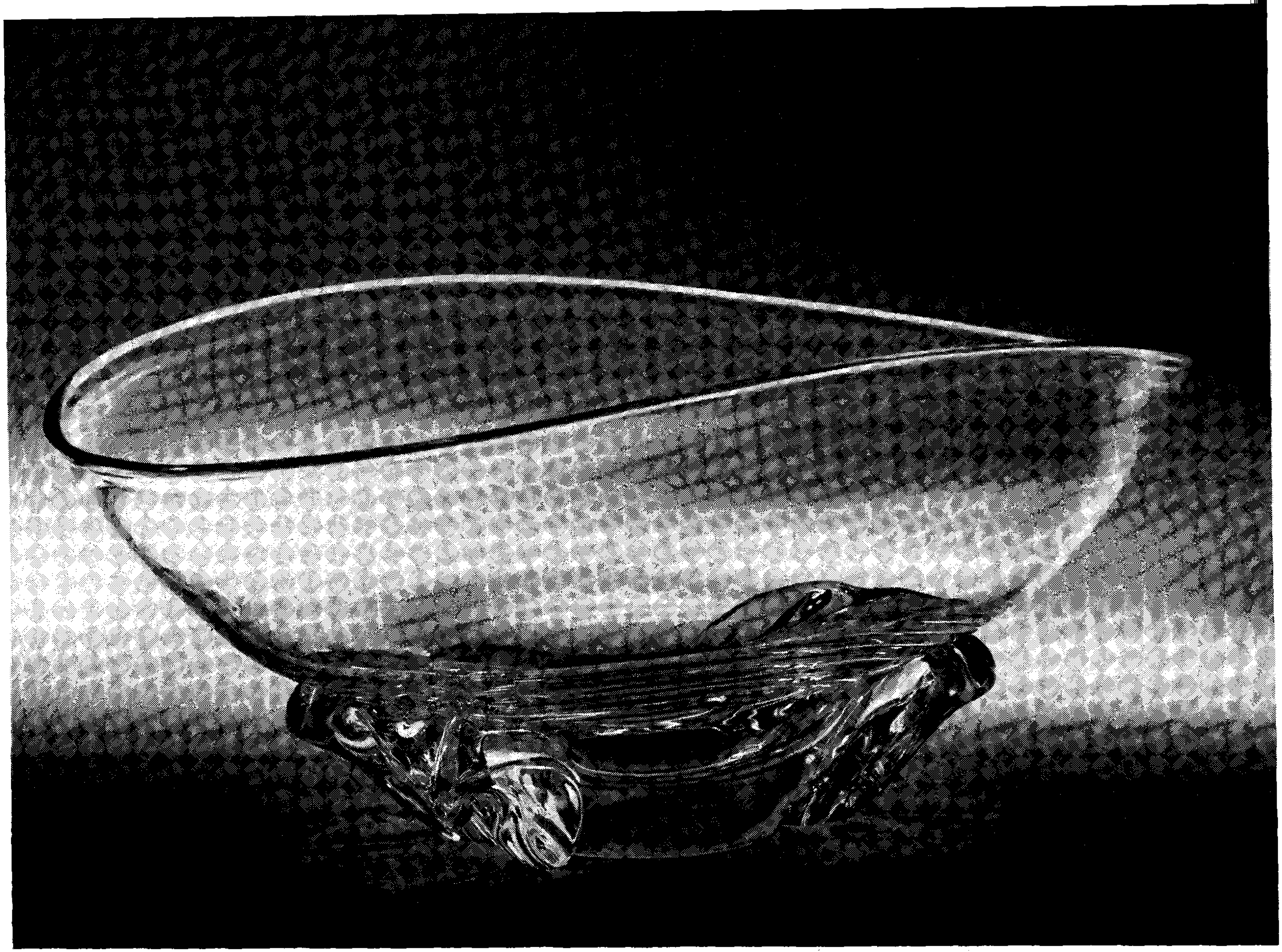




Only Pinch will do! For example, May 23rd is a Pinch Day. On that day in 1785 Ben Franklin invented bi-focals! (#2) Or how about the 24th? That's the day Peter Minuit bought Manhattan Island for $24.00 worth of trinkets. (#3) And on the 24th, too, in 1819 Queen Victoria was born. (#4) And on the 26th: Al Jolson first saw his Mammy. (#5) Remember bloomers? The lady who invented them—Amelia Bloomer—was born on May 27th, 1818. (#6) Pinch Days every one! Are you prepared? Better check the cabinet. Lay in an extra bottle of Pinch to be on the safe side!

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86 PROOF RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y.


I have only to move my eyes up and down as I want to see distinctly far or near
#2
#6



Basket-shaped bowl • Length 11¼ inches • $75

Steuben invites you to see how fine crystal is made

To fully appreciate the value of fine crystal, you should see it being made.

Consider the Steuben bowl above. You see it first as a whirl of liquid crystal, drawn from a white-hot furnace on a slender iron tube.

You see a man blow the crystal into shape, giving it life with his breath. You see another man refine the form, using the simple wooden tools that are traditional to his craft.

You see the crystal sheared by hand. Polished by hand. Signed by hand.

Finally, the finished piece is wrapped with unusual care. And for good reason.

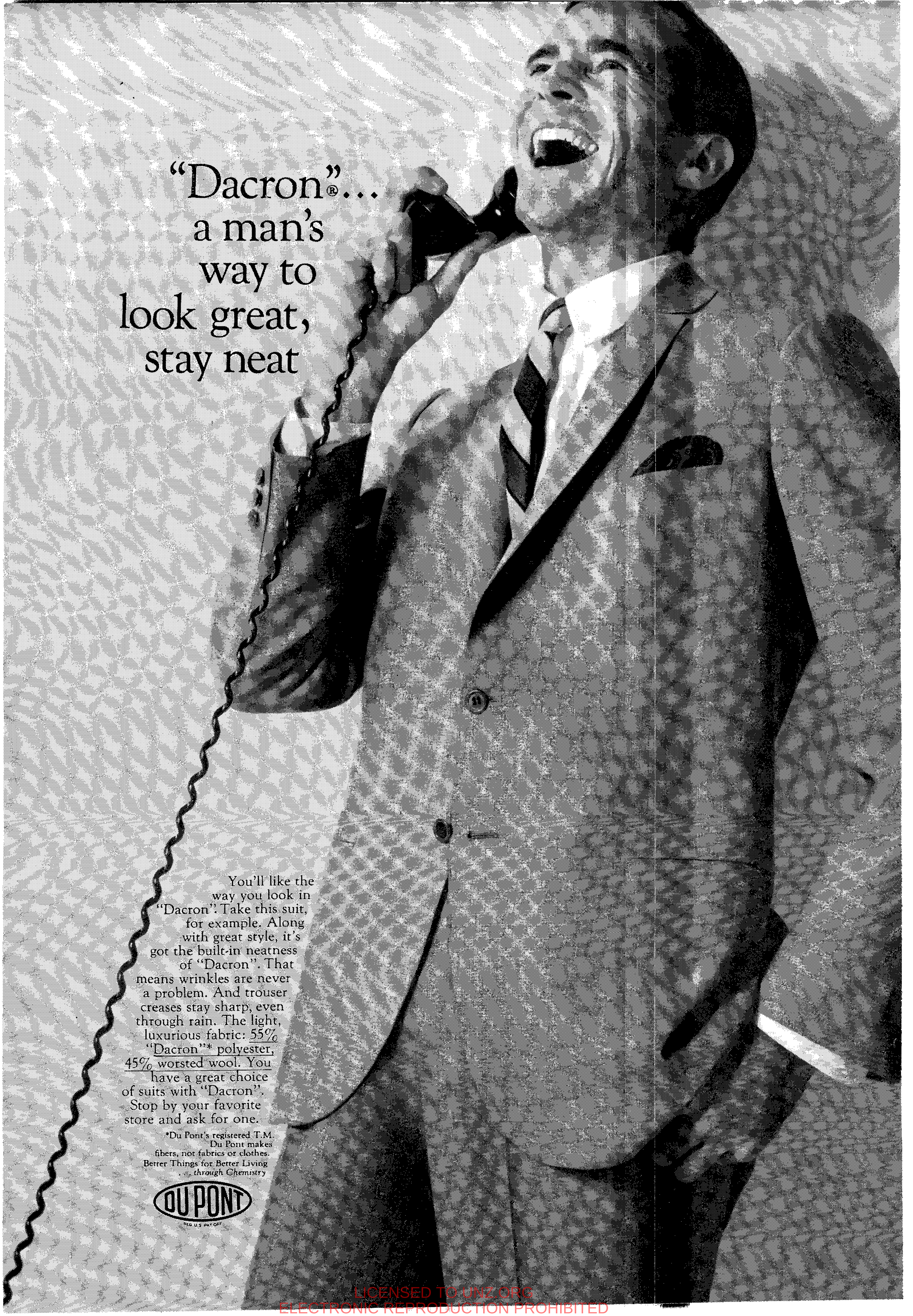
It has a value you seldom see these days—*the pride of personal achievement.*

You are invited to watch fine crystal being made by the Steuben craftsmen at Corning Glass Center, Corning, New York.

The Center is open seven days a week, June through October. Every day except Monday, November through May. (Closed Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's Day.)

STEUBEN GLASS ❄

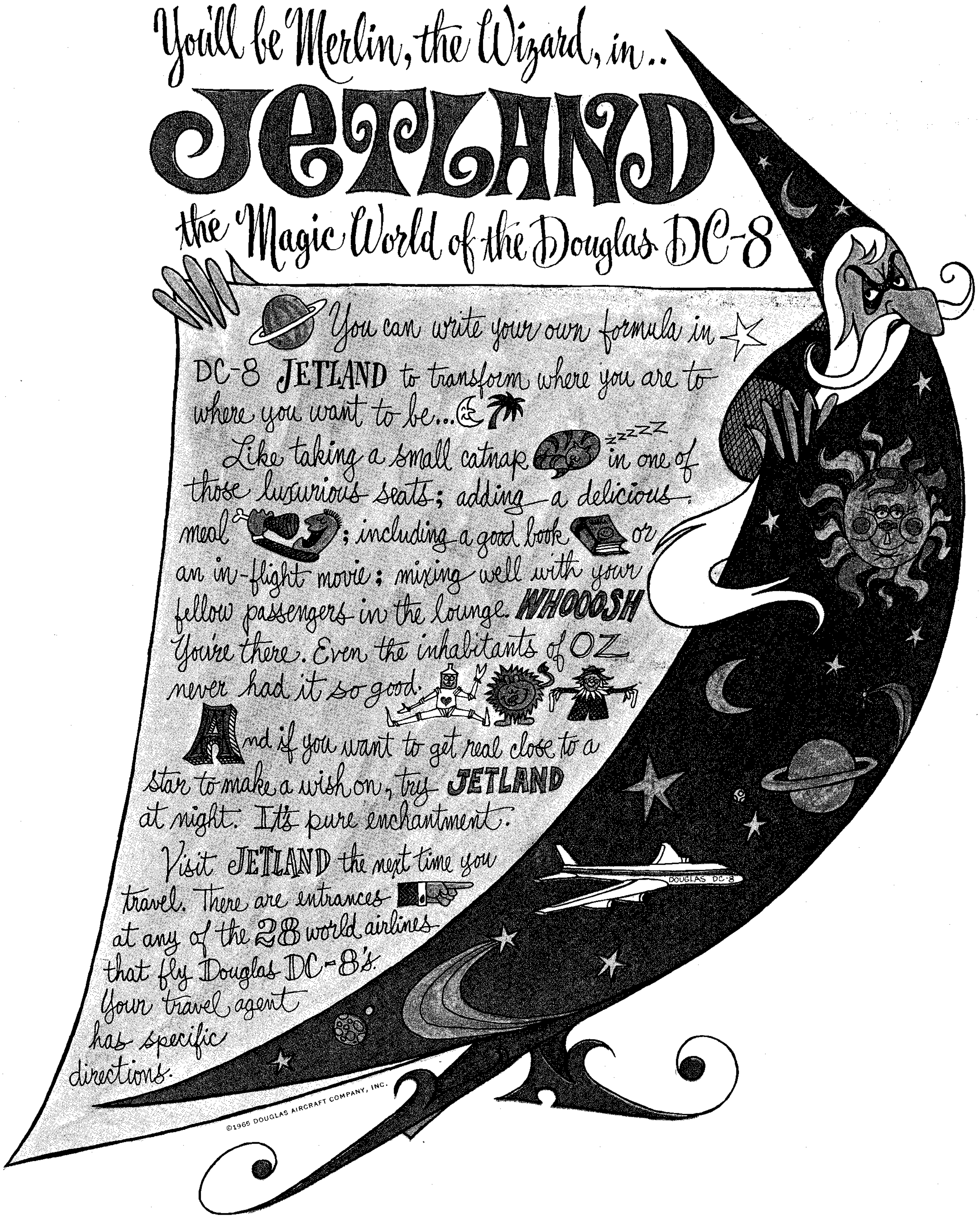
FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET · NEW YORK · N.Y. 10022



You'll like the way you look in "Dacron". Take this suit, for example. Along with great style, it's got the built-in neatness of "Dacron". That means wrinkles are never a problem. And trouser creases stay sharp, even through rain. The light, luxurious fabric: 55% "Dacron"* polyester, 45% worsted wool. You have a great choice of suits with "Dacron". Stop by your favorite store and ask for one.

*Du Pont's registered T.M.
Du Pont makes
fibers, not fabrics or clothes.
Better Things for Better Living
...through Chemistry

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



You'll be Merlin, the Wizard, in.. JETLAND the Magic World of the Douglas DC-8

You can write your own formula in DC-8 JETLAND to transform where you are to where you want to be...

Like taking a small catnap zzzzZ in one of those luxurious seats; adding a delicious meal; including a good book or an in-flight movie; mixing well with your fellow passengers in the lounge. **WHOOOSH** You're there. Even the inhabitants of OZ never had it so good.

And if you want to get real close to a star to make a wish on, try **JETLAND** at night. It's pure enchantment.

Visit JETLAND the next time you travel. There are entrances at any of the 28 world airlines that fly Douglas DC-8's. Your travel agent has specific directions.

©1965 DOUGLAS AIRCRAFT COMPANY, INC.

Hard to beat!

(easy to win!)

Enter NATIONAL GOLF DAY . . .
You May "Beat the Champ"!

A golfing first on NBC-TV and Radio! USGA Champion Ken Venturi (left) versus PGA Champion Bobby Nichols in the "Round of Champions" on National Golf Day, Monday, May 31st. Play your own round of golf at your local course in advance, and see if you can "Beat the Champ."

This Olds 4-4-2 is a real moving [illegible] the kind of dashing style and flashing [illegible] that are hard to beat. And you can *win* a 4-4-2 when you enter Oldsmobile's "Golf-O-Rama". *Four* 4-4-2 grand prizes in all—*plus* 442 other valuable prizes! Just visit your Olds dealer or participating golf pro shop and pick up your entry form. Think of it. *Four* 4-4-2 grand prizes! 442 transistor radios in scale-model Oldsmobiles! One of them could be *yours*.

Oldsmobile Division • General Motors Corporation

Enter OLDS "GOLF-O-RAMA"
You May Win An Olds 4-4-2!

Four 4-4-2 grand prizes! 442 other prizes! See your Olds Dealer or golf pro for entry forms. You don't have to play golf to win.

This prize offer ends midnight, June 5, 1965 and is restricted to licensed drivers, 18 or older. This offer is void outside of the U.S.A. and in Wisconsin and Florida, and is subject to all federal, state or local regulations. Residents of New Jersey, Delaware, Kansas and Nebraska may request entry form by writing Box 4420, Detroit 28, Michigan.

'65 OLDSMOBILE 442

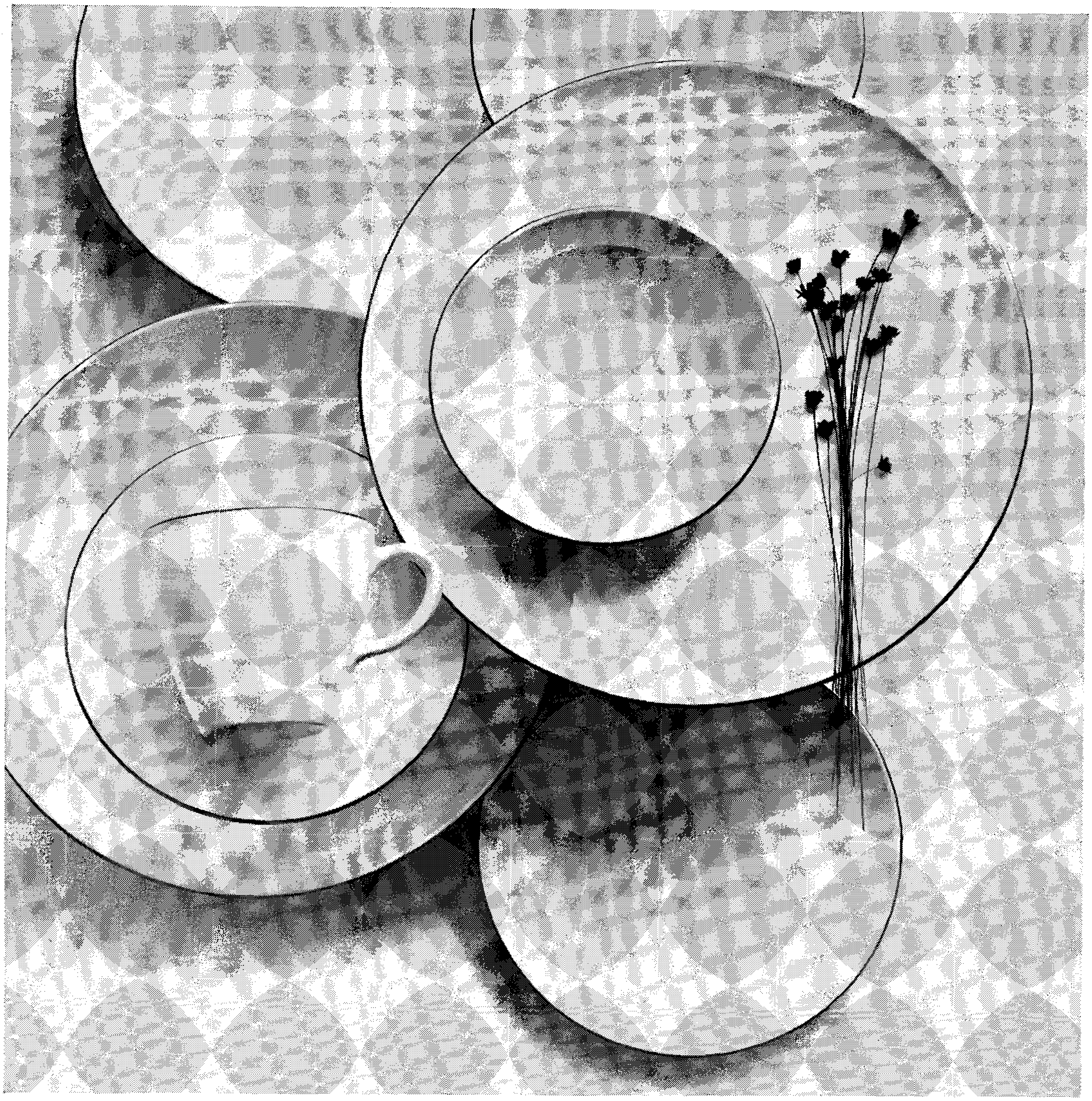
Look to Olds for the New!

Our Bering wrapper covers up nothing but quality.

For the 60 years that Bering has been making cigars, the cigars have been nothing but quality. That's what Bering's reputation is built on. For one thing, Bering uses only the smoother smoking, smoother burning imported long filler a 15¢ or better price demands. For another, Bering has not gone with the crowd to chemically created (reconstituted) tobacco substitutes. Bering's label will tell you that its cigars are all natural tobacco . . . filler, binder, wrapper. Try one of the many popular Berings for yourself and see if you don't agree—Electra, Coronado, Plaza, Corona Grande, Imperial, or our newest slim shape, the Elegante.

BERING CIGARS

Made in Tampa Since 1905 by Corral, Wodiska y Ca.



Look what's on Centura Tableware now (and even your dishwasher won't take it off)

Platinum. It's the first fine platinum edge without a dishwasher worry. *And it's on* CENTURA® *Tableware,* the first fine ceramic without a breakage worry.

It has two things platinum edge tableware has always needed—the white whiteness of a CENTURA setting *that sets the platinum off,* and a new development by Corning that keeps the platinum on, even if you wash it every day in your *dishwasher.*

But the new richness of platinum hasn't changed CENTURA Tableware. It's still the same fine, gem-hard ceramic.

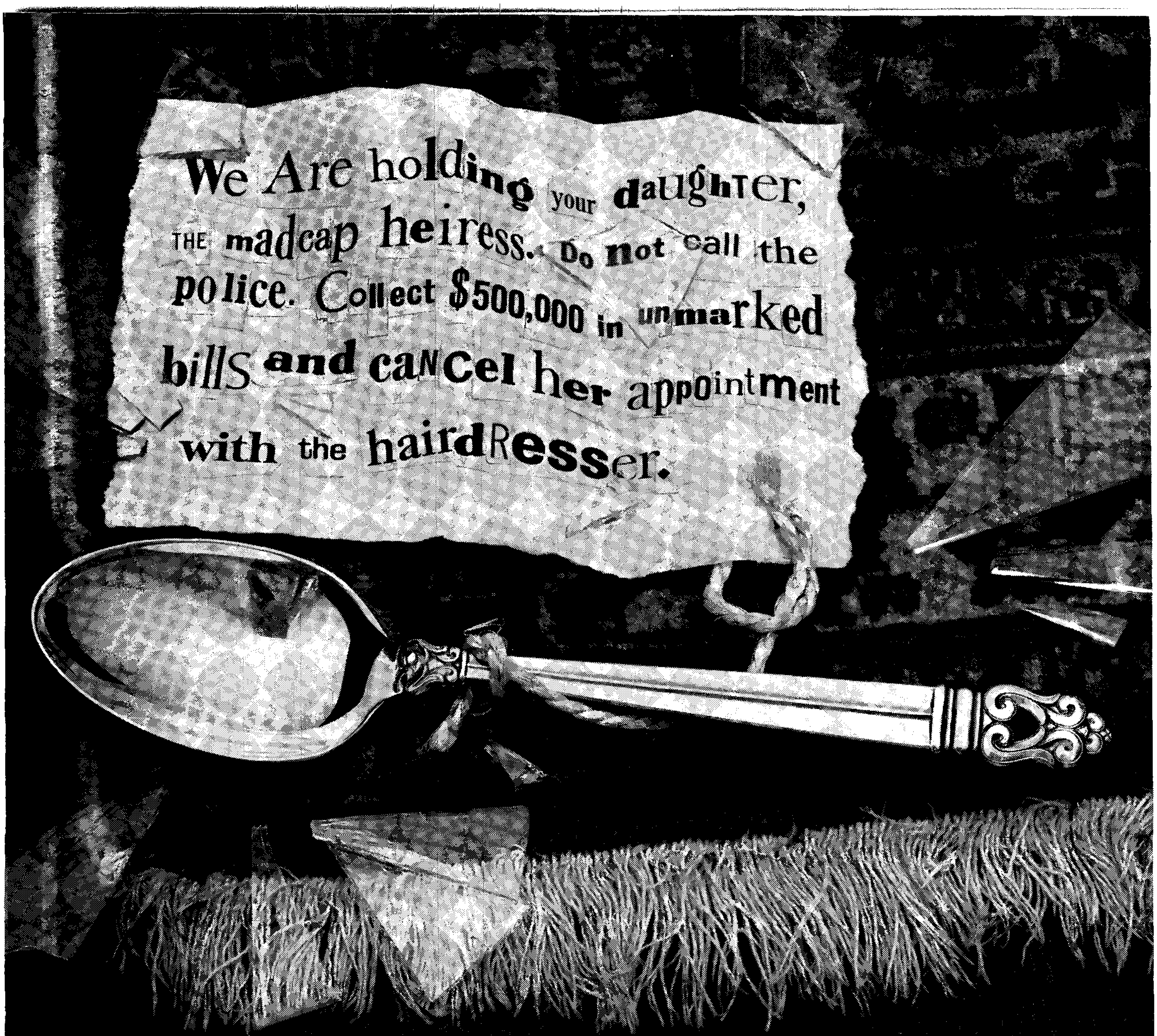
It's also a breeze to clean and a beautiful, practical, very versatile tableware. You can mix or match the designs—platinum edge, classic, white and cornflower. You can use it for formal and for every day. You can freeze and cook in the same casseroles you take to the table.

And you can get a five-piece setting of the new platinum edge for $12.95. Other designs even less.

And as for replacement cost—forget it.*

CENTURA® by CORNING

*Corning Glass Works, Corning, New York, guarantees that its dealers will replace any piece of CENTURA Tableware if it breaks, chips, cracks, crazes, or its decoration wears off in normal household use within three years of the date of purchase. *Any piece bearing this mark* ✳ *will be replaced if it ever breaks from temperature extremes.*



We Are holding your daughter, THE madcap heiress. Do not call the police. Collect $500,000 in unmarked bills and cancel her appointment with the hairdresser.

Mr. Beecham sighed. Pamela was in another scrape. This was no hoax. That Royal Danish serving spoon was part of the new sterling service she was taking to Newport.

How proud she was of its handsome Viking boldness. Yet, even with its regal Scandinavian type design, it looked as classic as a Greek column.

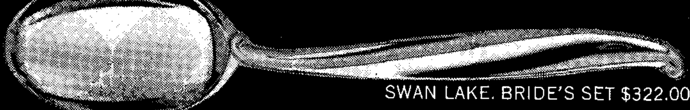
But, no sense wasting $500,000. No one could hold Pamela for long.

Nor did they. She escaped. Threw herself a huge welcome home party in the ballroom. And her Royal Danish sterling flatware gleaming on the long buffet out-glittered even the glittering chandelier.

But that's no surprise. The International Silver Company makes it.

The Bride's Set, a 44-piece service for eight complete with walnut chest, is only $356. It would cost $421 in open stock. You save $65.

(Some say the sterling pattern in this story was Swan Lake. Others claim it was Rhapsody. Not so. Although both are greatly favored by madcap contemporaries. The International Silver Company makes them. You can own them.)



SWAN LAKE. BRIDE'S SET $322.00

RHAPSODY. BRIDE'S SET $322.00

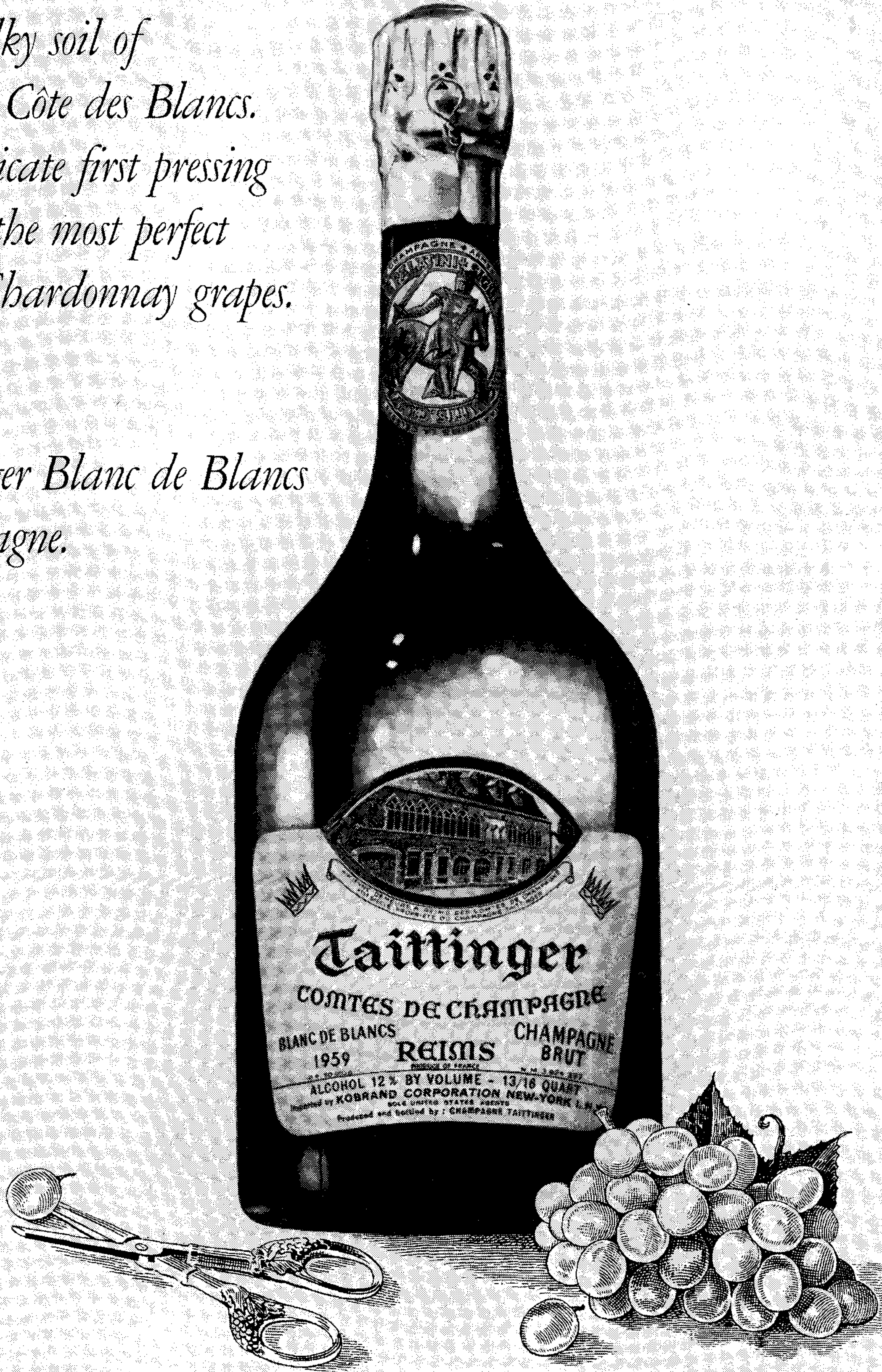
Royal Danish in International Sterling

The International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn. Prices do not include taxes.

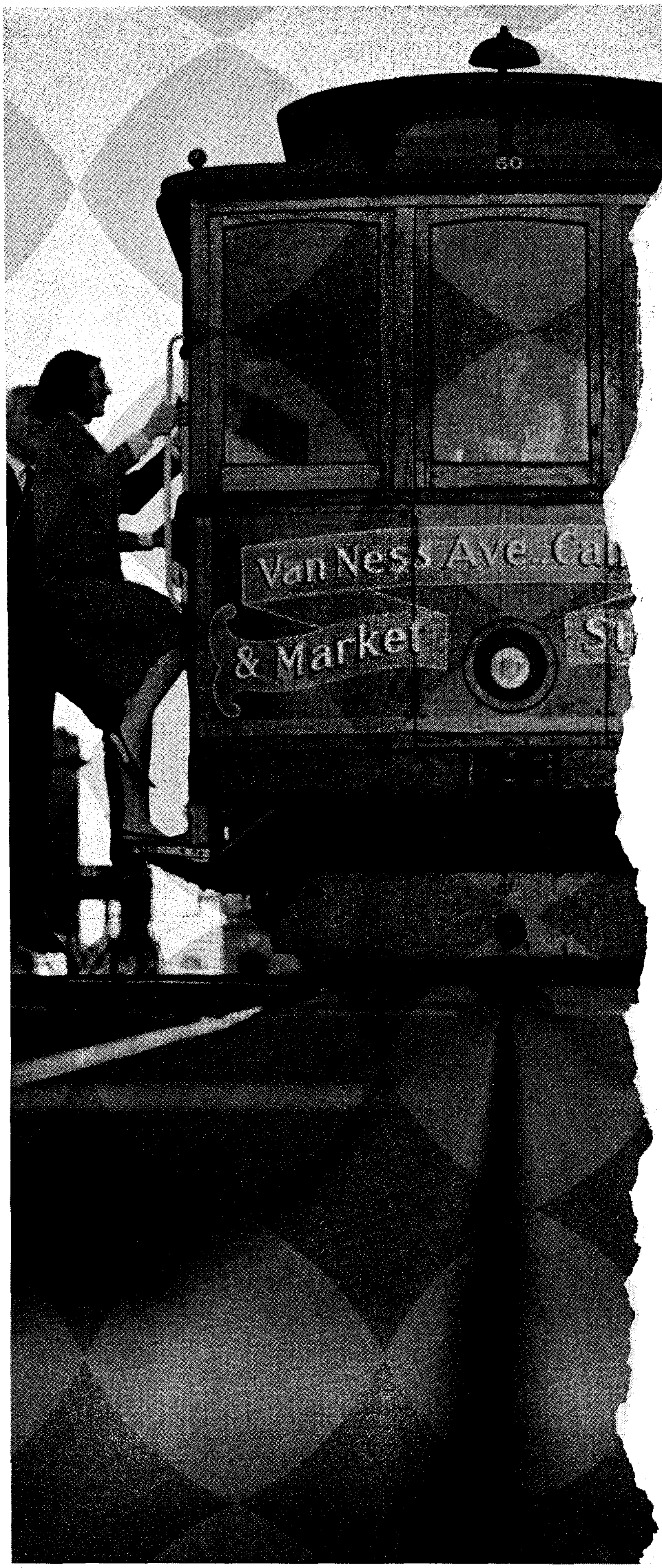
All Patterns made in U. S. A.

The gentle sun,
the chalky soil of
France's Côte des Blancs.
The delicate first pressing
of only the most perfect
white Chardonnay grapes.

This is
Taittinger Blanc de Blancs
Champagne.


Taittinger
COMTES DE CHAMPAGNE
BLANC DE BLANCS
1959
REIMS
CHAMPAGNE
BRUT
ALCOHOL 12% BY VOLUME - 13/16 QUART
KOBRAND CORPORATION NEW-YORK

Epluchage, the old world art of meticulously selecting each grape, assures the perfection of Taittinger Blanc de Blancs Champagne. Imported from Reims, France by Kobrand, New York.



You can't get the whole picture in just a day or two.

What national monument is 14 feet wide, 10 miles long, and moves at nine miles an hour? The answer is San Francisco's cable car system – and it can show you a lot of the city for 15 cents.

Some other surprising things about San Francisco: A street that changes direction ten times in one block. A night club that presents grand opera. Italian restaurants that serve the best French bread in the country. Grant Avenue – main street for the largest Chinese community outside the Orient. A modern pharmacy that sells charms to ward off dragons. A bridge that crosses the Pacific. A temperature that can change 20° in 20 miles.

Of course it takes more than one or two cable car rides to learn all there is to know about this surprising city. So may we make two suggestions? When you come to San Francisco (1) bring some small change, and (2) *plan to spend a week.*

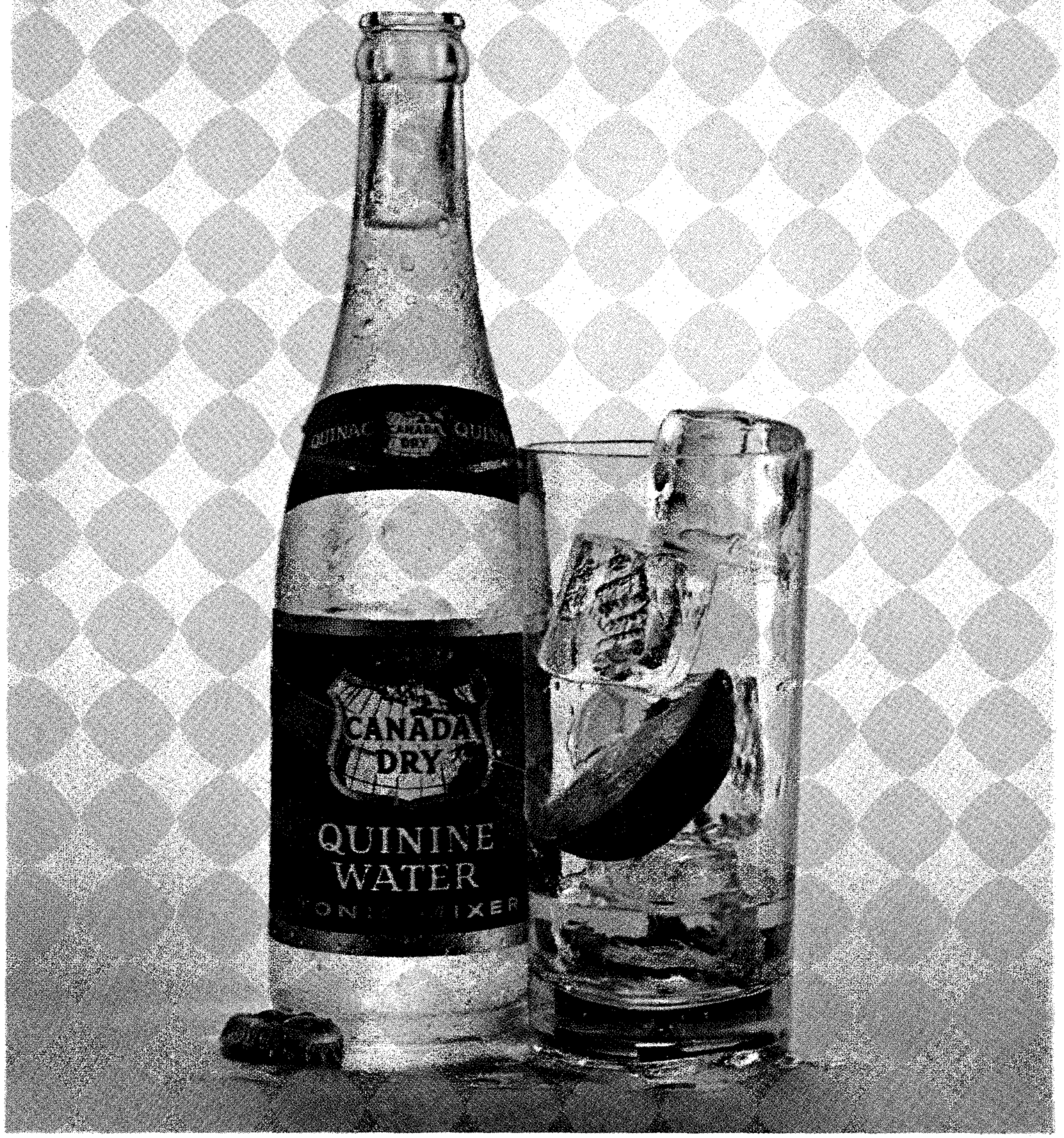
SAN FRANCISCO
CONVENTION & VISITORS BUREAU

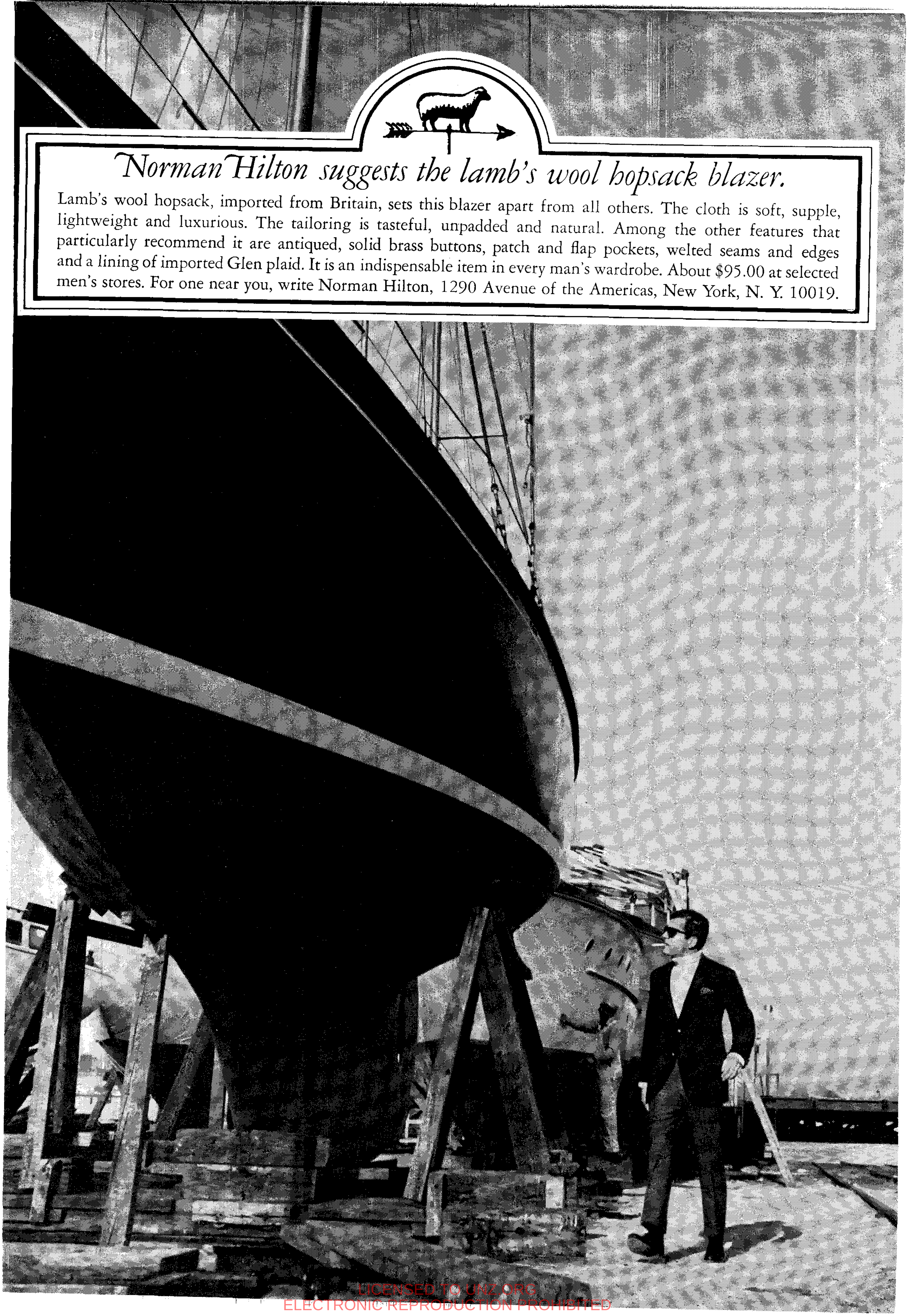
For a free illustrated guide write to
San Francisco Convention & Visitors Bureau • Dept. NY4
1375 Market Street • San Francisco, California 94103

Is this the No. 1 quinine water just because it's less bitter?

No, but it doesn't hurt.

Quinine was a bitter pill before Canada Dry Quinine Water came along. It's the best-selling tonic mixer that works positive wonders with gin. We gave it pinpoint carbonation to keep drinks livelier longer. Our secret of success is simple: Just make it less bitter and much better.




Norman Hilton suggests the lamb's wool hopsack blazer.

Lamb's wool hopsack, imported from Britain, sets this blazer apart from all others. The cloth is soft, supple, lightweight and luxurious. The tailoring is tasteful, unpadded and natural. Among the other features that particularly recommend it are antiqued, solid brass buttons, patch and flap pockets, welted seams and edges and a lining of imported Glen plaid. It is an indispensable item in every man's wardrobe. About $95.00 at selected men's stores. For one near you, write Norman Hilton, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N. Y. 10019.

It has already begun.

Again this year, seven million American fathers will drive twelve billion miles with sixteen million youngsters in the back seat. (When are we going to stop, daddy?)

And next Fall, each daddy will have a hundred feet of semi-edited home movies, a tanned left forearm and a quiet sense of completed duty. "It's good for the kids."

So is homework.

The Great American Family Vacation. How to get it back:

Remember one or two absolutely perfect vacations your family had when you were young?

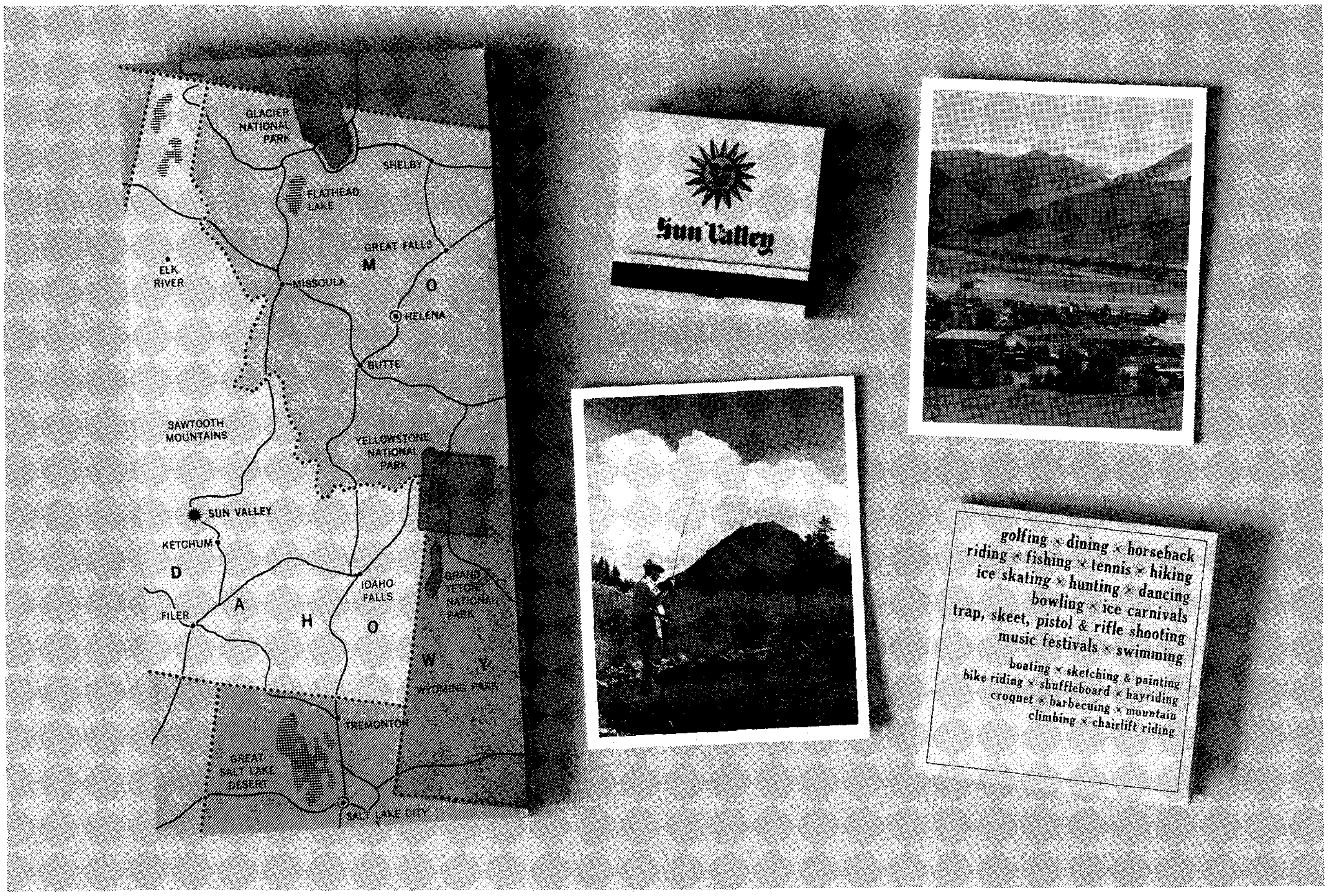
Well, there's a secret that some of us have forgotten: Your folks went where *they* wanted to go and took you along. (You probably thought it was your idea.)

That's what makes Sun Valley. *The grown-ups run it.* But the people who make Sun Valley work know more about keeping youngsters busy and happy than a fairy godmother, a retail shoe salesman or Doctor Spock.

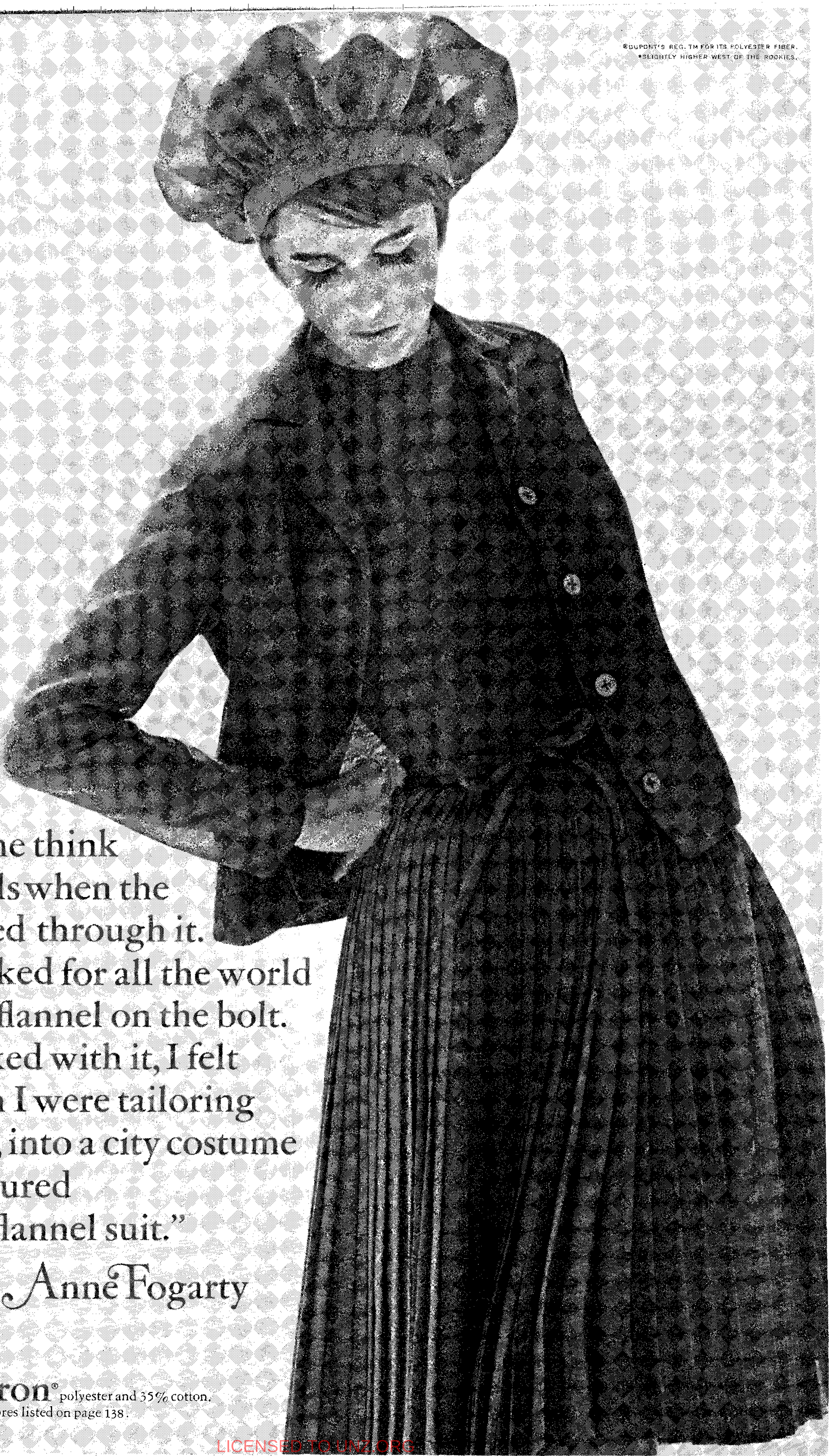
Some families plop down at Sun Valley for the summer. Others visit for a few days to break up The Grand Tour (Yellowstone, Glacier Park, Salt Lake City, etc.).

Do it your way. It's *your* vacation.

For further information, write Reservations Manager, Sun Valley, Idaho or see your local travel agent.


GLACIER NATIONAL PARK
SHELBY
FLATHEAD LAKE
GREAT FALLS
ELK RIVER
MISSOULA
M
O
HELENA
BUTTE
SAWTOOTH MOUNTAINS
YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK
SUN VALLEY
KETCHUM
D
A
H
O
IDAHO FALLS
GRAND TETON NATIONAL PARK
W
Y
WYOMING PARK
FILER
TREMONTON
GREAT SALT LAKE DESERT
SALT LAKE CITY
Sun Valley
golfing × dining × horseback
riding × fishing × tennis × hiking
ice skating × hunting × dancing
bowling × ice carnivals
trap, skeet, pistol & rifle shooting
music festivals × swimming
boating × sketching & painting
bike riding × shuffleboard × hayriding
croquet × barbecuing × mountain
climbing × chairlift riding

®DUPONT'S REG. TM FOR ITS POLYESTER FIBER.
*SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES.



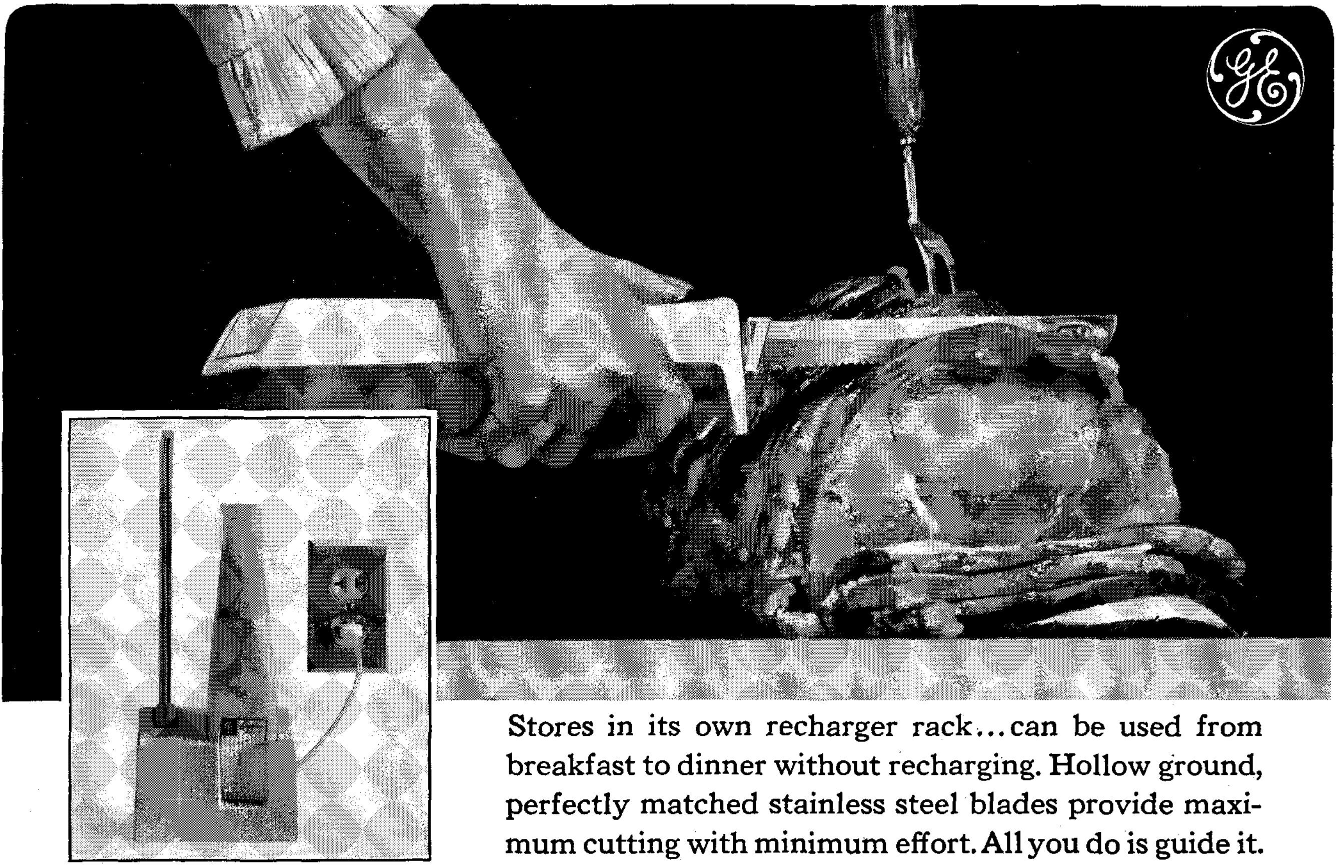
"It made me think
of parasols when the
sun filtered through it.
But it looked for all the world
like grey flannel on the bolt.
As I worked with it, I felt
as though I were tailoring
a shadow, into a city costume
as self-assured
as a grey flannel suit."

Anne Fogarty

Voile of 65% **Dacron**® polyester and 35% cotton.
Sizes 4 to 14. $70.* At stores listed on page 138.

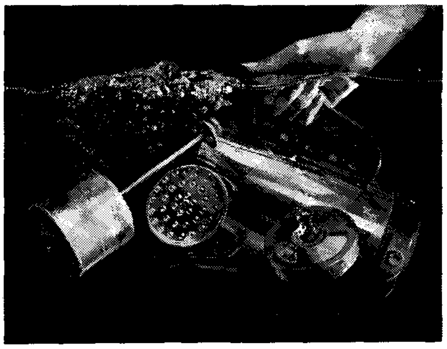
Buy a General Electric Slicing Knife... The one without a cord!

Helps you carve like a chef, anytime, anywhere.
Lightweight, truly portable.
Slices everything from fresh bread to turkey.
All you do is guide it!

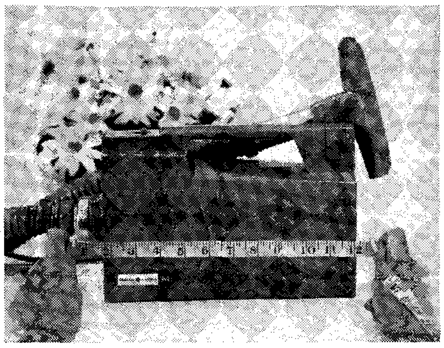


Stores in its own recharger rack...can be used from breakfast to dinner without recharging. Hollow ground, perfectly matched stainless steel blades provide maximum cutting with minimum effort. All you do is guide it.

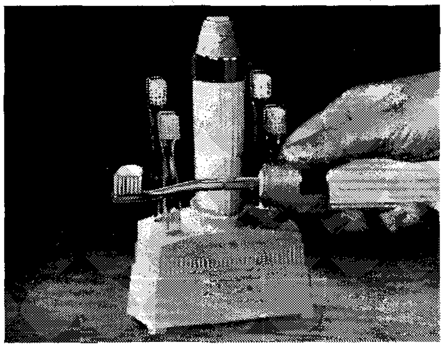
THREE OTHER WAYS GENERAL ELECTRIC MAKES LIFE EASIER



Immersible Coffee Maker assures better cleaning for better flavor. Peek-A-Brew® gauge counts cups.



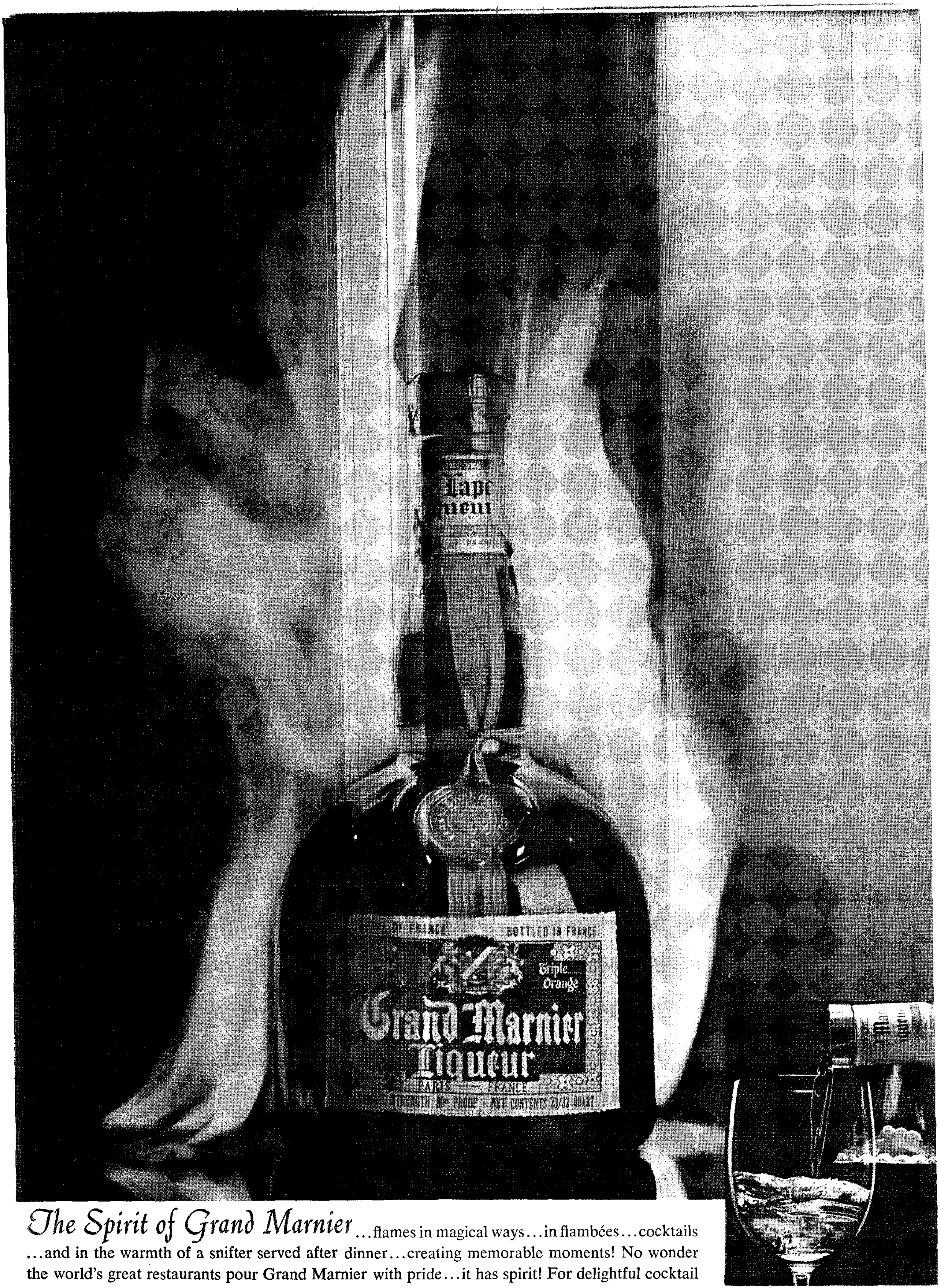
General Electric Portable Vacuum Cleaner. Perfect for hard-to-reach spots. Has all attachments.



Cordless Automatic Toothbrush. Regular use gives cleaner teeth, more healthful gum care than ordinary hand brushing. Rechargeable.

General Electric Company, Housewares Division, Bridgeport, Connecticut

GENERAL ELECTRIC


BOTTLED IN FRANCE
Triple Orange
Grand Marnier
Liqueur
PARIS FRANCE
80° PROOF NET CONTENTS 23/32 QUART

The Spirit of Grand Marnier ...flames in magical ways...in flambées...cocktails ...and in the warmth of a snifter served after dinner...creating memorable moments! No wonder the world's great restaurants pour Grand Marnier with pride...it has spirit! For delightful cocktail and gourmet recipes, write for our free recipe booklet.

PRODUCT OF FRANCE / MADE WITH FINE COGNAC BRANDY / 80 PROOF / CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD., DEPT. 35C, FIFTH AVENUE, N.Y.C. 19

PIA
PIA
BOEING
720B
PIA
INTERNATIONAL

Every fifth PIA passenger a new one

While growth in passenger traffic for all airlines averaged 11% over the past five years, PIA's passenger traffic has gone up 25%. These results reflect not only PIA's dramatic expansion, but also PIA's own high standards of operation—again, well above the industry average. It is this sort of vigorous growth and imaginative enterprise which last year brought to this consistently profitable airline over 14% more passengers, and explains why travellers say PIA are great people to fly with.

LONDON FRANKFURT MOSCOW GENEVA ROME BEIRUT TEHRAN KABUL KARACHI BOMBAY DELHI CALCUTTA DACCA KHATMANDU RANGOON CANTON SHANGHAI

PAKISTAN INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES

GREAT PEOPLE TO FLY WITH

608 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 20, NEW YORK
323 GEARY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO
1 PLACE VILLE MARIE, MONTREAL
1028 CONNECTICUT AVENUE, N.W., WASHINGTON D.C.

It's a diesel ...it's a gas.

There is nothing prettier than a Mercedes-Benz.

Unless it's two of them.

Consider the beauties above.

Identical except for the wonderful power plants under the bonnets.

At left, the 190D. The "D" stands for diesel and for extra distance.

At right, the similarly elegant 190, with gasoline engine.

Now, if you drive 20,000 to 30,000 miles per year the 190D may be for you. Here's real class with smart, business-like economy.

Proved, too. One of the country's top petroleum marketers recently put this car through a 7,000 mile fuel consumption test in a big city.

The 190D traveled up to 39 miles per gallon in regular city traffic and up to 43.9 miles per gallon over the big city expressways!

And remember—diesel fuel, available practically everywhere, costs about 40% less than gasoline.

But if the idea of a diesel is a little too advanced to digest right now, you might think of the 190.

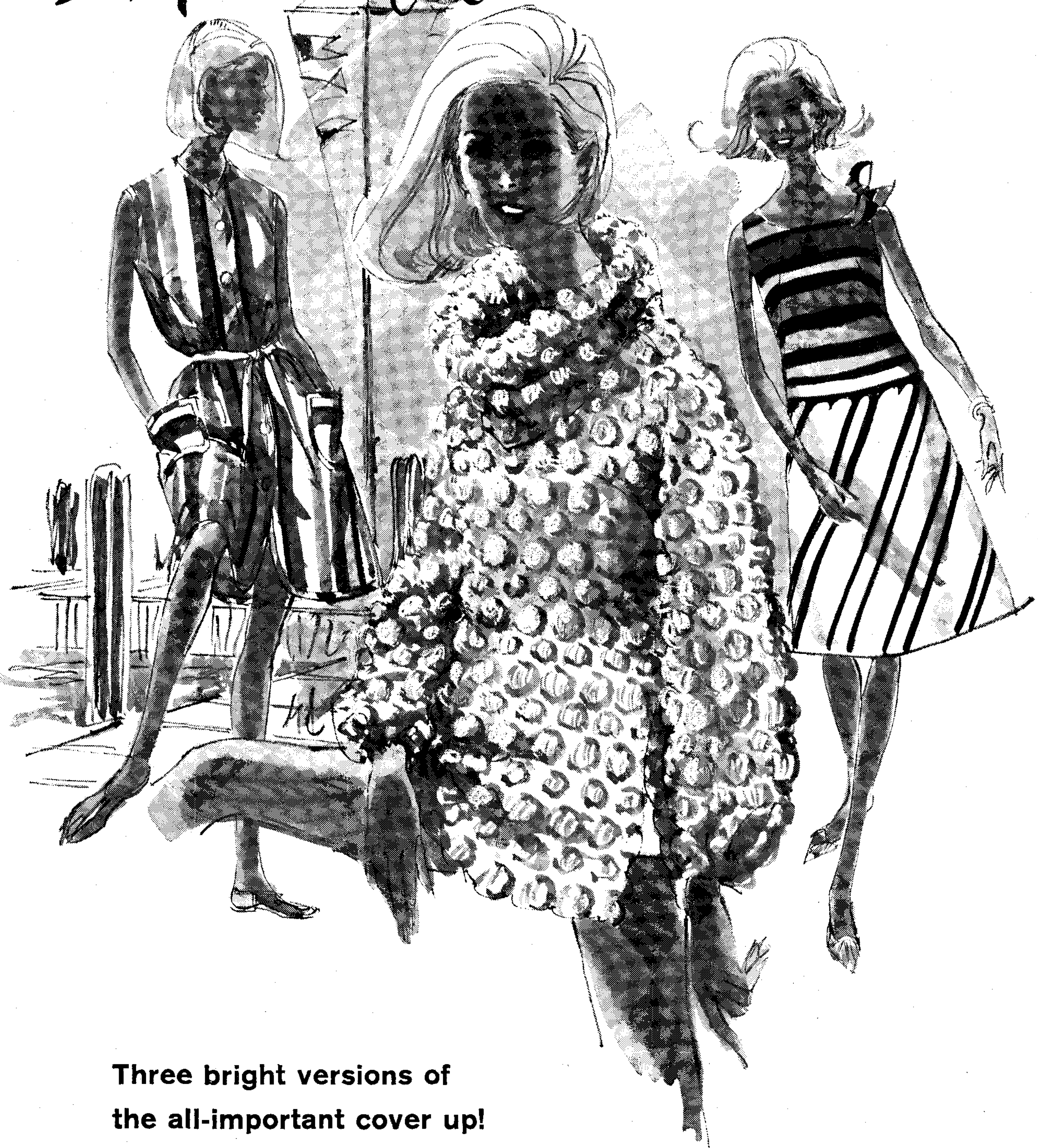
Here is the same classic beauty. The same quiet, enduring design. Simply runs on gasoline (22 m.p.g., too). That's the difference.

Automatic transmission, if you want, both models.

MERCEDES-BENZ

GOING TO EUROPE? FOR TRAVEL GUIDE, WRITE HANS VON BROCKHUSEN, MERCEDES-BENZ OF NORTH AMERICA, INC., 158 LINWOOD PLAZA, FORT LEE, N. J., 07024
MERCEDES-BENZ OF NORTH AMERICA, INC. A SUBSIDIARY OF DAIMLER-BENZ A. G., GERMANY

B Altman & Co



Three bright versions of the all-important cover up!

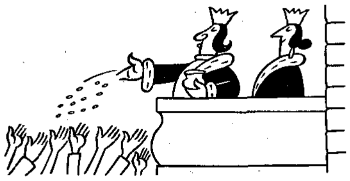
What is your preference ... a casual coat, a cowl-neck pull, or a dressy little shift ... you'll find them all in Altman's great beach and boat collection. Third floor beach shop, Fifth Avenue, (212) MU 9-7000, White Plains, Manhasset and Short Hills. The coat, triacetate sharkskin. Multi-stripe. S-m-l. 19.00. The pull, cotton chenille. Yellow, white or pink. S-m-l. 19.00. The shift, polished cotton. Multi-stripe. S-m-l. 18.00

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

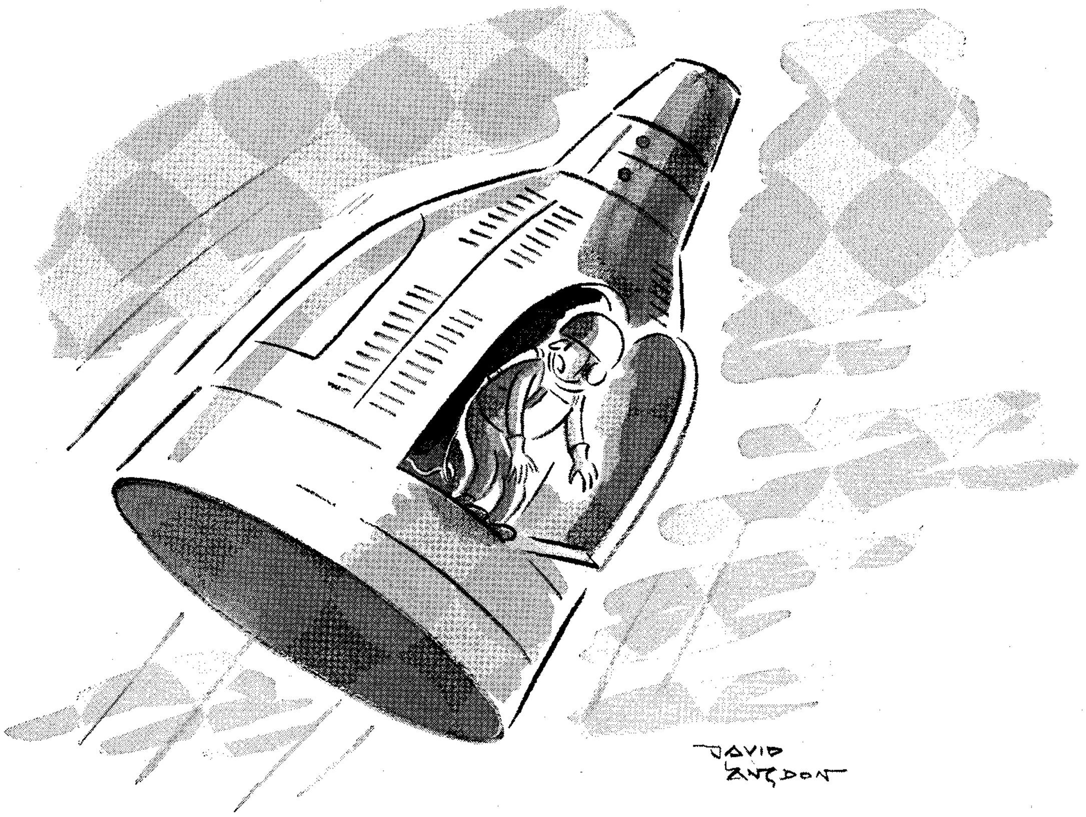
OLD customs never die, they just take on new shapes. Consider kings and queens scattering largesse in the streets, and consider their modern American counterparts and the largesse they scatter each year in the form of awards, prizes, citations, medals, and trophies. The purpose of the old-time largesse was simple and blunt: to keep *hoi polloi* in its place. The purpose of our present-day largesse is more subtle and perhaps more sinister, and can be explained by the seldom used proverb that it is easier to give than to receive. But kindness kills as readily as cruelty, particularly when it is indiscriminate. So it is that only a handful of the countless Pulitzer Prizes and Bollingen Prizes and Lasker Awards go to the right person at the right time for the right achievement. The rest cause all sorts of contusions: a rewarded mediocre talent develops a fat ego and multiplies his mediocrity; an unrewarded first-rate talent becomes embittered and unsure of himself; the public, which enjoys a blind faith in things handed down from on high, suffers the mediocre and is cheated of the worthy. These thoughts occurred to us the other day when we read in the *Times* of the Pulitzer Prize advisory board's decision not to honor Duke Ellington after its musical judges had unanimously voted that either a long-term-achievement award go to him or no prize be given at all. And even the *Times* shortchanged Ellington, for its story described him only as "a major jazz composer, arranger, and bandleader." We have always thought of Ellington as *the* major jazz composer, arranger, and bandleader. More than that, a trusted musical friend of ours has told us that he and many other people feel that Ellington is *the* American composer and has created and sustained for the past thirty-five years a musical organism unique in Western music. "This organism comprises Ellington's piano playing, his great melodic gifts, his wholly original arrangements, and the superb band he leads," our friend went on. "It is an indivisible organism—a fact that readily becomes clear to anyone hearing an Ellington number performed by anyone but the Ellington band, which has a sound and an inventiveness and a presence that old Berlioz would have jumped at. All the Pulitzer boys had to do was listen to—among countless other Ellington pieces—the dozen and more brilliant miniature concertos that he composed and recorded in the late thirties and early forties; there is nothing like them in contemporary music. But in a left-handed fashion, I suppose, the Pulitzer non-award *is* an award, and Ellington's gracious and witty remark to the *Times* reporter makes me suspect that he knows it." We reread that remark in the *Times* story: " 'Fate's being kind to me. Fate doesn't want me to be too famous too young.' "



The McLuhan Metaphor

WHEN the Westinghouse people announced that at the end of the World's Fair they will again bury a Time Capsule filled with assorted cultural and technological mementos of twentieth-century man, a friend of ours suggested that they should replace the codes and artifacts with Dr. Marshall McLuhan, who could be counted on to explain us vividly to anybody digging around in Flushing Meadow two thousand years from now. Dr. McLuhan, a professor of English at St. Michael's College of the University of Toronto, is also the director of the university's Center for Culture and Technology and the author of three startling books on Western civilization—"The Mechanical Bride," "The Gutenberg Galaxy," and, most recently, "Understanding Media," in which he joyfully explores the tribal virtues of popular culture, casts a cynical eye on the "classification traditions" that came in with print, and sees near-mythic possibilities in our computer age. He has compared the Bomb to the doctoral dissertation; discussed the "depth-involving" qualities of sunglasses, textured stockings, discothèques, and comic books; reported on the iconic properties of Andy Warhol's signed soup cans; and predicted a happy day when everyone will have his own portable computer to cope with the dreary business of digesting information. In so doing, Dr. McLuhan has earned a reputation among the cognoscenti as the world's first Pop philosopher.

Last week, Dr. McLuhan flew to New York to deliver a lecture at Spencer Memorial Church (which has its *own* reputation, as the world's first far-out Presbyterian congregation), and we took the subway to Brooklyn Heights to hear him. At the church, an old, oak-beamed building that was bustling with young McLuhan enthusiasts, we found the Professor sitting quietly in the pulpit while a young man in a green corduroy jacket and narrow trousers propped an enormous Rauschenberg painting against it. The young man, who turned out to be Spencer's minister, William Glenesk, explained to us that the poster was "left over from my Rauschenberg sermon." He then told the audience that he had been a fan of Dr. McLuhan's ever



"O.K., but don't push!"

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since 1951, when he attended the Professor's course on Eliot, Joyce, and the Symbolist movement at the University of Toronto. Dr. McLuhan, a tall, steel-haired man given to twirling a pair of horn-rimmed glasses in appropriately professorial style, stood up, thanked Mr. Glenesk, and remarked that the warm May weather was certainly as depth-involving as a good Rauschenberg or a good elephant joke. The new art and the new jokes have no strict, literal content, no story line, he said, and continued, "They are the forms of an electronic age, in which fragmented, dictionary-defined data have been bypassed in favor of integral knowledge and an old tribal instinct for patterned response." Several members of the audience nodded ecstatically, and Dr. McLuhan went on to tackle practically every cultural phenomenon from the tribal encyclopedia to the shaggy-dog story, from Shakespeare to Fred Allen, from the wheel to the electromagnetic circuit. He good-naturedly blamed Plato for writing down Socrates' dialogues and thus inaugurating "codified culture," and he praised the singing commercial for reinstating the old tribal institution of memorized wisdom. Every new technology, according to the Professor, programs a new sensory human environment, and our computer technology has catapulted us right out of the specialist age and into a world of integral knowledge and synesthetic responses. "The computer is not merely an extension of our eyes, like print, but an extension of our whole central nervous system," he explained. He paused, twirled his glasses, and went on to say that every new environment uses as its content the old environment—"the way Plato used the old oral tradition of the dialogue for his books and the way television now uses the story form of the novel and the movies"—but that it is the technological nature of any new medium, and not its borrowed content, that conditions the new human response. Pop Art, he said, glancing affectionately at the Rauschenberg, is merely our old mechanical environment used as the content of our new electronic environment. "One environment seen through another becomes a metaphor," he continued. "Like Andy Warhol's 'Liz Taylor.' Our new, non-literal response to the literal content of that blown-up and endlessly repeated photograph turns Liz into an icon. It takes a new technology like ours to turn an old environment like Liz into an art form."

Dr. McLuhan next suggested the possibility of a new technology that would extend consciousness itself into the environment. "A kind of computerized ESP," he called it, envisioning "consciousness as the corporate content of the environment—and eventually maybe even a small portable computer, about the size of a hearing aid, that would process our private experience through the corporate experience, the way dreams do now." Then he said, "Well, that's enough pretentious speculation for one night," and turned to Mr. Glenesk, who suggested that the audience have "an old Socratic go" at some questions and answers.

Mr. Glenesk thereupon introduced the Professor to some of the McLuhan disciples in the audience.

The first disciple told Dr. McLuhan that he had been amplifying several sounds in one room at the same time, to get the "depth-involving" sound that is part of Dr. McLuhan's brave new world.

"Must make one hell of a racket," Dr. McLuhan said approvingly.

A second disciple, a rather nervous woman from the neighborhood, announced that she could hardly wait to have an experience-processor of her own. "The way things are now, I never can remember anything," she said, and was immediately interrupted by a third disciple, a bearded student sitting next to her.

The student expressed equal eagerness for computerized ESP. "Gee, just think!" he continued. "I could go to sleep a painter and wake up a composer!"

"Terrifying," Dr. McLuhan said.

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OVERHEARD at the Morgan Guaranty, heavy Irish brogue to teller: "I don't like those noisy new ones; everyone looks up in the bar. Give me some quiet old ones."

Tree

WE went down to Washington Square Park on a lovely spring day to watch a lovely lady throw dirt on a tree. The lady was Mrs. Jacob K. Javits, wife of the senior senator from New York; the tree was directly descended from a tree that George Washington planted on his estate at Mount Vernon; and the occasion was the opening of City Parks Week, which (in case anyone is unaware of it) happened to coincide this year not only with the statewide celebration of Arbor Day but also with the hundred-and-seventy-sixth anniversary of Washington's first Inauguration. Arriving at the southwest corner of the Square a few minutes before noon, we deftly circumnavigated a crowd of schoolchildren—sixty-five fourth-graders from P.S. 41—who were lined up along the sidewalk of West Fourth Street, under the watchful eye of their assistant principal, Miss Ann Schoffler, to watch the gala event. The sun was shining, and the trees in the park were stippled with the pale yellowish green of the first new buds, and the children were waving green and yellow balloons that bore the legend "I'm a Friend of the Trees." Mrs. Javits had not yet arrived, but among the dignitaries present were Newbold Morris, City Commissioner of Parks; Whitney North Seymour, Jr., president of the Park Association of New York City; Mrs. Donald R. Johnston, chairman of the Park Association's Neighborhood Improvement Committee; and the real guest of honor—a skinny Ohio-buckeye sapling, six feet high, which stood in a bed of fresh earth within kibitzing distance of the park's chess and checkers players.

Mrs. Johnston, who looked appropriately springlike in a geranium-pink suit and a gaily colored turban, explained to us that the sapling had been brought up from Mount Vernon a month before and planted temporarily in "some secret place in Central Park" to keep it safe for the ceremony.

"Mrs. Johnston is too modest," Mr. Seymour interrupted. "She drove down to Mount Vernon herself, in the family Corvair, and brought the tree back up here in a burlap bag."

"City Parks Week is part of the Association's public-education program," Mrs. Johnston said. "We want to encourage the care of trees and the planting of new trees."

We remarked that the young tree looked a little uneasy in its new, urban setting.

"Oh, this is just another temporary planting," Mrs. Johnston said. "The Parks people brought the tree down from Central Park this morning and put it in the hole with the burlap bag still on the roots. They'll have to take it out and replant it right after the ceremony."

A wooden lectern had been set up behind the tree, and martial music was blaring from two portable loudspeakers. An air of excitement began to permeate the crowd, but the chess and checkers games continued, apparently undisturbed either by the music or by the occasional pop of a bursting balloon. Presently, Mrs. Javits arrived, looking well tanned and wearing a white spring suit with beige kid gloves, and the ceremony began. Mr. Seymour made a short speech to the assembled children, reminding them that "trees are parks and parks are trees," and urging them not to climb on young trees that are not yet strong enough to support their weight. Mr. Morris read a proclamation by Mayor Wagner of the start of City Parks Week, and the Reverend Robert C. Hunsicker, vicar of St. Paul's Chapel, where George Washington worshipped after his Inauguration, read a prayer that had been adapted from one of Washington's letters. The children listened attentively, and another brace of balloons went "pop" in the mild noon air. Then Mrs. Javits peeled off her gloves, accepted a long-handled spade that had been painted gold for the occasion, and took up a position next to the tree. A phalanx of newspaper photographers began shouting instructions to Mrs. Javits, who admitted good-naturedly that she was no gardener.

"Where do you want me to throw the dirt?" she asked.

"Right on the tree!" one of the photographers shouted.

Mrs. Javits dug the spade into a pile of loose earth and threw the dirt at the base of the tree.

"Just one more!" the photographers shouted, in the time-honored manner of photographers, and Mrs. Javits obliged.

"Now dig the spade into the dirt and step on it," someone ordered.

Mrs. Javits thereupon thrust the blade into the ground and thrust the pointed toe of her shoe into the pile of dirt alongside.

"No, no!" the photographer shouted. "On the *shovel!*"

Mrs. Javits placed her toe on the back edge of the blade.

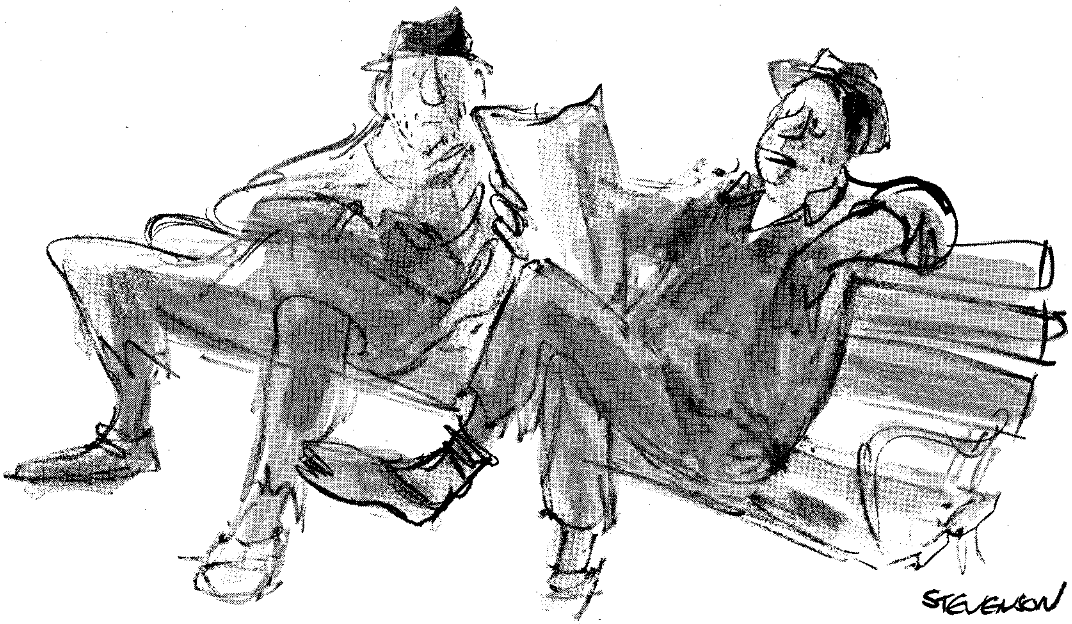
"Fine! Fine! Just one more!" said the photographer.

When the photographers were finished, Mrs. Javits relinquished the gilded spade and pulled her gloves back on. The schoolchildren lined up and marched past the tree, each one bending down and throwing a handful of dirt on the roots, and the ceremony was over.

As soon as the children and the photographers and the dignitaries had left, three men in the olive-green uniforms of the Department of Parks came up. One of them supervised the two others as they unceremoniously pulled the tree out of its bed of loose earth, peeled the burlap bag from the roots, replaced the tree in the hole, partly filled the hole with dirt, packed the dirt down, watered it, put on more dirt, slipped a wire guard over the tree trunk (which measured no more than an inch in diameter), drove two thick cedar posts into the ground on opposite sides of the wire guard, wired the tree trunk to the guard and the guard to the cedar posts, and then stepped back to admire their handiwork.

The supervisor identified himself for us as Cornelius O'Shea, the horticulturist for the Borough of Manhattan, and we asked him how long it would take the tree to reach maturity.

"Twenty to twenty-five years," he said. "It should reach a height of about thirty feet eventually. If nothing hap-



"I see where the St. Regis has changed hands again."

pens to it, we'll take the guard off in about two years."

We had another look at the skinny newcomer and asked Mr. O'Shea what its chances for long-term survival were.

"If all goes well, it ought to be here for at least seventy-five years," Mr. O'Shea said. "Of course, in the city it's hard to tell. But I'm an optimist. You have to be an optimist or you wouldn't plant anything at all."

The Facts of the Matter

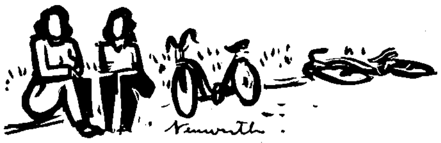
HEREWITH, in cold-turkey prose, is an essay by a ten-year-old scholar of Elizabeth, New Jersey, explaining why he was recently kept after school:

> I joined the 3:00 O'Clock Club because I was bad. I did not want to join but my teacher made me. I joined because Mary was sticking her feet under my desk. I told her to stop but she wouldn't. Then I stepped on her foot. She hit me and I hit her. She called me names. She pushed her desk against my chair. I pushed my chair against her desk. She hit me again. I hit her again. Then she kicked me. I kicked her back. She went up to tell the teacher, but the teacher told her to sit down. Then she started kicking my chair again. I kicked her back. Then we stopped for a while. She showed me a finger trick. I couldn't do it. She showed me it again. I still couldn't do it. Then finally I did it. I was very happy. I wanted to show it to everybody in the class. And I did. Mary laughed. That's when I joined the 3:00 O'Clock Club. So did Mary.

The Bird

A NEW era in international communications has arrived with the successful functioning of Early Bird, the so-called synchronous satellite that belongs to the Communications Satellite Corporation. Early Bird is now orbiting the earth at a rate that keeps pace with the earth's rotation, so it serves as a relay station anchored firmly over the middle of the Atlantic, at an altitude of twenty-two thousand three hundred miles. To welcome the new era, the National Broadcasting Company, the Columbia Broadcasting System, and the American Broadcasting Company joined forces with each other and with the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation and a number of companies belonging to the European Broadcasting Union to put on a two-way transatlantic television program that, thanks to Early Bird, could be seen simultaneously in the United States, Canada, Mexico, and seventeen European countries. By lot, C.B.S. was chosen to produce the program at this end, and on the day of the broadcast we went up to C.B.S. headquarters, on West Fifty-seventh Street, to look in on a rehearsal for it, which was being held in Control Room 33.

Before we entered the room, we had a brief talk, in a little office nearby, with the producer of the program, Av Westin, a young man with curly hair and horn-rimmed glasses, whose demeanor at that hour was unruffled. "When we started out on this assignment to inaugurate continuous transatlantic television via the Bird, we decided to try for things of the kind that the Bird could best be used for," Mr. Westin said. "Not scenery for scenery's sake, for example. A couple of years ago, when we put on the first pooled program, via Telstar—because of its orbit, Telstar was capable of relaying a transatlantic signal for only thirty minutes or so at a time—we showed Mount Hood from this end, and England showed us the changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace. That sort of thing. But that's something you can do on film. We want to show legitimate uses of the satellite, and we believe that its primary use will be for news exchange, so today we're transmitting news—shots of Marines in action in Santo Domingo, a shot of the Air Force jet YF-12A that cracked the speed record yesterday. And from England they'll show pictures of the fighting on the India-Pakistan border. That's the first thing. Second thing, we said, 'Let's stretch our imagination. Let's show a doctor doing a rare, delicate operation; with the Bird, all the doctors here and in Europe can crowd into his amphitheatre.' We asked Dr. Michael E. DeBakey, who operated on the Duke of Windsor in Texas, if we could go live into his operating room at the Houston Memorial Medical Center and watch him at work on a patient. Dr. DeBakey agreed, and a patient of his agreed, too; our coverage will do nothing to endanger the patient. The first part of the operation will be seen during the rehearsal, and as the operation continues it will be relayed by the Bird. We've arranged for a group of heart specialists to stand by in Geneva and watch it. Another thing. We went to the Interpol Division of Scotland Yard and asked if they'd like to transmit pictures of wanted criminals to the F.B.I. And vice versa. Everyone concerned agreed that it was a good idea. And we let the Canadian Mounties in on it, too. Then, we're doing various other things in different countries. This happens to be a Sunday. We're going to a fiesta in Barcelona, a religious day in Mexico, a Swedish students' song festival in Stockholm, and a rehearsal for a concert by a Red Navy chorus on H.M.S. Victory at Portsmouth. We're showing work on various great projects—a project in France to harness the tide, the finishing work on the tunnel under Mont Blanc. The Italians offered us Mont Blanc. There's nothing terribly visual about it, but they were insistent, so we're using it. If another Panama Canal were being dug today we'd show that great event, too. Then, there are sports. We'll show cricket in Kidderminster and batting practice in the Houston Astrodome. And culture. The U.S. Army Band in Washington, the Garde Républicaine in Paris, the Royal Twenty-second Regimental Band in Quebec, the band of the Carabinieri in Rome. For the finale, the U.S. Army Band is going to play 'Auld Lang Syne' and we're going to get the Russians to sing it. We've given them the key—F major. You can see the possibilities of this for the future in culture. Imagine Leonard Bernstein here conducting an orchestra over there!"



While we tried to imagine it, Mr. Westin led us into the control room, a noisy place jammed with men in shirtsleeves. The busiest of them were sitting at a long array of controls and watching a great bank of monitoring screens bearing such labels as "TO EUROPE," "FROM EUROPE," "WIPE," "SUPERS," and "NORTH AMERICAN NETWORKS." The rehearsal was well under way, and Westin motioned us into a corner at one end of the control panel, from which we could watch the proceedings. The director of the program, a gray-haired man named Vern Diamond, was sitting at the center of the control panel and speaking into a microphone.

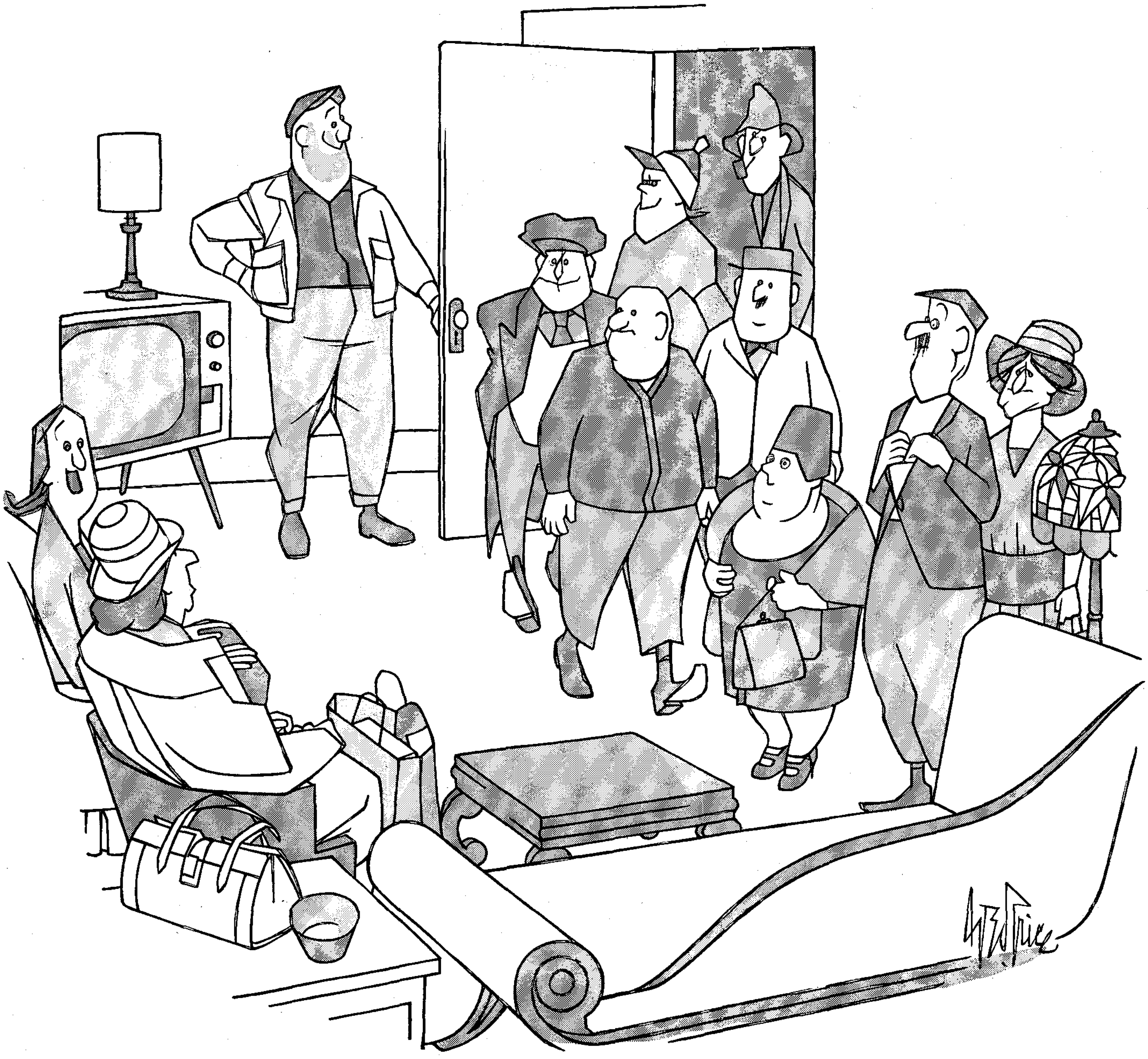
"Wipe to Rome!" Diamond was saying as one shot followed another on a large screen in the center of the bank of monitors. "Dissolve to the World's Fair! Dissolve to Canada! Wipe to the Bird!"

Shots of Quebec and Paris appeared on the screen.

"Berlin's coming in. I should see Rome coming in. Hit the tape!" Diamond said.

A taped shot of the launching of the rocket that bore Early Bird into orbit appeared on the screen.

Westin was on the phone. "The



"He's one of those people who need people."

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Philadelphia sequence," he said into it. "Do you know what Martin Luther King is saying down there?"

A technician nearby handed us a telephone, so that we could sample a conversation between Diamond and someone with an English voice at the British Broadcasting Corporation's headquarters in London.

"You want to try the F.B.I.-Scotland Yard sequence?" Diamond asked.

"Certainly," London said.

"We can't give you the operating room in Houston just now. They're wheeling Dr. DeBakey's patient in, and everybody has to get out of the operating room," Diamond said.

"It's raining in Rome today," London said.

"Stand by, everybody, for a cue," Diamond said.

A shot of a man in a surgical mask and gown emerging from a hospital room appeared on the screen.

"Roll the Bird tape!" Diamond said.

On the screen, there was another shot of Early Bird being launched.

"Stand by, Canada! Take Houston!" Diamond ordered. "Now take Canada!"

"Canada, you're blank on us!" someone cried. "What are you feeding us—the Mounties?"

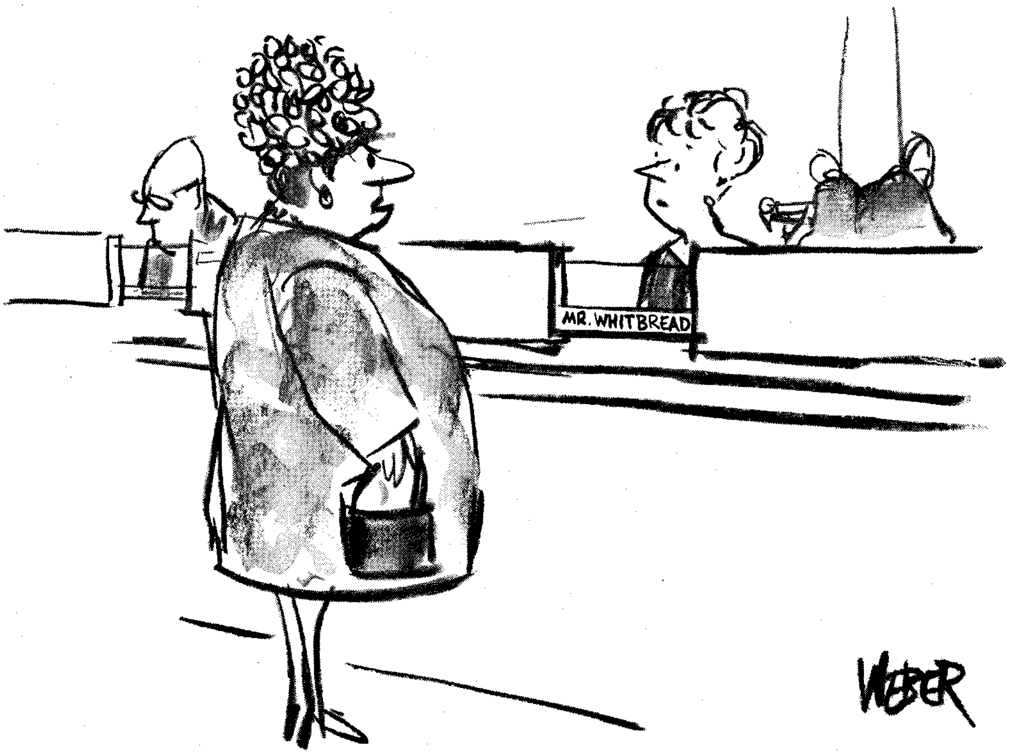
A man behind us, whom we recognized as Matthew Gordon, the Communications Satellite Corporation's director of information, leaned over our shoulder and told us, "Relaying the signal through Early Bird is relatively simple stuff. The *really* complicated part of this sort of exchange is the operation of the continental land-line video and audio switching systems in North America and Europe."

A shot of the satellite-signal receiving station at Goonhilly Downs, in England, appeared on the screen, and London explained to Diamond over the telephone that while the shot wasn't very clear, the lack of clarity was due not to Early Bird but to English evening fog.

Over a loudspeaker, the voice of the B.B.C. commentator Richard Dimbleby said, by way of accompaniment to a shot on the screen, "Dinard, France, where the French are harnessing the tide." Then Dimbleby's voice went dead.

"England, we have no sound at all!" Diamond said.

"Quiet, please, in the control room!" Westin shouted. He added, to a tech-



"You're not Mr. Whitbread!"

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nician, "And is there any reason for N.B.C. to be receiving commentary in Italian?"

"We aren't getting sound from Early Bird," Diamond said into the telephone. "We should be getting band music from Rome. I don't hear bands. If we don't get sound, we don't have a show. I suggest we stop and check."

"I'm sure the engineers are working on the problem. I suggest we go ahead anyway," London said.

"I'll put our patient on in the hospital in Houston, so that you can see him. He's all prepared for the operation," Diamond said.

"Oh, he's prepared, is he?" London said.

"Wipe to the Bird! Take Canada! Take Rome!" Diamond said.

A picture of the Pope on a balcony came on. Then there was a shot of a white-clad cricketer preparing to bowl to a leg-padded batsman guarding wicket and bails at Kidderminster.

"Put Washington on the Bird, please. Are you feeding us Scotland Yard?" Diamond said.

Organ music from Philadelphia, where Martin Luther King was scheduled to speak before the cameras at a ceremony dedicating the new Bright Hope Baptist Church, came over a loudspeaker while at the same time on the screen there appeared a shot of F.B.I. men in Washington looking keenly at a large television monitor bearing a picture of a man wanted in connection with the Great Train Robbery in England. Then there was a shot of an F.B.I. man at a speaker's stand. "This is Assistant Director C. D. DeLoach, speaking to you from Washington on behalf of F.B.I. Director J. Edgar Hoover," the man said, and he began to describe for Scotland Yard's information a man on the F.B.I.'s Ten Most Wanted list. "He is a soft-spoken loner who resents society and all organizations," he said. "He fancies himself a ladies' man . . . is an avid chess player, smokes cigarettes and a pipe, is a beer drinker, and loves to eat."

Diamond, holding two telephones—one beige, one black—and half encircled by spiralling telephone cords in the same colors, shouted, "Put Canada on the Bird!"

The operating room in Houston came on the screen.

"Gee, look, the operation is under way!" Westin said. He picked up a phone and told London, "I'm sending you the operation."

"Texas isn't giving us sound. It seems that Dr. DeBakey isn't in the operating room, and he's wearing the mike," Diamond said, and he added to Houston, "Can't you check Dr. DeBakey's mike? I want a stage manager on that DeBakey mike right now!"

"They're having heart attacks in Europe! Let them hear Dr. DeBakey's mike!" Westin cried.

"This is Dr. DeBakey's mike, Medical Center, Houston," the voice of a technician said on a loudspeaker.

A closeup of the operation, showing an exposed, beating heart, appeared on the screen.

"O.K. Let's get back to the F.B.I.," Diamond said.

A squealing tone from a loudspeaker filled the control room.

On the screen there appeared a shot of a nurse in a mask moving around in the operating room.

"*Ici Genève. Est-ce que vous m'entendez?*" a voice said on a loudspeaker.

On the screen, there appeared a shot of doctors huddled over their patient.

At the same time, over a loudspeaker, there came the crashing sound of a military band playing a march.

"Are you ready for the F.B.I.?" Diamond said. He picked up a phone that he had just put down. "Yes, Canada?"

"Take Washington!" someone said.

Washington came on.

"Fast! We're running over! Take Houston!" Westin cried.

A shot of the Houston skyline appeared on the screen, with a large clock on the side of a building in the foreground.

"That clock!" Westin cried into a telephone in an anguished voice. "They've got the wrong *time* in Houston. What's the matter, Houston?" After a pause, he added, "The clock isn't *working*?"

"*Ici Genève*," a voice on a loudspeaker said.

Do-It-Yourself Railroad

ALL the seats in the rear car of the New Haven's five-thirteen to Greenwich filled quickly the other night except one, according to a commuting acquaintance of ours. The seat in question was broken, its back rest almost horizontal. One tired man after another attempted to force the back up into a usable position, but it wouldn't budge. Finally, a young executive, complete with attaché case and late edition of an afternoon newspaper, approached, tried the seat, shrugged, and—instead of heading for the next car, as his predecessors had—knelt, opened his case, and extracted a thin steel bar, a screwdriver, and a small wrench. In no time at all, the back of the seat shot up to a vertical position and held there. The other passengers gaped, and the commuter rode to Greenwich in complacent comfort.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD

SOME of the houses on Tuscarora Street were numbered and some were not, but it was not necessary to look for the number of the Rellinger house. Across the street from it were standing perhaps a dozen men and women, the women clutching their shawls across their chests, the men standing with their hands in their pockets or their arms folded; and whether they were in conversation or silent, they all kept their eyes on the Rellinger house. Directly in front of the Rellinger house, on the skimpy front lawn, was a policeman in uniform, chatting with two young men in civilian clothes. Every once in a while the policeman would leave his post on the lawn and tell some slow-moving pedestrian to keep moving. Or there would be a man or oftener two men who turned in at the Rellinger footpath and the policeman would stop them and take a look at their credentials, and if they satisfied him, he would let them proceed to enter the house.

It was a semi-bungalow, with a gabled roof that cut the upper-story bedrooms to half size. A narrow slag driveway passed the house and went back to a one-car garage. The double doors were open, and parked in the garage was a small Nash touring car, pointed inward, with a trunk at the rear. The black imitation-leather cover on the spare tire had lettering in white which read: "Walter J. Klug—Nash—128 S. Oak St., Swedish Haven, Pa."

In the back yard a clothesline was strung from the kitchen door to a corner of the garage, and on it hung stiffly the articles of a family wash: a man's overalls, shirts, and underwear, and a couple of gingham house dresses, lingerie, bath towels, and tea towels. They had all been hanging there since the day before, and they had collected some soot and cinders.

The Rellinger house stood between two others like it, and Allan Rogers went to one of them and rang the doorbell. He waited and was about to ring again when a woman came to the door. "Good morning, is the lady of the house in?"

"What is it you want? I don't want to buy anything," said the woman.

"I don't want to sell you anything. I wanted to inquire if you had a room for rent."

"No rooms for rent," said the woman. She began to close the door and he put out his hand. In it were two ten-dollar bills.

"They're yours if you let me sit at your dining-room window."

"What are you, some kind of a newspaper fellow?"

"You guessed it," said Rogers. "All I want to do is sit at your dining-room window and see who goes in and out of the Rellingers'. I promise not to bother you."

"I don't know what my husband would say."

"He'd say take the money. It's like picking it up off the ground."

"Well, I don't know. You look all right," she said. "What paper'd you say you're from?"

"The Associated Press."

"Where is that? Is that Philly?"

"Oh, it's all over the world. Everywhere."

"How long would this be for?"

"Oh, it might be a week. Might even be longer than that."

"You'd have to pay me the twenty dollars every day," she said.

"Of course. Naturally. And if you'd like to make a little extra, maybe you could fix me up with something to eat. Right now, I only had a cup of coffee for breakfast."

"All right, come on in. What's the name again?"

"My name is Allan Rogers. I'll be glad to show you my identification." He took out a hip wallet and opened it wide to show a large quantity of bills. "For two dollars would you fry me a couple of eggs and make me some coffee?"

"All right. You want toast?"

"Yes, buttered, if it's not too much trouble."

"You can have it buttered, and if you'd care for some strawberry preserves?"

"Homemade? You put them up yourself?"

"Well, my sister put them up. She has the time. There's the two dining-room windows, take your pick."

"Thank you. And you never told me your name, Mrs.?"

"Mrs. Kenneth R. Schumacher—but don't you go putting that in the paper. You mind, now."

"I won't do anything to displease you, I promise you, Mrs. Schumacher. Say, this is a nice house you have here. Look at that sideboard. That didn't come from Sears, Roebuck."

"I guess not. My grandfather made it."

"I was going to say, that kind of workmanship. If some of those antique dealers ever got a look at that."

"Oh, I wouldn't sell."

"No, it's nicer to keep a thing like that from generation to generation. And of course they get more valuable the longer you hold on to them."

"What would a sideboard like that be worth, do you think?"

"Well—I'm no expert, but you'd be foolish to take a penny under eight or nine hundred dollars. Possibly a great deal more. They pay all kinds of fancy prices for the genuine article."

"Do you know the name of any of those dealers?"

"I don't, but I could easily find out for you. I have a friend in New York that knows all about these things."

"You come all the way from New York to report next door?"

"Yes, I drove down this morning. I left my car back on the street where the church is."

"They won't let no cars on Tuscarora unless you live here. Well, this ain't getting you your breakfast," said Mrs. Schumacher.

"Mind if I smoke a cigarette?"

"No. The mister smokes cigarettes, pipe, cigars. I'm used to it. There's an ashtray on the sideboard you can use." She went to the kitchen and Rogers took up his vigil.

AS he expected, there was nothing to be seen; the shades in the

FLYING HOME FROM UTAH

Forests are branches of a tree lying down,
its blurred trunk in the north.
Farms are fitted pieces of a floor,

tan and green tiles that get smoother,
smaller, the higher we fly.
Heel-shaped dents of water I know are deep

from here appear opaque, of bluish glass.
Curl after curl, the rivers are coarse locks
unravelling southward over the land.

Hills are rubbed felt, crumpled bumps
where antlers might prick from young bucks' heads.
Now towns are scratches here and there

on a wide, brown-bristled hide.
Long roads rayed out from the sores of cities
begin to fester and crawl with light—

above them the plane a passing insect
that eyes down there remark, forget
in the moment it specks the overcast.

It climbs higher. Clouds become ground.
Pillows of snow meet, weld into ice.
Alone on a moonlit stainless rink

glides the ghost of a larva, the shadow
of our plane. Lights go on
in the worm-belly where we sit;

it becomes the world, and seems to cease
to travel—only vibrates, stretched out tense
in the tank of night.

The room of my mind replaces the long, lit room.
I dream I point my eye over a leaf
and fascinate my gaze upon its veins:

A sprawled leaf, many-fingered, its radial
ridges limber green, but curled,
tattered, and pocked, the brown palm

nibbled by insects, nestled in by worms:
One leaf of a tree that's one tree of a forest,
that's the branch of the vein of a leaf

of a tree. Perpetual worlds
within, upon, above the world, the world
a leaf within a wilderness of worlds.

—May Swenson

• •

Rellinger house were lowered, and it was not hard to guess the business of the men who went in and out of the Rellinger house. Police. District-attorney's-office people. Local newspapermen. Family connections and close friends. So far he had not recognized any of the newspapermen, which seemed to indicate that he was the first man from an out-of-town newspaper on the scene. He was sure of it. The others who would soon be arriving would be dismayed to find that he was already established in the house next door to the Rellingers'.

The smell of coffee and bacon came in from the kitchen, and he began to think of ways to persuade Mrs. Schumacher and her husband to let him rent a room in this warm, comfortable, spotless monument to banality. Eight years as a reporter had not made him cease to be astonished when bizarre events occurred in banal surroundings. Very probably, the interior of the Rellinger house was as commonplace as the Schumachers'. He moved about and studied the Schumacher family history from the framed photographs. The wedding picture. The posed photograph of Kenneth R. Schumacher in olive-drab uniform and campaign hat, with a collar device that indicated he had been in the Corps of Engineers. Numerous photographs of, obviously, the Schumacher daughter and son, including two recent pictures of their own husband and wife. Daughter and son had married young. Son and daughter's bridegroom were wearing tuxedos and white bow ties. Presumably the Schumacher young had homes of their own, and if Rogers passed inspection by Kenneth R. Schumacher, it ought to be easy to persuade Mrs. Schumacher to accept payment for room and board at an exorbitant rate. It was too bad the daughter lived elsewhere; she was a rather pretty little thing. The mother may have been, too, but not anymore, not anymore.

She brought in an asbestos placemat and set it on the table. "It's near ready," she said. Then she went back to the kitchen and returned with a lacquered tin tray, with his breakfast on it.

"Boy, I feel like a privileged character," he said.

"Oh—it's nothing," she said.

She stood and watched him as he ate. She grinned at his compliments to her coffee, her just-right eggs, the home-baked bread, the strawberry jam. "Don't you feel like a cup of coffee?"

"Well—" she said, and got a cup and saucer. He wanted her to sit down. He had work to do, and she had to be sitting down and relaxed for the kind of work he had in mind. He waited until she had had her first mouthful of coffee.

"You'd never think a thing like that could happen in such a nice neighborhood," he said.

"Nor anywheres else," she said. "I can't get used to it happened."

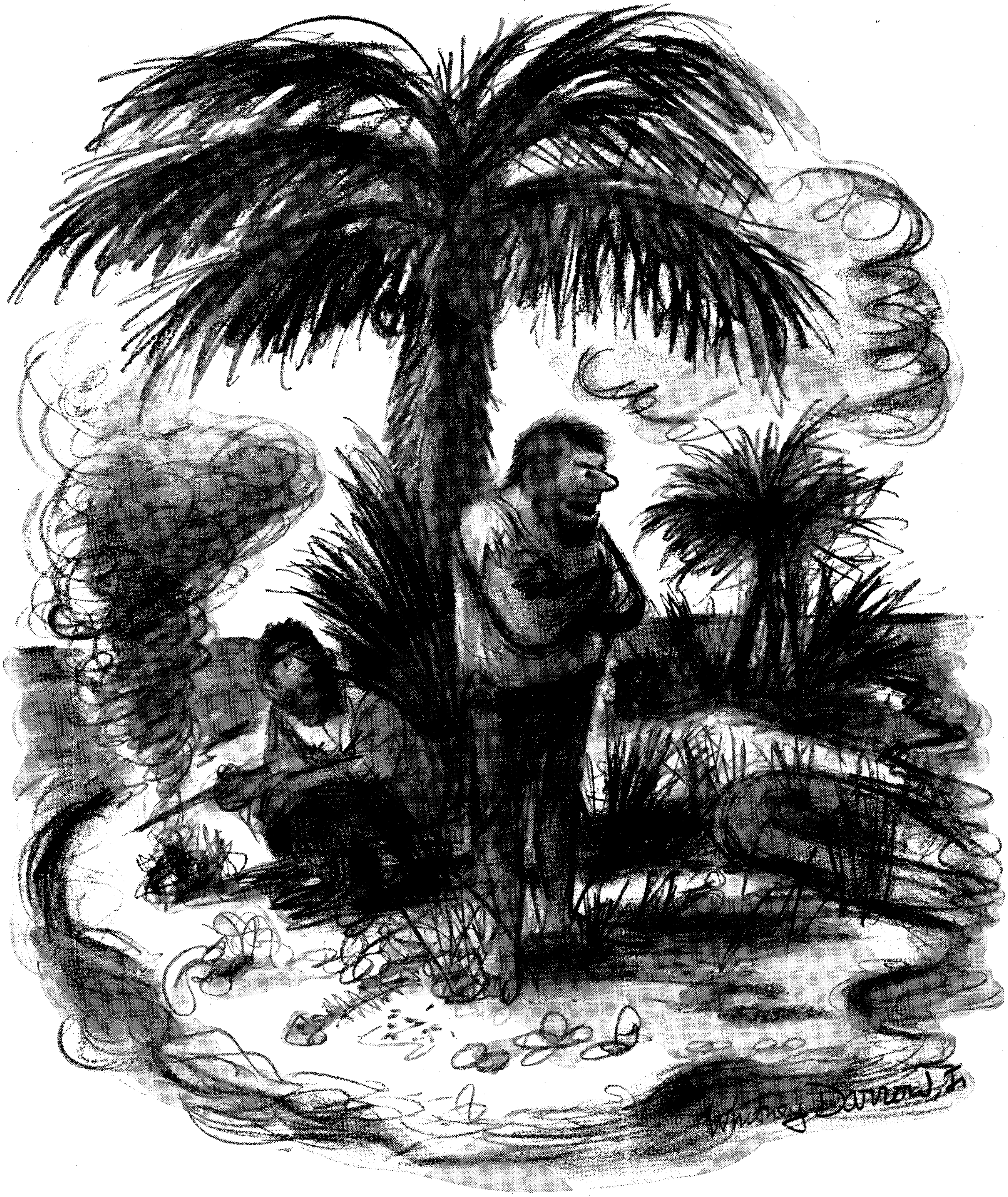
"No," he said. "They sound like the last people you'd expect to have a thing like that happen to them."

"Oh, I don't know. Not the way it happened, nobody'd expect that. But I guess everybody thinks back now."

"You thought maybe something *would* happen?"

"Something," she said. She pronounced it like "sumpsing."

"Well, you were in a position to know. Seeing them every day, naturally



“*What I can’t bear is to think that someone, somewhere, is quoting me out of context.*”

• •

you’d get to know them better than most people.”

“Not him. Her I knew. Always borrowing. I took notice her wash is still on the line, with my clothespins she borrowed off me. They can stay there. I don’t want to touch them.”

“I don’t like it when people don’t return things, either,” said Rogers. “I don’t mind helping out, but people get in the habit of borrowing things and they impose on you.”

“Oh, I’ll say. He made good money, but he was tightfisted. She had to ask him for every penny. If she wanted a cake of soap. Sooner than ask him, she’d borrow off of me. He wouldn’t trust her with money.”

“Well, he probably had his reasons. She was young and probably extravagant.”

“Young? Forty-two, she was.”

“Well, forty-two isn’t old,” he said.

“Well, not *old*, but it ain’t young.”

“What was he? Fifty or so?”

“Over that. He was the same years older than her that my mister is older than me. She was forty-two and he was fifty-two. Ten years difference in age, exactly."

"Had he been married before?"

"Who? My husband?"

"No, Rellinger."

"No, I never heard of him being married before. They weren't married long, you know."

"No? How long?"

"I gotta think. They come here next door. Our two were in high school, our son and daughter. I guess they come here about six or seven years ago. They were just married, a bride and groom, but not a young couple if you know what I mean. She was in her thirties and he was in his forties. Then."

"Had you known them before?"

"Well, the town ain't so big. She used to work in Bachman's ice-cream parlor, over on West Main. It's where people go when they want a plate of cream or a soda. There's some like Luger's drugstore, but Bachman makes his own cream. He charges the same as Luger, but Bachman's burnt almond is famous. That, and his peach. You can't get peach this time of the year. He'll only use fresh peaches."

"I see. And that's where she worked before they were married. I guess he must have seen a lot of her before that."

"I don't know. A man that feels like a soft drink or a plate of cream, he'll very seldom go to Bachman's. They go to Luger's. Some men go to Luger's in the morning and the afternoon, every day. But Dory Rellinger, I don't know. Every time you went past his store you'd see him in the window. He was a watchmaker by trade. He didn't have anybody working for him. Just this little store, if it was half the size of this room. You could put three of his store in this room, easily. It's over there on West Main. Next door to the Eyetalian fellow that has the shoeshine and cleans hats. Two little bits of stores, you could put them both in this room. But Dory Rellinger knew how to charge you. There's only the two watchmakers in town, and the one's in Slazinger's jewelry store. If you didn't buy your watch at Henry Slazinger's, you could wait a month before he'd fix it. But Dory Rellinger would promise you your watch in a couple days, and he'd have it ready when you came in. But charge! He made good money. Paid cash for the house. Paid cash for everything, my husband said. Used to send away for everything to save money that way. Them gingham dresses of hers out on the clothesline. Sears, Roebuck. They got near all their furniture by mail order. That she told me herself."

"He was stingy, eh?"

"Well, he had the cash. If you didn't have the cash, he wouldn't let you have your watch. Here was I, his next-door neighbor, but one time he made me go home and get a dollar and a half, or else he wouldn't let me have my husband's watch. Being a railroader my mister has to have two watches so he don't have to go without one."

"Your husband is a railroader," said Rogers.

"He has a regular run. Freight conductor on the Pennsy. The mixed freight from Philly to Gibbsville."

"Oh, is that so?"

"Twenty-two years on the Pennsy, starting from callboy."

"What did he think of Rellinger?"

"He didn't think much of him after he wouldn't trust me for a dollar and a half, and living next door."

"No, I shouldn't think he would, not after that," said Rogers. "Was he surprised when this thing happened?"

"Next door? He couldn't sleep last night. I couldn't either, but he had to be up at ha' past four. Maybe he'll get a little sleep in the crummy. The caboose. I hope so. My God, when you think of it."

"Try not to think of it, Mrs. Schumacher," said Rogers.

"But I can't help it. How could a man do such a thing? Not only the one time but two times. Twicet."

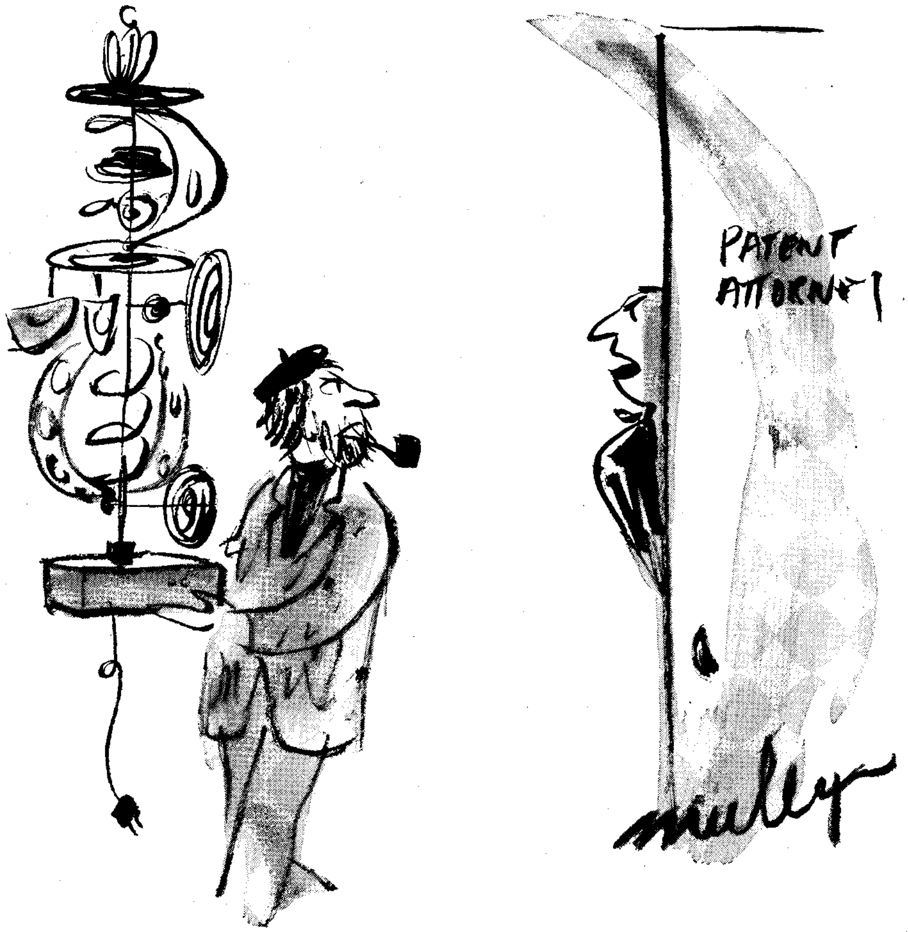
"I understand he chloroformed them," said Rogers. "Is that what you heard?"

"Chloroformed them, yes. That's what Billy Hughes said. The policeman. Billy and Ed Reid, the chief, and another fellow from the county asked me didn't I hear anything yesterday afternoon, and I said no. I seen Dory come home early, about ha' past two."

"Put his car in the garage?"

"No, he was walking. He never took the car to work with him. She put the car in the garage. I seen her with her mother, and they got out of the car and went in by the kitchen door. That was shortly before noontime. Then I happened to notice them in the kitchen, and I almost went over and told her to get her wash off the line. It was there since morning, and dry by that time, and it looked like we were gonna have snow. I thought for sure we were gonna have snow yesterday. It still feels like it."

"Yes, it does. But you didn't go over. Probably a good thing you didn't."



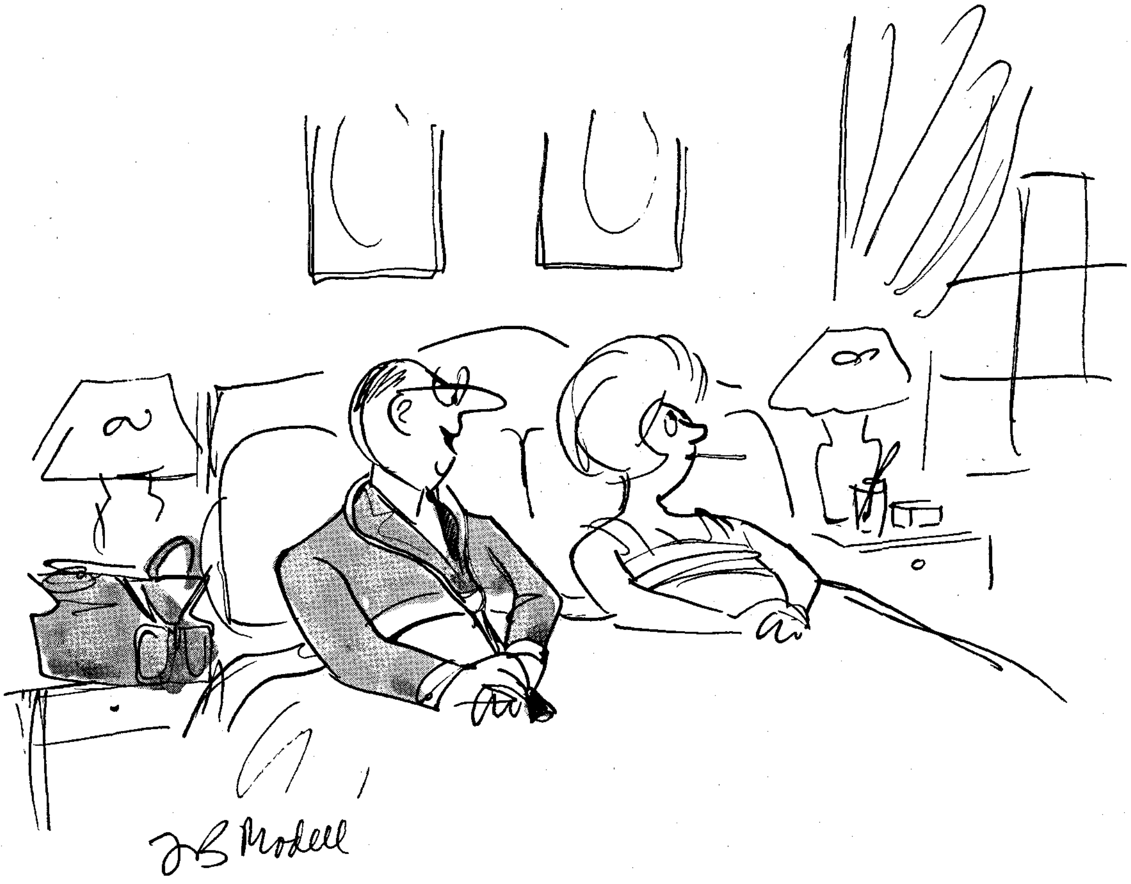
"And stay out!"

"Or a bad thing. Maybe if I went over she would of come back to borrow something, and then she wouldn't be there when he got home."

"Don't blame yourself. This man was going to kill them sometime. If not yesterday afternoon, last night. Then he came home and went in the house. Did you see him again?"

"*Yes.* When they came to take him away," she said. "Ed Reid and Billy Hughes, they come in a car. They got out of the car and they both had a pistol in their hand. Billy went back to the kitchen door and Ed went in the front door. I thought, my goodness, why did they have their pistol in their hand. I thought maybe there was a robber, and I got scared. But I guess it was about an hour later some more men came and then Ed and Billy came out the front with Dory, and he had handcuffs on him."

"Did you happen to notice the condition of his clothes? Was there blood on his clothes?"



"Ordinarily, Miss Tolliver, I don't make house calls."

• •

"No, sir! He was wearing his Sunday suit as if he was on his way to church. And you know what he did?"

"What?"

"He saw me at the window. And he laughed and stuck his tongue out at me. I thought to myself, you'll pay for that, Mister, when I tell my husband. See, I didn't know what they were arresting him for. Then I saw the dead wagon pull up, from Koenig the undertaker. Koenig and young Hennessy that works for him, and there was two other men with them."

"I don't understand that, the dead wagon. Is that the hearse?"

"No, it's what they use instead of the hearse. The hearse has windows on the side, but the dead wagon is when they take the body to the funeral parlor. You know, to embalm them? We call it the dead wagon. I guess you have another name for it."

"Now I understand it," said Rogers. "They went inside, Mr. Koenig and the men with him?"

"Carrying two rough boxes. Don't you know what that is? It's instead of a casket. Just a wooden box, the *size* of a casket."

"I see."

"When I saw that, I knew there was something bad. Two dead people, that meant. And who else could it be? His wife, and his mother-in-law."

"Uh-huh."

"Then they went inside, but a minute later, not even a whole minute, one of the men came out of the house and got sick. One of the men with Koenig. He was as sick as a dog, and he sat down on the porch step. My God, I thought. What's going on in there? Then Koenig came out and said something to the man, but the man just shook his head and waved at him to go away. And Koenig went back in the house, and I guess about fifteen or twenty minutes later, I don't know, Koenig and Hennessy came out carrying the one rough box. They put it in the dead wagon. Then they went back in and come out with the other rough box. But they didn't look good, either. Koenig or Hennessy, or the other fellow. They drove away in the dead wagon, and then come another car with some other men and two police. The police stood on guard in the front and back, and the other men went in and stayed there."

"How soon was it before the news got around?"

"Inside of ten minutes after Koenig went away the people started coming. That was when my daughter phoned. She knew more about it than I did. She asked me if it was true about Dory Rellinger, and I said I knew somebody was dead. Probably two people dead. Then she told me."

"Did she have it right?" said Rogers.

She nodded. "Said Dory Rellinger murdered his wife and his mother-in-law. And I said how, and she didn't want to tell me, but I made her. She said he cut their heads off. And I fainted dead away. Left the receiver hanging off the hook and all. The last time I fainted was the morning the mister and I got married."

"Well, you mustn't talk about it anymore, Mrs. Schumacher," said Rogers.

"Oh, I'm all right now. It's like it never happened. Only I know it did. But I don't know. Who'll they ever get to live in that house? This was such a nice neighborhood," said Mrs. Schumacher.

—JOHN O'HARA

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The city landmark variously known as Old Padre Dam, Old Mission Dam, Old Mission Gorge Dam and Old Dam in Mission Gorge has been officially named by the city Park and Recreation Commission.

The official name now is "Old Mission Bam."—*San Diego Evening Tribune.*

Nice to have it settled, anyway.

THE MANDELBAUM GATE

FREDDY'S WALK

SOMETIMES, instead of a letter to thank his hostess, Freddy Hamilton would compose a set of formal verses—rondeaux redoublés, villanelles, rondels, or Sicilian octaves—to express his thanks neatly. It was part of his modest nature to do this. He always felt he had, perhaps, been boring during his stay, and it was one's duty in life to be agreeable. Not so much at the time as afterward, he felt it keenly on his conscience that he had said no word between the soup and the fish when the bright talk began; he felt at fault in retrospect of the cocktail hours, when he had contributed nothing but the smile for which he had been renowned in his pram and, in the following fifty years, elsewhere. "Oh, of course, Freddy Hamilton. Everyone loves old Freddy, my dear; Freddy's sweet."

Freddy, of so many British consulates throughout his subdued, obedient career, would have been touched to hear it; he would have smiled. He did not really want to excite any sort of passion in his friends, or linger in their minds under some inflammable aspect. A very boring guest or a very entertaining one could provoke all sorts of undesirable feelings in people: revulsion, heart-quickenings, murderous attachments—the sort of emotions that always led to trouble at school and university, and that led to international incidents as well.

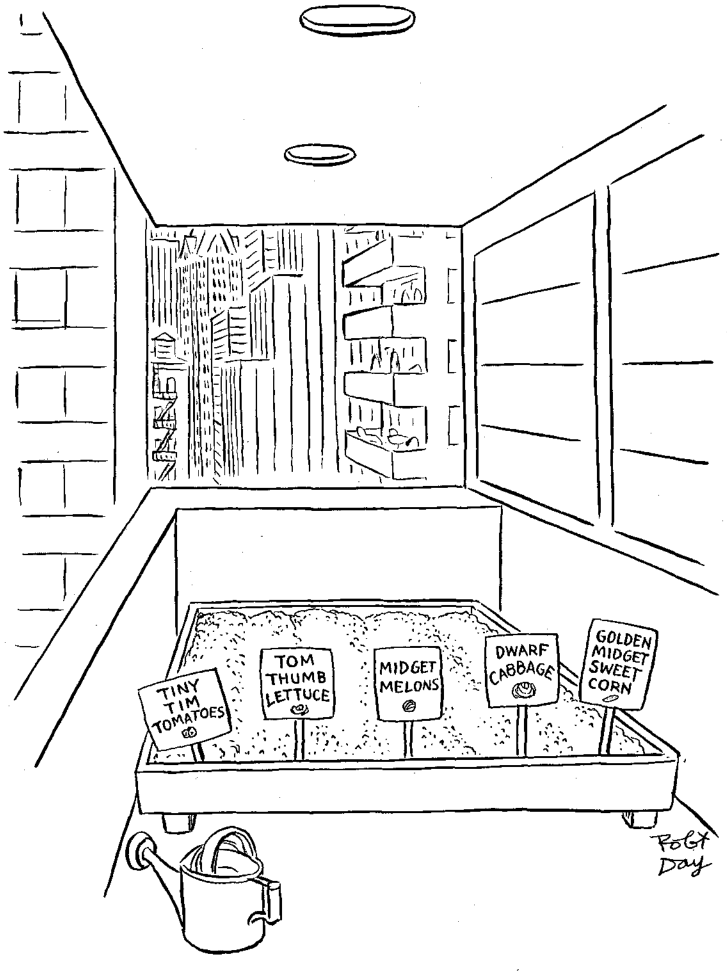
He liked to get his verses off quickly so that there should be no apparent sign of effort on his part. And so, as he walked through the amazing alleys of the Orthodox Quarter of Israel's Jerusalem, which teemed so dangerously close to the Mandelbaum Gate, he started thinking of a triolet in his long-practiced manner to catch the next day's Foreign Office bag into Jordan. Freddy had just come through the Gate. He had diplomatic immunity, and so was permitted to pass through every weekend, from Israel into Jordan and back again: from Jerusalem to Jerusalem. Few people passed from Israel into Jordan; there were difficulties, and for Europeans a certificate of baptism was required. Foreign diplomats were not allowed to pass by motorcar, which was understandable, as papers and bombs might be concealed in a car.

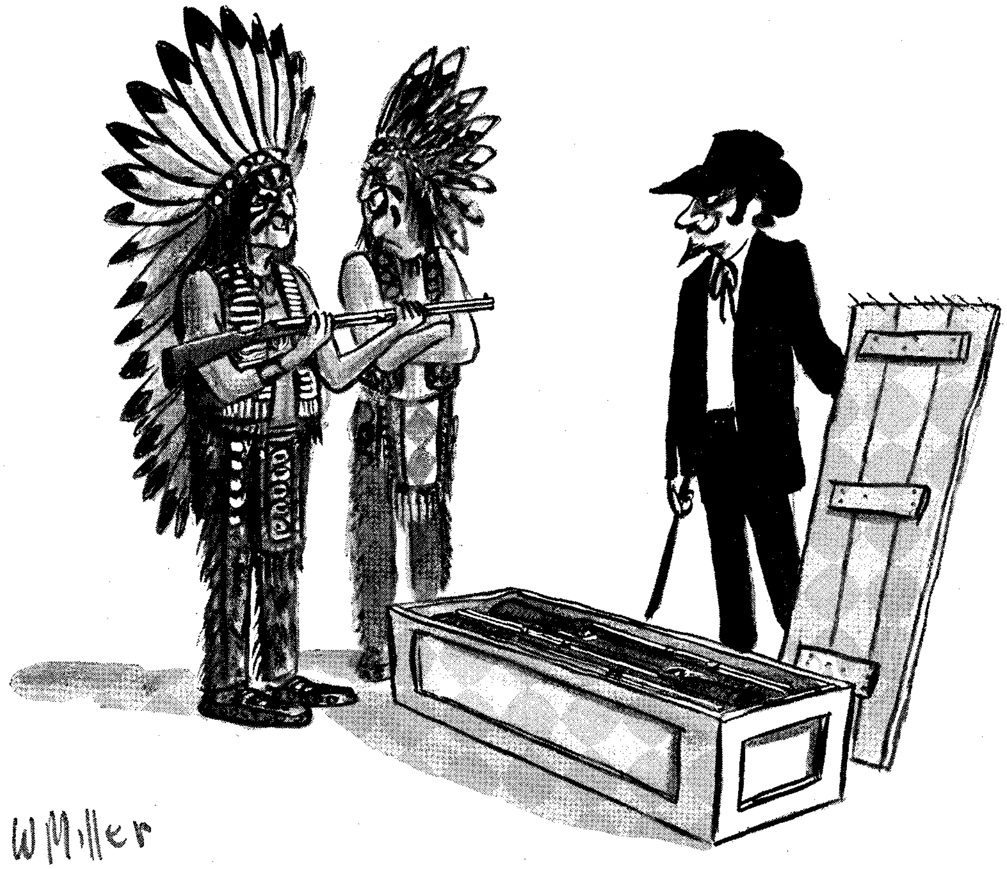
Freddy carried his weekend luggage—a zipper bag—and took his usual route into the New City. It was the hottest day so far of 1961. He had refused the taxicab that waited at the Gate—he hated taking taxicabs anywhere in the world; he felt morally against the tips, as all his uncles before him had felt. Excepting, of course, one uncle, the one who had messed up the money in the thirties and absolutely ruined the family; he had not felt strongly against giving away tips to cabbies, and so on. As Freddy turned a corner, he came into collision with a tiny, dark-eyed boy with fluffy side hair falling down his cheeks, too fine as yet to be formed into shining ringlets like those of his male elders among the Orthodox sect. The child's nose bumped into Freddy's knee, and Freddy took him by the hand to steady him out of his bewilderment. A bearded, befrocked old man with a very large face muttered in Hebrew to the infant, who had already regained his bearings and was busy studying Freddy from head to feet. A woman of unguessable age, wearing many layers of black clothes, snatched the child away, and he trotted off, his legs, in their long woollen stockings, moving like swift shuttles to keep up with his mother, but he still craned his head round wonderingly at Freddy. The woman scolded the child meantime, evidently trying to impress on him the undesirable nature of Freddy.

Freddy walked on behind the heavily garbed pair, feeling decidedly in the wrong for having touched the child's hand; they had probably taken him for a modern Jew, one of the regular Israelis of whom this sect disapproved perhaps more heavily than they did of the honest, unclean foreigner. Well, thought Freddy, to continue with the triolet:

> . . . would have preferred
> To make my grateful feelings heard,
> But every time articulate
> Scarcely a word.

It was not a triolet after all. Joanna, his hostess on the other side, had been extremely agreeable to him since his posting to Israel. He had spent three weekends in her cool villa, and she loved to receive these bread-and-butter verses. There would have to be an additional stanza, perhaps two. Joanna was to visit him over here in Israel—she had not yet been to Israel. He would have to remind her about her visa, and tell her how best to make the crossing. It was not a triolet after all but a form of rondeau. There was the business of Joanna's getting a visa, and he would meet her on this side of the Mandelbaum Gate. The intensity at the Gate was quite absurd. One could understand the incidents at the border, where soldiers would flare up an incident suddenly and unaccountably. But there at the Gate the precautions and suspicions of the guards were quite absurd. No Israeli money allowed into Jordan, no Israeli postcards, the Jordan police almost biologically unable to utter the word "Israel." And the Israeli police were equally dramatic: "Safe crossing," they would say as one left the emigration hut. The Israeli porter would run and dump one's bag-





"I guess we can start phasing out the bow and arrow now."

• •

gage halfway, and run for the life of him back to his post. The Jordanian porter would wait till the coast was clear; he would run the few seconds' space to pick up the bags and run for the life of him back to his post. They dramatized everything. Why did people have to go to extremes—why couldn't they be moderate? Freddy bumped into a man in European dress rushing out of a shop, as they all did. The man said something in Arabic. Freddy had thought he was a Jew. One couldn't always tell the difference. Many of them had extremely dark skins. Why couldn't people be moderate?

It was a sort of rondeau. Freddy turned up an alley. Another child, a girl, bumped into him in the narrow, crowded street. This time, he did not put out a guiding hand, and she slipped away with the subdued expression of the children of this quarter, quite unlike the vivacious young of the regular Israelis. Freddy was rather sorry for the boys, with their sausage side curls and black knickerbocker rig, especially those adolescent boys who walked in a goody-goody way, by twos and threes. It must be hell for them, he thought, to be so different from the rest of the country, especially if they ever want to break away. He had felt sorry for the Arab boys on the other side—underfed, driving their mangy donkeys, thin, and in rags. He was moved to pity for all young boys, on the whole, recalling the termtimes of his youth. He was convinced that the boys with ringlets were going through the same sort of hell, which was the only sort Freddy knew. The ringlets, like the Gate, were quite absurd.

"Quite absurd!" On the strength of this phrase, he had struck up friendships all over the place. He was accustomed to exotic sights and squalid smells, narrow Oriental streets, and people who went to extremes; it was all part of the Foreign Service, and one should, of course, try to understand. But outside of the Embassy, and even inside it, he never really felt at ease with chaps until sooner or later they remarked that the place was quite absurd.

. . . feelings heard,
But every time articulate
Scarcely a word.
But you have far too long deferred
Your visit to the Modern State,
So choose and name the cheerful
date.
Joanna, I can hardly wait
To meet you at the quite absurd
Mandelbaum Gate.

He was approaching the end of the Orthodox Jewish quarter, and had turned into a street at the end of which rattled the modern state. There, small shops burst their sides with business, large cars streaked along the highway, and everywhere the radio sets told the news in several tongues, ranging from Hebrew to that of the B.B.C., or attacked the hot air with Oriental jazz. Up at the end of this Orthodox street, it was said, the Orthodox Jews would gather on a Saturday morning piously to stone the passing motorcars—breakers of the Sabbath. And across the street streamers stretched from building to building, bearing an injunction in Hebrew, French, and English: "DAUGHTERS OF ISRAEL, OBSERVE MODESTY IN THESE STREETS!" This Freddy assumed to be for the benefit of any tourist woman who might for some mad reason wish to walk in the Orthodox Jewish quarter wearing shorts or a low-cut sun dress; the local women needed no such warning, being clad and covered, one way and another, all over.

Freddy had been posted here six weeks ago. While waiting for an Embassy flat to fall vacant, he had been placed in rooms in a Jerusalem hotel. He was in no great hurry for the flat, preferring hotel life, where one need not mix, need not entertain one's colleagues, and could generally escape. His colleagues at this posting seemed to be a bit intense and know-all; they were on the young side and had not yet settled down. Freddy noticed, crossing the street, a young woman who had come to stay at his hotel—a Miss Vaughan. She was accompanied by a tall, intellectual-looking Jew. Freddy had once before very briefly met him. He was Dr. Saul Ephraim, a teacher of archeology at the Hebrew University. He was acting as Miss Vaughan's guide. He had turned out to be amiable in the surprising way of the Israeli intellectuals; it took one by surprise, because one did not expect a violin with its strings taut and tuned for immediate performance to be suddenly amiable. Freddy put down his bag in the hot street. He wanted to be specially civil to Miss Vaughan, having struck up her acquaintance in the cool leafy courtyard of the hotel one evening over two long drinks and having then, on a later occasion, inadvertently said the wrong thing; whereupon Miss Vaughan had felt for his embarrassment.

Miss Vaughan and Dr. Ephraim crossed over to him where he waited on the curb, and inquired if he had enjoyed his weekend. Dr. Ephraim spoke a slightly American tone of English, quick, and again amiable, as if from some resource that had been waiting under his skin for an encounter with

Freddy. He wore an open-necked shirt and flannels, his neck lean and long-muscled. Freddy chatted as he observed these things, telling of his weekend in Jordan. "I've got some charming friends over there." Ephraim would be in his early thirties, quite young. He was anxious to hear news of Jordan.

"Haven't you ever been there?" said Freddy.

"Not since the war."

"Oh, of course, not since the war."

"It's absurd," said young Dr. Ephraim.

From a truck at the curb, an unloading of watermelons began to take place. Freddy had once been hit by a corner of a crate while passing an unloading operation at Covent Garden. He was nervous, and moved the couple aside along with himself. "Both of you come and join me for a drink when you've finished your sightseeing," said Freddy then, lifting up his bag.

Miss Vaughan was about to say something when an old bearded man with small, ancient eyes approached them and spoke to Dr. Ephraim in guttural Hebrew. Ephraim answered some brief thing, using his hands and shoulders to throw off the subject to the air. The old man spoke a few more words and moved on, muttering and glancing backward at Miss Vaughan.

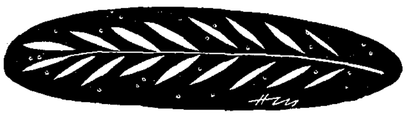
"What did he say?" Miss Vaughan asked.

"He said, 'Tell your lady friend to dress herself properly in these sacred streets, as they have always done before.' "

Freddy turned to Miss Vaughan to see how she was dressed. She was wearing a harmless blouse—sleeveless—and a dark skirt. He glanced up at the admonishing banners and smiled his smile. He smiled again at Miss Vaughan, who stood with her sharp features, her prim gray-and-black hair drawn back, looking less intense than Freddy feared she really was. As she stood next to Ephraim, it occurred to Freddy that she was older than he had imagined her to be. She must be in her late thirties; he had thought her younger. She was still questioning Dr. Ephraim about his conversation with the old man: "And what did you say to that?"

"I said, 'Well, it's a hot day.' And he replied, 'Well, it was a hot day two thousand years ago!' "

FREDDY was glad he had met the couple, for he was always lonely after his weekends on the other side. He pushed his way up the street among the loitering mystics and beggars, whom the Israelis in general abhorred, being bumped into quite often by the women, who invariably darted out of shop doors with their purchases and their children without looking where they were going. He thought he might ask young Saul Ephraim to recommend a Hebrew teacher, if Miss Vaughan remembered to bring him back to the hotel for a drink. One ought to learn some modern Hebrew while in the country. One did not meet many Israelis—only the officials and so on—but of course one had not much time; the weekly visits to the other side took up his free days. Might not Dr. Ephraim even take on the job himself? Reflecting that this could be interpreted as cheek, Freddy was instantly annoyed with himself for thinking it in the first place. Ephraim would be thirty-one or thirty-two. Abdul Ramdez, the life-insurance agent who kept trying without success to sell Freddy a policy but who was amusing, would be in his middle twenties. Ramdez had to give him lessons in Arabic.



THINGS

A man stood in the laurel tree
Adjusting his hands and feet to the boughs.
He said, "Today I was breaking stones
On a mountain road in Asia
When suddenly I had a vision
Of mankind, like grass and flowers,
The same over all the earth.
We forgave each other; we gave ourselves
Wholly over to words.
And straightway I was released
And sprang through an open gate."

I said, "Into a meadow?"

He said, "I am impervious to irony.
I thank you for the word. . . .
I am standing in a sunlit meadow.
Know that everything your senses reject
Springs up in the spiritual world."

I said, "Our scientists have another opinion.
They say you are merely phenomena."

He said, "Over here they will be angels
Singing, 'Holy holy be His Name!'
And also, it works in reverse.
Things, which to us in the pure state are
        mysterious,
Are your simplest articles of household use—
A chair, a dish, and, meaner even than these,
The very latest inventions.
Machines are the animals of the Americans.
Tell me about machines!"

I said, "I have suspected
The Mixmaster knows more than I do,
The air-conditioner is the better poet.
My right front tire is as bald as Odysseus.
How much it must have suffered!
Then, as things have a third substance
Which is obscure to both our senses,
Let there be a perpetual coming and going
Between your world and mine."

We agreed to meet and analyze these matters,
And he vanished, promising to return
Often, often to return.

—LOUIS SIMPSON

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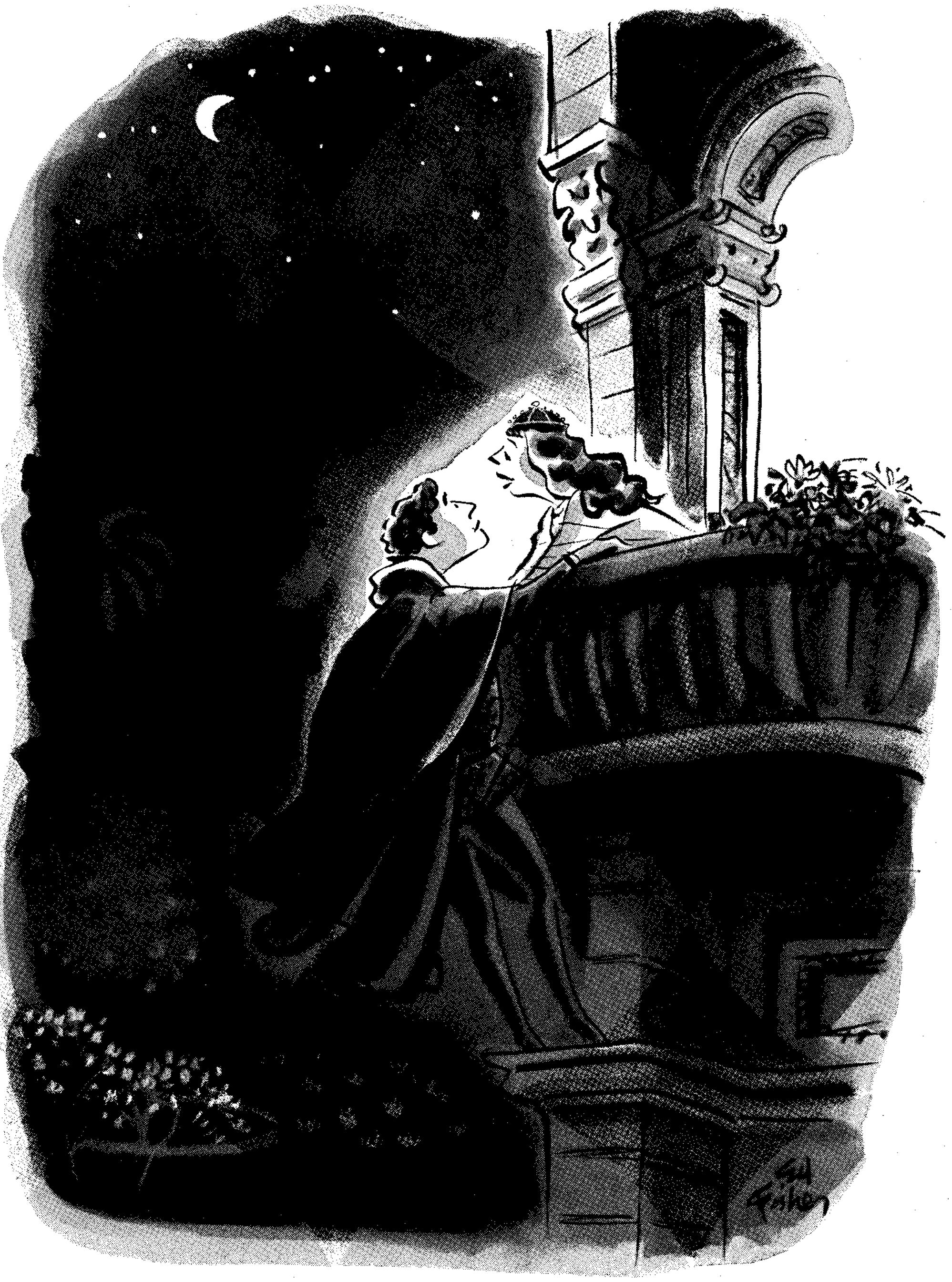
One had to be careful about one's teachers of Hebrew and Arabic; here on the spot, they were all apt to get intense. Ramdez was an Armenian-Arab, or so he claimed.

A chanting of children's voices came from an upper-story window as Freddy pushed up the street toward modernity and his hotel. The upper story was a school; it was always in full chant when he passed, for the children of this quarter learned their lessons, all subjects alike, by plaintive rote, singing them out in Hebrew. This always fascinated him, at the same time that it put him off his stroke, for usually, when he passed the spot, he was thinking of his thank-you verses. He had arrived at the third stanza of his current piece; he was working it out so that Joanna would be suitably and gracefully reminded to get a visa and make sure that she stated she was coming on a pilgrimage to the Christian shrines.

But he could not get his rhythm right against the chanting of these children of the Orient, even after he could hear them no longer and was out among the speedy wide streets of people and motor traffic in the modern city. All the way back to his hotel, when he was really too hot to bother and his thoughts were mere heat waves, the chant went on at the back of his head—accompanied, as always on these return journeys, by an assertive counter-chant rising spontaneously from something indomitable in Freddy. Pitting culture against culture, the metrical precepts of Samuel Taylor Coleridge chanted themselves lovingly round his brain:

> Trochee trips from long to short;
> From long to long in solemn sort
> Slow Spondee stalks; strong foot!
>   yet ill able
> Ever to come up with dactyl trisyl-
>   lable.
> Iambics march from short to long;
> With a leap and a bound the swift
>   Anapaests throng;
> One syllable long, with one short at
>   each side,
> Amphibrachys hastes with a stately
>   stride;
> First and last being long, middle
>   short, Amphimacer
> Strikes his thundering hoofs like a
>   proud highbred racer.



"How much do you make a year?"

EVEN in his bath, when Freddy was thinking of other things, Coleridge's lines continued to churn in the background—even when they had chased away the Hebrew plain chant; and even, although he was scarcely aware of it, when he sat out in the small green courtyard of the hotel to await Miss Vaughan and Dr. Ephraim. He must keep it in mind to be especially agreeable to Miss Vaughan, having put his foot in it last week on their third or fourth meeting. Freddy hated more than anything the thought that he had hurt someone's feelings in a direct encounter. He did hope she would bring the amiable young archeologist. The afternoon was fading, and he tapped silently with his fingers on the wicker arm of his chair and gazed up through the leafy trellis at the cooling light. "Trochee trips from long to short." The waiter brought his drink, and Freddy dwelt for a gay and not indelicate moment on the young Israeli, and he felt like Horace in the ode, demanding simple service under his lattice vine. *Persicos odi, puer . . .*

From where he sat, he saw Miss Vaughan come through the hotel entrance, alone. She moved toward the staircase but glanced toward the terrace. Freddy rose and raised an arm in a welcoming way, and she turned and joined him.

"Dr. Ephraim couldn't manage, as it was rather late and his family were expecting him. I ought to go and change."

"What will you drink?" said Freddy. His earlier meetings with Miss Vaughan now came back to him. He saw them all with that total perceptivity of his, which might have made a poet of him, given the missing element. His first impression had been of a pleasant English spinster. She was a teacher of English at a girls' school; she was on a tour of the Holy Land. Freddy had discussed with her the dear subject of formal English lyrical verse; on another occasion, he had confided in her that he was compiling an anthology in his spare time, and had before the war published a volume of his own occasional verses. She had responded in a detached sort of way, which was what one liked. She was edgy; she wore on her engagement finger a ring of antique design embedded with a dark-blue stone, but for some reason Freddy had not felt that the ring referred to an engagement to marry anyone; such things were not unaccountable in an English spinster; it was probably somebody killed in the war. Now, sitting with her near the same spot as when they had first spoken three weeks ago, he was filled with a sudden apprehension that she was dangerous; he was obscurely afraid. He wished the young archeologist had come with her. He fingered the wicker chair. "With a leap and a bound the swift Anapaests throng."

Last week, Freddy had joined Miss Vaughan out here after dinner. The State of Israel had that day sent up its first guided rocket. He remarked that there seemed to be a lot of rejoicing going on in the streets, and one of them suggested going out later on to watch the children dancing. The children danced in the public gardens until late every night in any case. They fell to talking about politicians and the bomb.

She had said, in a lazy, casual way, "Sometimes I think we ought to chuck out the politicians from world government and put in the Pope, the Chief Rabbi, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Dalai Lama, instead. They couldn't do worse and they might do better."

Freddy had reflected on this without undue seriousness. "There would have to be a Greek patriarch as well," he said, "and then the Buddhists and the Hindus would want their say. There would be no end to it. But it's a good idea. I imagine there would be objections from the Jews to the Chief Rabbi. Most of these Jews here are unbelievers, so far as I can gather."

"Not quite," said Miss Vaughan. "I think they believe in a different way from what you mean. They believe with their blood. Being a Jew isn't something they consider in their minds, weigh up and give assent to, as one does in the Western Christian tradition. Being a Jew is inherent."

"Yes, I'm afraid so." Freddy gave a little confiding laugh.

As if he had not spoken at all, she continued. "As a half Jew myself, I think I understand how—"

"Oh, I didn't mean . . . I mean . . . One says things without thinking, you know."

She said, "You might have said worse."

Freddy felt terrible. He groped for the idea that, being a half Jew, she might be only half offended. After all, one might speak in that manner of the Wogs or the Commies, and everyone knew what one meant.

He then noticed the Jewishness of her appearance—something dark and intense beyond her actual shape and coloring. Freddy felt worse. Here in this country, it was a diplomatic as well as a social error. This was the year of the Eichmann trial. Freddy felt like a wanted man who had been found hiding in a dark cupboard. He felt an urge to explain that he was not a persecutor and that he had never desired to become a *Sturmbannführer*, *Obersturmbannführer*, *Superobersturmbannführer*. He said, "I like your young guide. How did you come by him?"

She said, "He's a friend of a friend of mine, another archeologist who's working on the stuff at Qumrân just now." Plainly, she was embarrassed by his embarrassment.

Freddy clutched at the subject of the Dead Sea Scrolls as at a slice of melon in the Sahara. He said, "That must be enormously exciting. I want to visit the place myself sometime soon."

But she was occupied with her reaction to Freddy's distress. She began to speak with furious exasperation about an Israeli, a former Czech, who had previously been allotted to her as a guide to the holy places. He had been overbearing. He had been obstructive. He had taken her on a trip to Nazareth and had wanted her to whiz through the whole scene in half an hour, whereas she had insisted on spending the day there. He was a fanatical Christian-hater who had wanted to show her the cement factories and pipelines of Israel instead of the shrines, and had been reluctant to drive her to the top of Mount Tabor, the probable scene of the Transfiguration, and she had not insisted because this insufferable man . . . It emerged that she herself was a Roman Catholic.

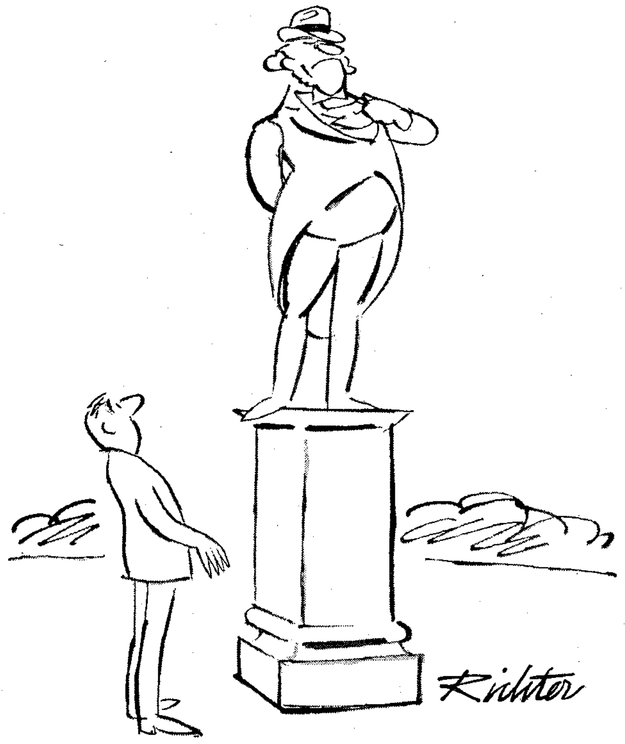
Anxious about the extremity and urgency of her tone, Freddy looked round for the waiter. He said to her, "Let's try the white wine." He ordered two glasses, and called after the waiter, "But it should be chilled!" He said to Miss Vaughan, "They are inclined to serve it warm."

The waiter appeared with two glasses of local white wine. In them were floating small chips of ice, rapidly melting from their original cubic form. Freddy and Miss Vaughan were silent till the waiter had gone. The ice melted entirely in the hot evening air. Freddy smiled at the two glasses on the table. Eventually, they even sipped the lukewarm mixture. "They simply don't understand about wine at most of these hotels," Freddy said. It was a relief, at least, that they could have an English giggle about something.

Freddy wondered if it was his long walk through the Orthodox quarter in the afternoon heat that had put him on edge. He felt decidedly afraid of Miss Vaughan. She fidgeted with the ring on her engagement finger. She looked very strained. Perhaps she, too, was feeling the heat.

She said, "Your geraniums are flourishing."

He had given her two of his pots of geraniums before leaving for Jordan last week. They were special geraniums. He had smuggled them across from Joanna's prize collection.



He said, "Good." He said, "I was hoping young Ephraim would look in. I want to consult him about a Hebrew teacher."

"He had to return to his wife and family."

"Oh yes, quite."

"He might give you Hebrew lessons himself. They don't get well paid at the university here."

"Well, I was sort of hoping that."

She said, "Before I go to Jordan, we must arrange a meeting."

"When are you going?" he said.

"I don't know yet."

It was a puzzle to him that she had not already gone to Jordan. She kept saying she was "waiting to go to Jordan." He wondered if she waited for a visa. If they suspected her Jewish blood, she would not get a visa. But, on the other hand, if she had a certificate of baptism and kept quiet, it should be easy.

He saw that she was pulling at a fraying piece of wicker on the arm of her chair.

He stroked the arm of his chair. "Iambics march from short to long . . ."

She said, "I'm glad to have the geraniums. I water them every morning when the post arrives. It takes my mind off things. I'm waiting for a letter to arrive before I can go off to Jordan."

"If it's a question of a visa, perhaps I could help," said Freddy.

"Thank you, but you can't help," she said.

"The Christian shrines over there are far more interesting than here," he said. "At least, there are more of them."

"I know," she said. "I hope to be able to see them soon. In fact, I'm hoping to get married quite soon to the archeologist I told you about who's working over there. The one who's at the Dead Sea area."

"I'm sure I could help if it's only a matter of a visa."

"I'm waiting for news from Rome," she said. "He has been married and is divorced. It's a question of whether his marriage can be annulled or whether it can't be annulled. I mean annulled by the Church. If it isn't annulled by the Church, then the marriage is off. There's a fifty-fifty chance."

"Oh dear," said Freddy. He said, "Is it as serious as all that?"

She said, "Yes."

"Won't you be going to join him in Jordan?" Freddy said. He noticed she was pulling at the fraying wicker, and felt a panic about where this conversation might lead. He was afraid she had some tiresome deep conviction.

She said she would not go to Jordan at all if the news from Rome was against the nullity of his previous marriage. She said she would never see the man again in that case.

"Oh dear," said Freddy. He said, "What does your fiancé feel about this?"

"Well, of course, he feels it's a bit unfair. He isn't a Catholic himself."

"It does seem a bit unfair," said Freddy mildly. "It seems a bit extreme, when a couple of grown-up people—"

"Do you know," said this passionate spinster in a cold and terrifying voice, "a passage in the Book of the Apocalypse that applies to your point of view?"

"I'm afraid the Apocalypse is beyond me," Freddy said. "I've never had the faintest clue what it's all about. I can cope with the Gospels, at least some parts, but—"

"It goes like this," she said, enunciating her words slowly, almost like a chant:

> "I know of thy doings, and find thee neither cold nor hot; cold or hot, I would thou wert one or the other. Being what thou art, lukewarm, neither cold nor hot, thou wilt make me vomit thee out of my mouth."

Freddy did not reply. People should definitely not quote the Scriptures at one. It was quite absurd.

Miss Vaughan leaned back in her chair, and drew her hand over her prim hair in a relaxed way. Freddy remained silent.

First and last being long, middle
short, Amphimacer
Strikes his thundering hoofs like a
proud highbred racer.

Then Freddy rose as one who had quietly closed a door and said, "I must go and get off a bread-and-butter letter to my hostess before dinner."

—Muriel Spark

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[*From the Los Angeles Times*]

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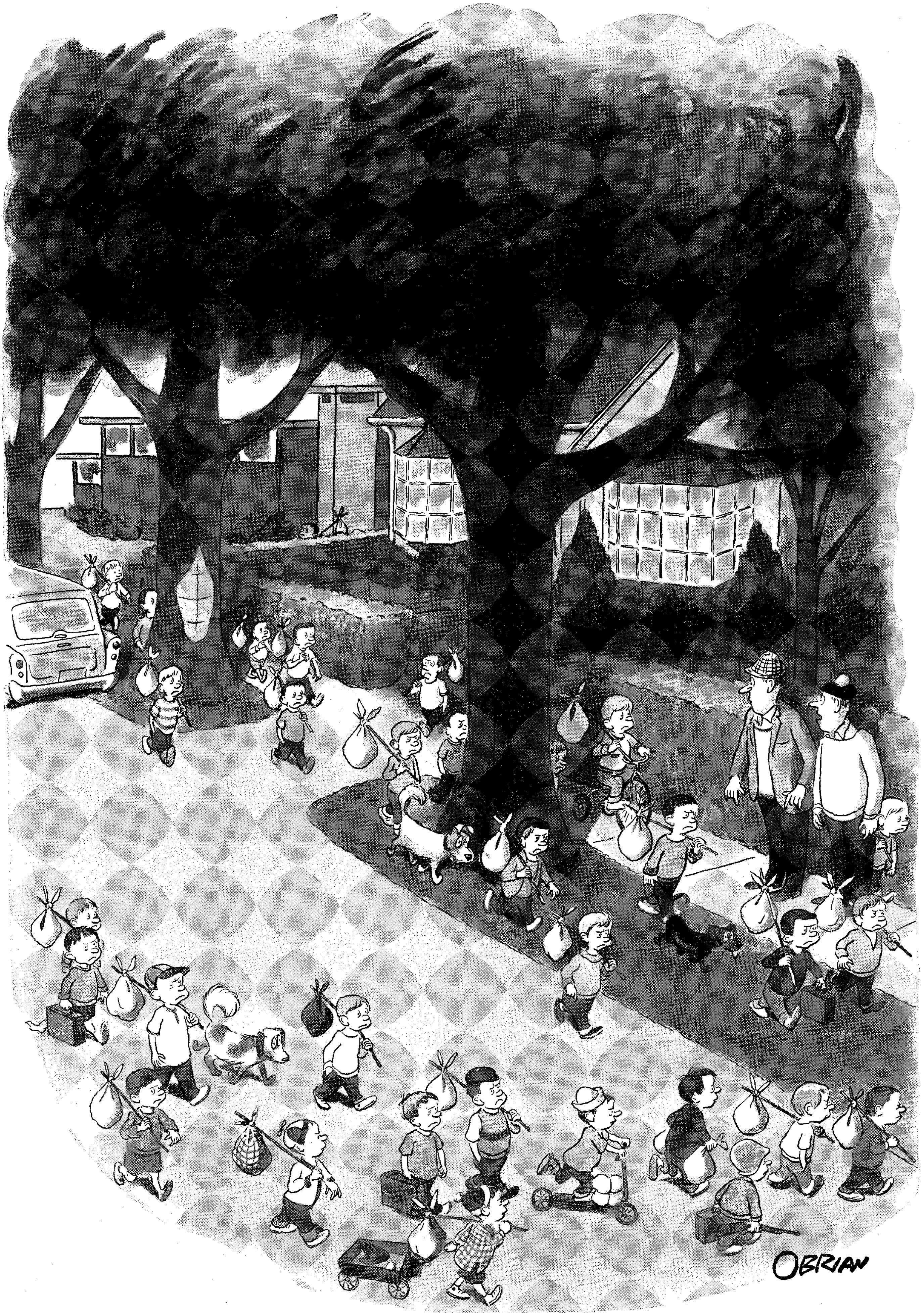
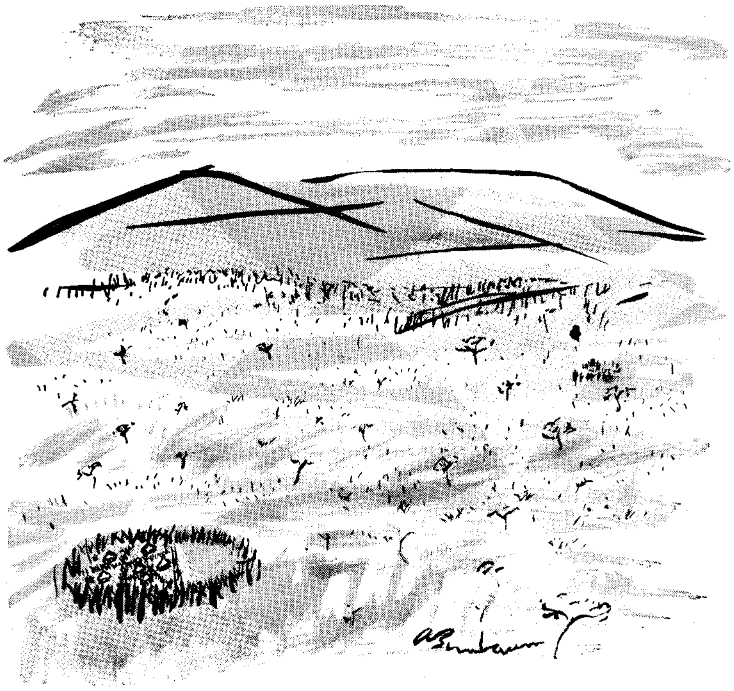


"There's no question about it. Somewhere we've all failed."

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE HERDSMEN—III

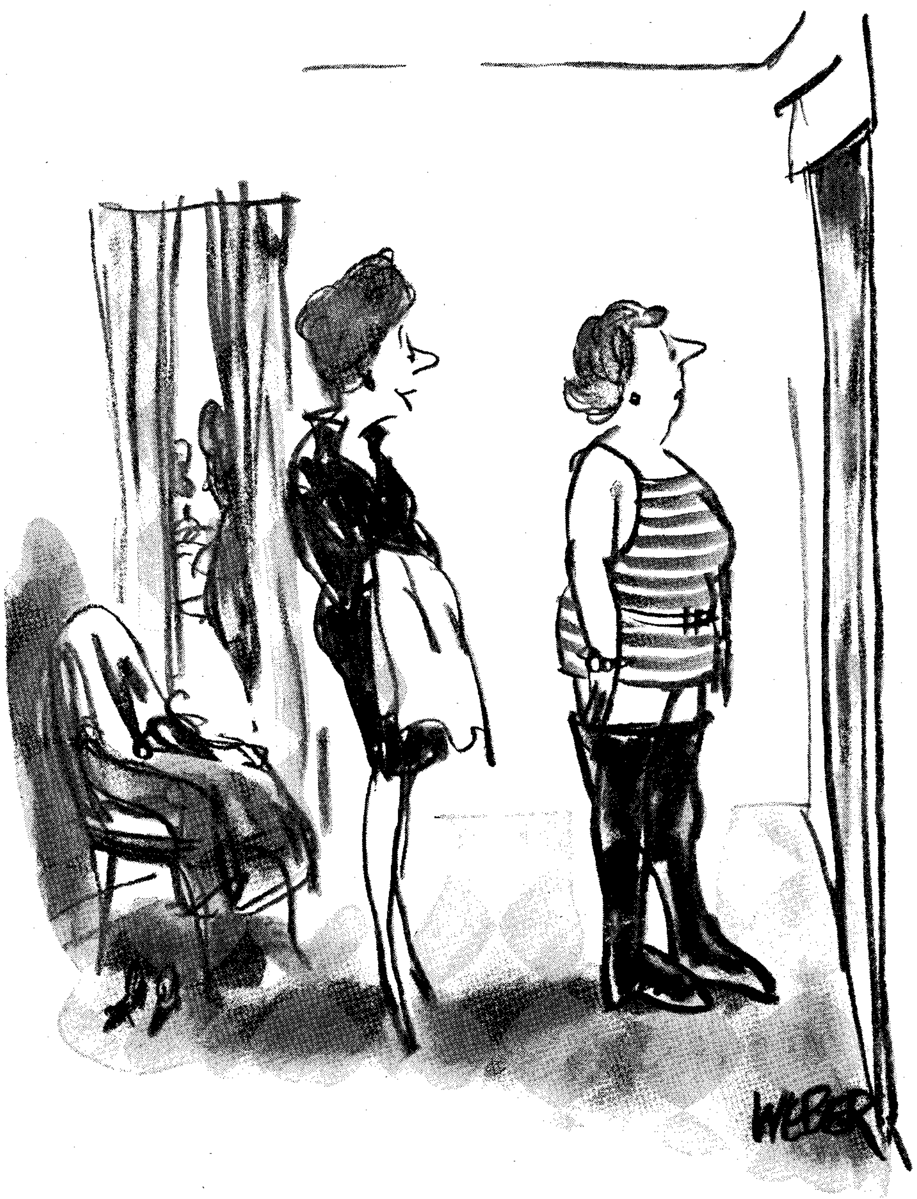


THE Dodoth are a tribe of pastoralists, some twenty thousand in number, who live in the Lokoki district of Uganda. They are, in a sense, a nation, and their land is Dodoth County. In 1961, my husband and I spent about six months with them, having been given permission by them to set up a camp for ourselves on a high hill called Morukore. The Dodoth are proud warrior herdsmen, surrounded by other tribes of pastoral warriors—the Jie, the Turkana, the Karamojong—whose religion and economy and general way of life, unchanged over the centuries, are based on their cattle. Looking, in July, at the wide pastoral scene presented by the grassy hills and valleys around Morukore, where as in a tapestry the green land was dotted white with flocks of sheep or, under its orchard trees, was grazed by herds of cows; looking at the round fields by the dwellings, and, in them, the tiny kneeling figures of women pulling weeds; looking at the distant figures of men, one by one or two together striding the paths that crossed the fields and crossed ravines and passed through the deep shadows of immense old trees—looking at all this, I reflected that the scene was so pleasant, the landscape so peaceful, that no one would think the country was in a state of siege. But a month before, in June, a party of Turkana warriors had swept through the valley below Morukore on a cattle raid, costing the district hundreds of cattle and many human lives. In the valley, there are still skeletons of people who died that day. For Morukore, it had been the worst raid of a series that began in January. Before January, the Turkana and the Dodoth had been at peace for a long time—so long that many Turkana families had moved into the northern hills of Dodoth, settling there to escape a severe drought that had overcome Turkanaland. Relations seemed good. Many Dodoth men knew the names and families of many Turkana men, with whom they shared the grazing. Some families intermarried. But in January the fighting was resumed. The Dodoth began it—a great mistake, it soon appeared. The Turkana families withdrew to Turkanaland; Turkana women who were married to Dodoth men were sent home, lest they spy; the allies of the Turkana, the Jie, began raiding Dodoth from the south; and a series of raids and counter-raids began that, once started, was difficult to stop.

There are at least three possible explanations for the ending of the long peace. The first, which I heard from a policeman, was that the Dodoth, coming to resent the intrusion on their grazing grounds, and tempted by the presence of the Turkana cattle, raided their guests. The second—which, if it was true, was not the whole story, but which was at any rate generally believed—concerned a group of Dodoth warriors who came upon the daughter of one of the Turkana chiefs as she was bathing in a river, and murdered her there. The resumption of raiding, it was said, was her father's revenge. A point that might bear this version out was that warriors in the uniforms of the appointed Turkana chiefs' police—rifles, ammunition belts, and all—were seen taking part in raids. But then some of those government servants, the chiefs, were not above using everything at their disposal against their enemies; a Jackait, or subchief, of Jie was said to go raiding himself, with his *askaris* (policemen) as his warriors, the detachment arriving in Dodoth in a Land-Rover to fire out the window of the car. The third explanation—suggested by an anthropologist, and perhaps the most natural of all, though the person who suggested it was merely offering a guess—was that the fighting in the Congo (this was just before Dag Hammarskjöld died), or the uneasiness in Kenya stirred by the move for independence, might have started a wave of unrest that moved from tribe to tribe. In the case of the raiding wars in northern Uganda, colonialism was not an issue. Nor, I think, was the coming of independence an issue as such, though some of the younger people in Dodoth may have supposed that independence would mean an end to most restrictions. Rather, the raiding wars in northern Uganda were just for cattle, so passionately owned, so fiercely defended, but the unrest of surrounding people, like a breath over ash-covered embers, may have revived the old desire for cattle gained by conquest and set the herds of little cattle patiently jogging through the bush between Dodoth and Jie or Turkanaland, lashed on by their mud-streaked captors fighting and shouting at their sides.

At first, the Turkana made their heaviest raids against the very Dodoth neighborhoods in which they had shared the grazing, because those neighborhoods were the ones nearest to Turkanaland. Before long, Dodoth families in the extreme north began abandoning their homes and newly planted crops for the sake of the relative safety of more heavily populated areas to the south; those families who stayed behind became still more exposed, and soon had to move also. This left empty the dwellings in the tumbled hills at the top of an escarpment, to the east, at the Kenya border. The straw roofs sagged; weeds grew in the manure of the cattle pens; the tobacco plants growing in the courtyards matured, then got older and older, until they were like fat little trees, for no one harvested them; and tomato plants and squash vines grew up the walls, where baboons picked over the fruit with their gray hands, for no one chased them away.

The Turkana sent spies to learn where the cattle were living, and, finding them dispersed, sent raiding parties farther and farther south, to Morukore, to the mountains across the valley, to the grass plains beyond. By July, their raiding parties could be found anywhere. The Turkana mounted large raids, clearing entire districts of cattle, and also mounted small raids, in which a few warriors would ambush and kill a herdboy in the forest and make off with the herd. One night, a group of spies came to the house of Lopore, one of my closest Dodoth friends, to assess his cattle through the cracks in the wall. He heard the Turkana whispering. They were saying, "The Dodoth are women, the Dodoth are dogs." Lopore seized his spear and shouted a challenge, but the Turkana did not come in. Neither did he go out, for the Turkana are formidable enemies and are very much feared. There are almost eighty-five thousand of them, and just twenty thousand Dodoth. Not only that; the Turkana have rifles, and the Dodoth do not. The Kenya government cannot prevent the Turkana, who occupy a vast desert wilderness, from going to Abyssinia, and there the exchange of cattle for firearms still goes on. The Uganda government has stopped the Dodoth from having rifles, and while their long spears are good enough for raiding, provided the Dodoth raid a Turkana neighborhood that is known not to have a rifle, a Turkana raiding party is almost sure to have one or more rifles, and against them spears are inadequate defense. So the Dodoth cannot stop the Turkana. Neither can the police. The Turkana have a reputation for an extreme, rapacious bravery, and the police, moving about in small groups, are afraid. A Turkana raiding party once almost succeeded in killing an Assistant District Commissioner, who was riding in a Land-Rover with his armed police. He was pursuing the raiding party, but it doubled back through the bushes, and it had almost encircled him when he saw the trap and, spinning the car about, escaped at the last minute. Another time, a police plane tried to rout a group of Turkana raiders by dropping explosives on them; the Turkana routed the plane by firing on it—something a pilot might not have expected from plumed and naked warriors running in the bush below.



"We're so grateful Rudi Gernreich went on to give us more than just the topless bathing suit."

By July, the raiding had created an almost desperate situation in Dodoth. Many families had lost their cattle, and the many families moving their cattle from isolated areas to heavily populated areas had caused overgrazing where the cattle competed for the grass. Refugee families without cattle and without the produce from their gardens did not have enough to eat, and a famine began in the country. People whose energy was spent by hunger fell ill with dysentery or pneumonia; these and others in a weakened condition, especially children, died very quickly; and many people—men, women, and children—became thieves. Hundreds of refugees with no possessions of any sort came to Kaabong, the Dodoth county seat, and the town was soon swarming with people, ill and emaciated, who camped near the missions, or put up lean-to shelters in the woods near the police post, in the hope of receiving food from the foreigners in the town. A state of famine was declared in the county, and a program was instituted by the government to give free food to widows and to provide jobs for men, but, because the throngs of people shifted constantly, it was not easy for the government to reach everyone. I met a refugee woman who, in desperation, pretended an interest in religion to try to get food from the Kaabong Catholic mission for her three daughters, ill with dysentery and starvation. Sometimes, passing the mission classroom, I would hear her voice as she purported to recite the catechism—a low voice beneath the little girl students' waspish hum. But her efforts went for nothing; her daughters died.

The Dodoth have many customs concerned with raids and raiding, most of which are used to escape vengeance and death. For instance, a man who is recently married should stay at home while others go raiding; otherwise, he is likely to be killed. If a raider kills a victim with his spear, he must purify the spear by licking the blood from the spear blade or by jabbing the spear blade into the ground, and later must dismember the spear; he may use the blade as

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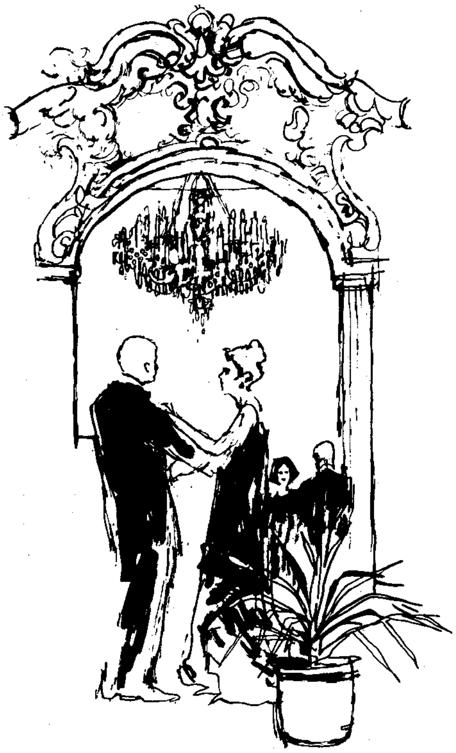

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a knife, perhaps, and the balancing tail as a hoe, but must never use the whole as a spear again. Or the whole spear may be given away, to be used by someone else, but then if the original owner should use it by mistake, its taint will cause his death. After a man has killed an enemy in a raid, he must also cleanse himself of the stain of death, and this he does by the sacrifice of a goat. He eats the goat and cuts the goatskin into strips, which he wears to show that "the enemy blood has been washed away," and until a certain time has passed and the goatskin strips can be removed, he will not go raiding, because the enemy will notice the strips and single him out to kill him. These rules do not apply to other killings. If a man kills a thief, he need not purify himself, "because a thief is nothing." If he kills a person in a private fight, it will not help him to try to purify himself, because God will know his crime and will kill him in revenge. But a man who has killed an enemy in a raid is privileged. He may, after he is purified, kill an ox to feast the elders and take an honorary name ending in "*moe*." This name describes the man's victory. The name Lokuwaremoe, for instance—from "*lo*," the prefix for "he;" "*akuware*," meaning "night;" and "*moe*," a derivative of "enemy"—would show that the owner had killed an enemy at night. And later the man will have his shoulders decorated with a pattern of tiny scars, some so fine and delicate that they can be seen only in the early morning or in the evening when the sun shines on them obliquely. A man waits and has his shoulders scarified during peacetime. If he should be rash enough to have the scars made during wartime and should have to take part in a defense of his neighborhood, the enemies would notice the fresh scars and kill him before they did anything else.

The formations used by the Dodoth and the Turkana in their raids are very old—maybe older than the nations themselves. The basic formation, that of surrounding, is sometimes described as resembling the two horns of a bull or an ox and the bony mass between the horns. However, in East Africa the formation may derive from a time before pastoralism, and it may have been originally used for hunting, for the method is like the hunting method used there today—encircling an area where animals are grazing, and driving the animals, by the activities of beaters, toward nets or toward people with spears or toward a safarist with a rifle. In Dodoth, the horns of the formation

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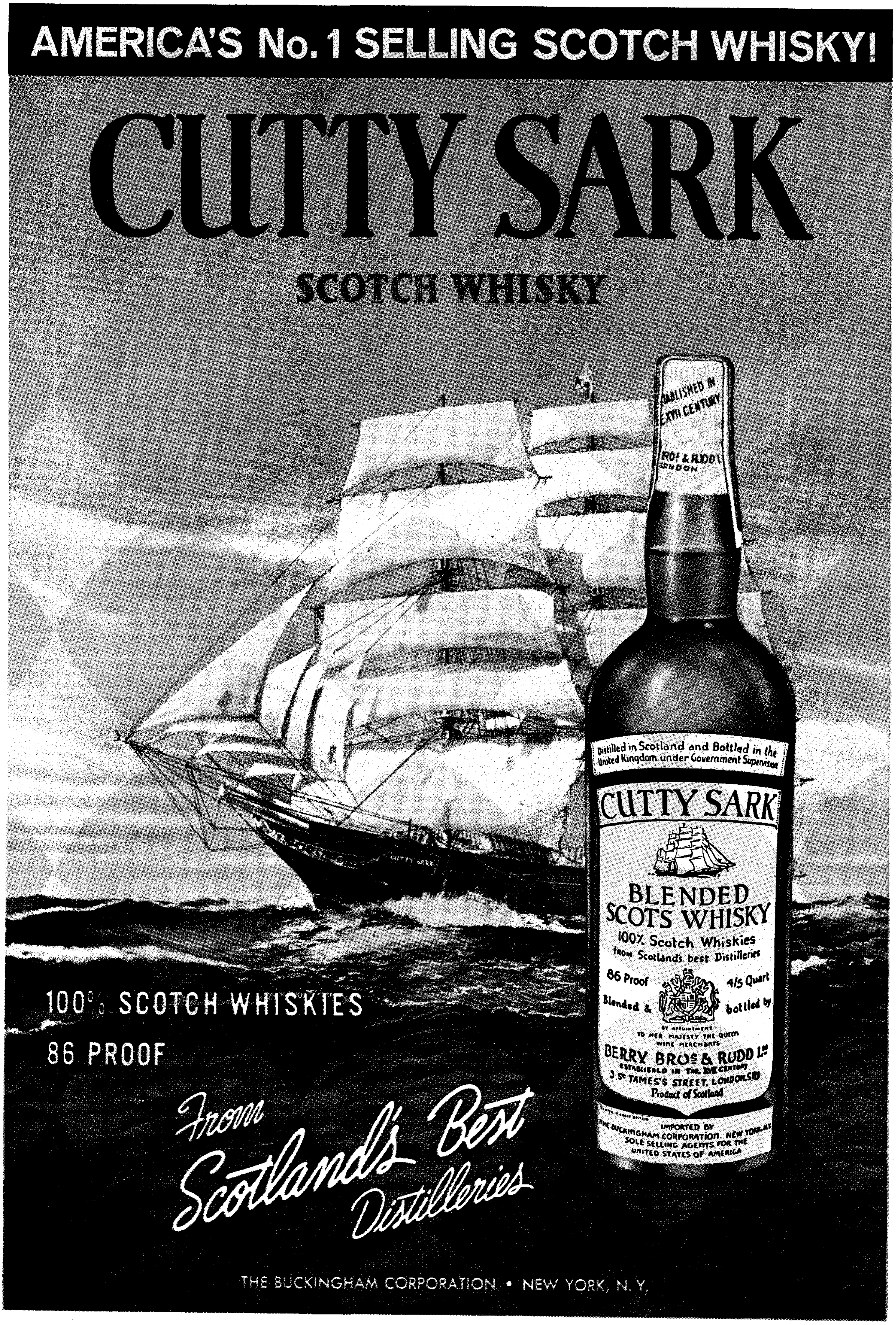
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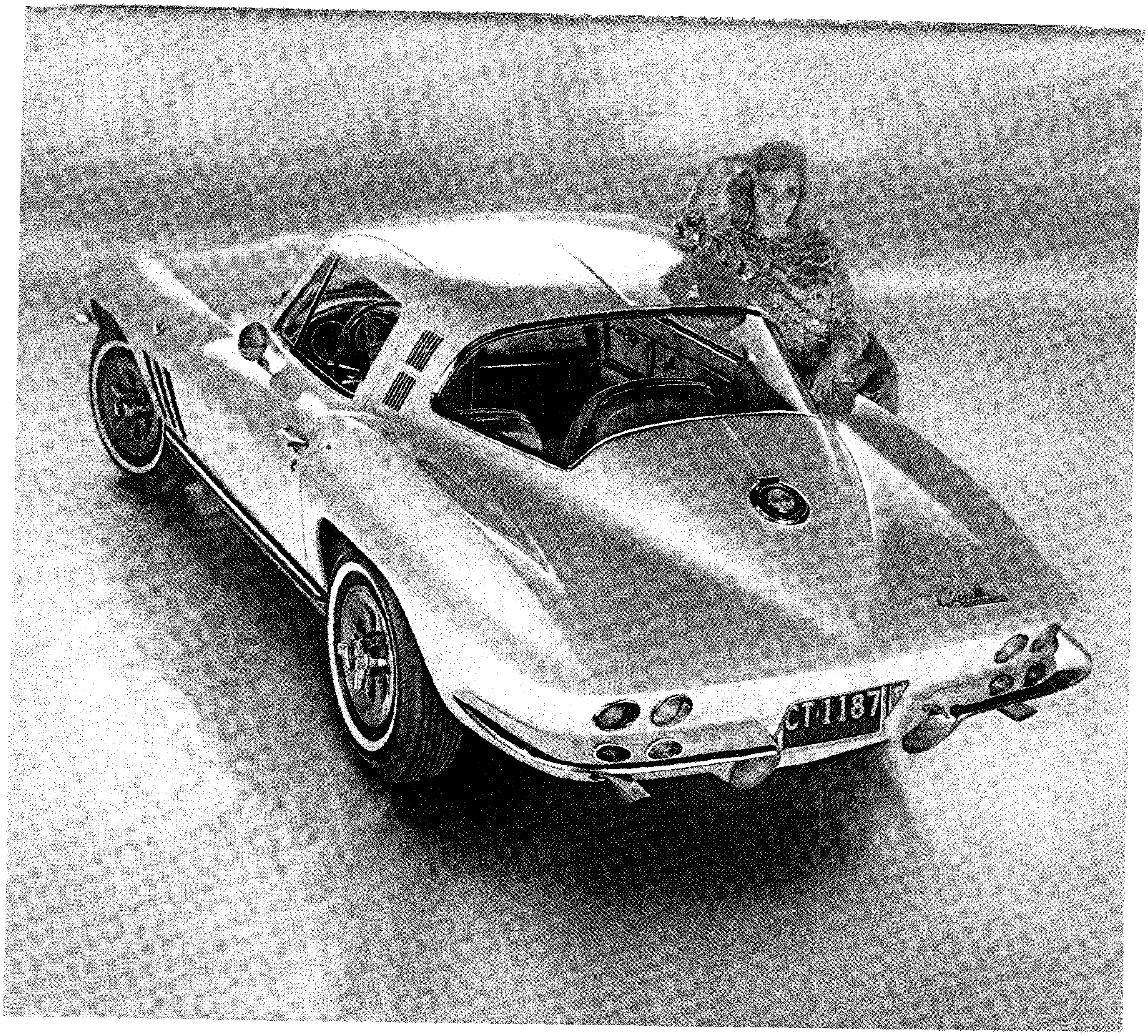

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Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan are two long columns, each called an *ekichot*, which is a term from hunting, and the bony mass between the horns is a mass of experienced fighters called the *abuthia*—a wide-mouthed gourd. While the *abuthia* waits in hiding, the columns straggle through the hills, each column with its own leader, and each stretching for perhaps a mile on either side of a valley. The advance is stealthy. No one speaks. The attack is more effective if it is a total surprise. But when the leader decides that the time is right, the columns burst from cover, and the men, each shouting the name of the special ox from which he takes one of his own names, form a huge ring, which tightens gradually, drawing cattle and people close to the *abuthia*. People trying to run from a column find themselves trapped, the *abuthia* moves forward, the circle tightens still more, the people inside are killed, and the raiding party reverses itself for the escape. This time, the columns move side by side, forking open only at the forward tip, where the captured cattle run. The *abuthia*, with its experienced fighters, guards the columns from the rear. Among the Turkana, riflemen are incorporated strategically in the basic formation. If there are only a few, they are interspersed through the columns during battle, and during the escape some will cover the party from the rear but most will be with the cattle. During an advance, the riflemen shoot over the heads of the spearmen. Turkana attacks used to take place only at dawn or in the evening, but now, thanks to the presence of the riflemen, they may take place at any time.

To counter a raiding formation, the defending forces sometimes surround it. Usually, the defense is able to surround only part of it, and this part, if possible, is the forward tip of the columns, where the cattle and most of the riflemen are. If the defense surrounds the cattle, the raiders' two columns will separate, advance, and surround the defense. Defense by surrounding is a dangerous business, requiring many men—more men than are usually found prepared for battle in any group of neighborhoods at any given time. The advantage therefore lies with the raiders. So for defense against a raiding party armed with rifles the Dodoth ordinarily use guerrilla tactics—ambush and harassment—as the people of Morukore did on the day of the June raid.

EVERYONE in the Lokoki district of Dodoth knew that a raid was coming. The surprise aspect of the raid would be limited to its exact time and

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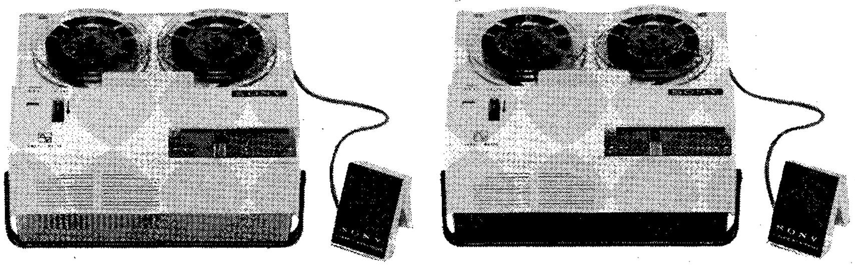

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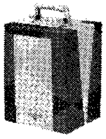

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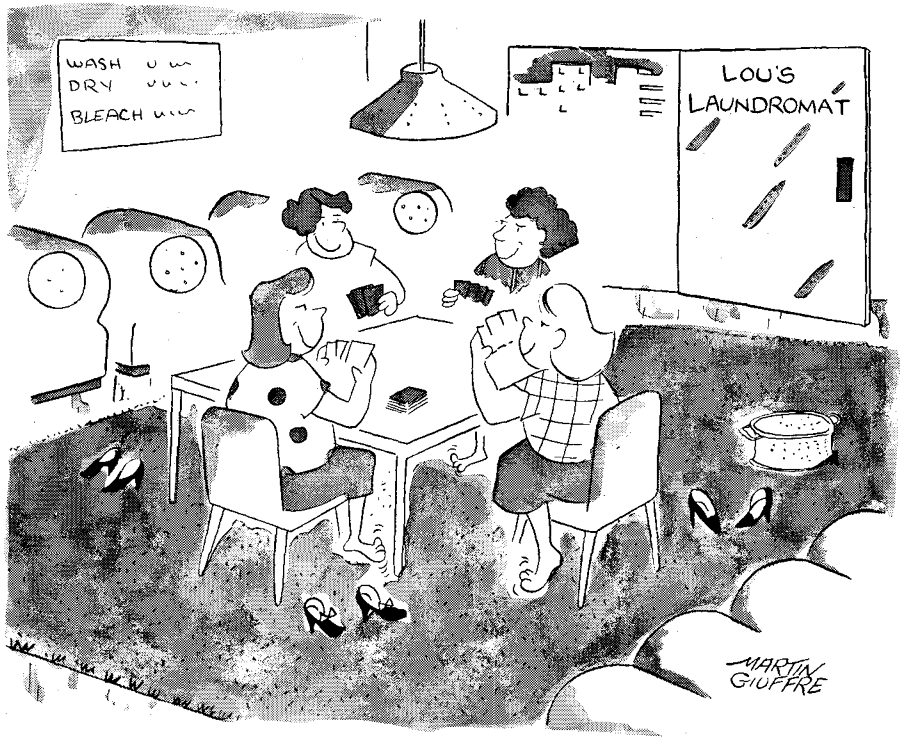

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place, for the tracks of hundreds of men had been found leading toward the hills west of Morukore, where the raiding party assembled. The prints of Turkana sandals differed from those of the Dodoth, but even if the men went barefoot, as most of them did, there was only one reason for so large a group to gather without being seen. It took several days for the raiders to mass. They had come from different parts of Turkanaland in small groups, passing through settled areas of Dodoth at night. They had brought both food and rifles, so they were able to take their time getting organized. The Dodoth did not try to surprise them or rout them out. As far as I know, the only action taken against a raiding party while it is assembling is a campaign by courageous young men—of which there are plenty in Dodoth—of spying and listening at night near the raiders' encampment in the hope of overhearing the raiders' plans. Sometimes, it is said, the raiders purposely discuss false plans, and sometimes, if their camp is well placed—for instance, on a wooded hill—and well guarded, it is not possible for spies to come near, and because this was the case on that fresh June morning when the Turkana, organized at last, came out of the hills to form mile-long straggling columns on either side of the Lokoki Valley, the Dodoth were not well prepared.

The raid began near the community of Kalapata, about five miles north of Morukore. The people of Morukore heard shouts and rifle fire and alarm cries, and ran out of their dwellings to fight or hide. A man who lived near Kalapata came dashing down the main pathway, running for his life, and presently a group of thirty Turkana appeared, all armed with spears, and all under the cover of two naked riflemen who knelt on the hillside behind them and guarded the advance through their sights. The spearmen dispersed in small groups to capture cattle. Another of my friends, Uri, upon hearing the alarm, concealed his wives, his old aunts, and his small children in a thicket of euphorbia that grew on top of Morukore; took two spears and stood, with his sons, beside the thicket, defending the hilltop all that morning; and speared two of the Turkana raiders who tried to attack them there. Three Turkana went into the valley below Morukore, where they found the cattle camp of Bilo, a frail, small elderly man, who was married to the sister of the eldest of Lopore's wives. Bilo, who was also a very brave man, had run from his camp to confront the dispersing Turkana and their rifle-

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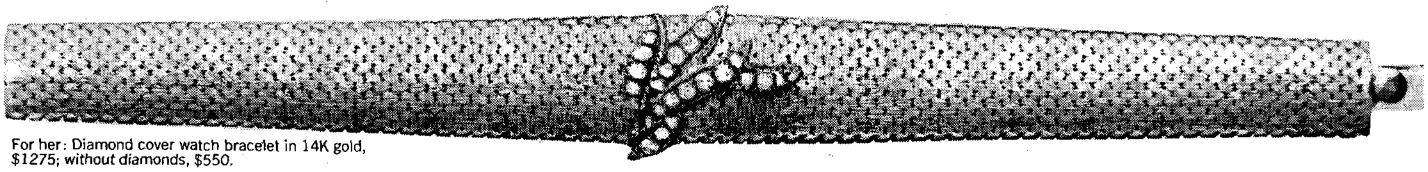

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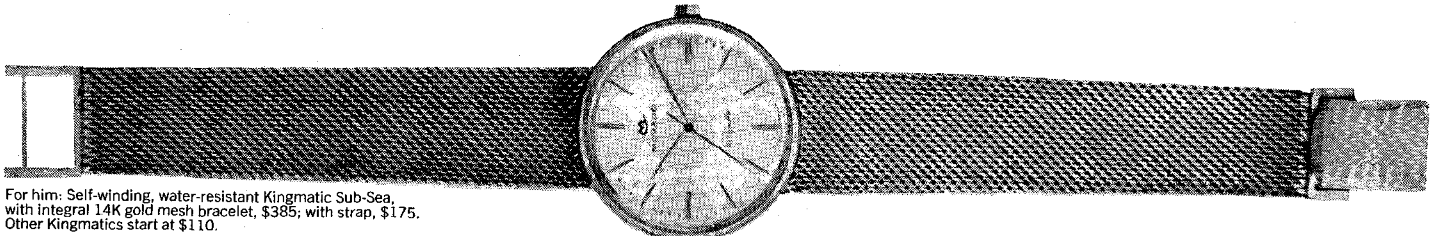

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men. His two little sons, aged three and five, hid in the thorn fence of the camp, behind the cattle. But even in Dodoth little children cannot keep still. When the three raiders found the camp, they noticed the boys immediately, knew they had plenty of time and had nothing to fear from the children, and took a rest there, sharing a gourd of milk that stood under the fence. When they were ready to leave, one drove out the cattle, one blocked the gate, and the third pulled the children out of the fence and slaughtered them with his spear. All this was seen and recounted by Bilo's ten-year-old nephew, who had been on his way to join his little cousins when he saw the Turkana coming and hid in a tree.

That June morning, Lopore and his two grown sons had joined forces with a neighbor and a house guest of the neighbor—a rich, burly man who came from afar. These five watched the riflemen, and after a while, knowing the rough hillsides and the tactics of the Turkana, hid themselves in what they felt was a logical place for a rifleman to pass—a clump of flowering bushes at the mouth of a ravine. They were quite right. When a Turkana rifleman came cautiously through, the four Morukore men fell on him and held him down while the house guest clubbed him to death with the stock of his own rifle. They then divided his ornaments, cutting off his ears to get his earrings and cutting off his hair to get his headdress—a cap of red feathers, which fell to Lopore. He wore the headdress through July and August, and it earned him a nickname. "Hey, Turkana!" people would call. The house guest got the rifle. The Dodoth must have quite a few rifles—useless without bullets—acquired in this way.

FROM the start of the raiding, in January, until the end of November, when we left, there were, according to a police census, a hundred and twenty-five raids involving the Dodoth. Of these, the Dodoth mounted twelve against the Turkana and twenty-eight against the Jie. Against the Dodoth, the Turkana retaliated with forty-nine raids and the Jie with thirty, and six times the Jie and the Turkana joined forces and raided Dodoth together. During these raids, according to police reports, more than a hundred and fifty people were killed, and twenty-five thousand head of cattle changed hands. In some respects, I think, the police figures are inaccurate, especially with regard to the numbers of people killed. Eyewitness accounts of specific raids,

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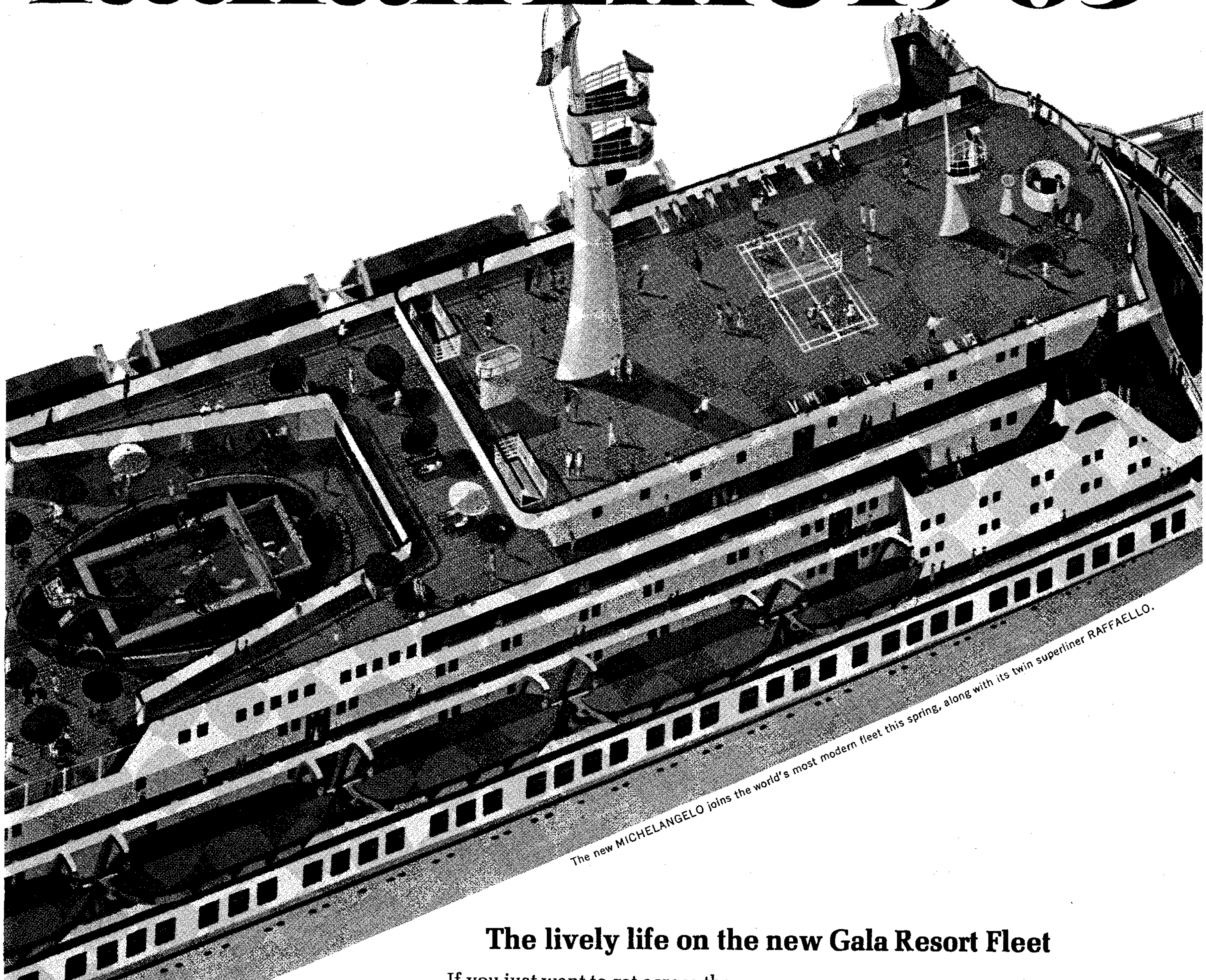

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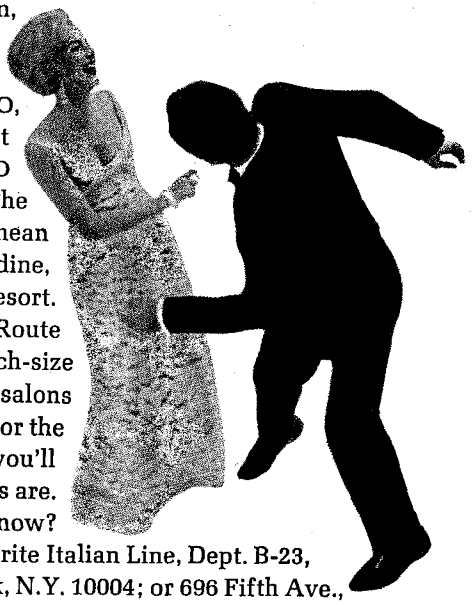

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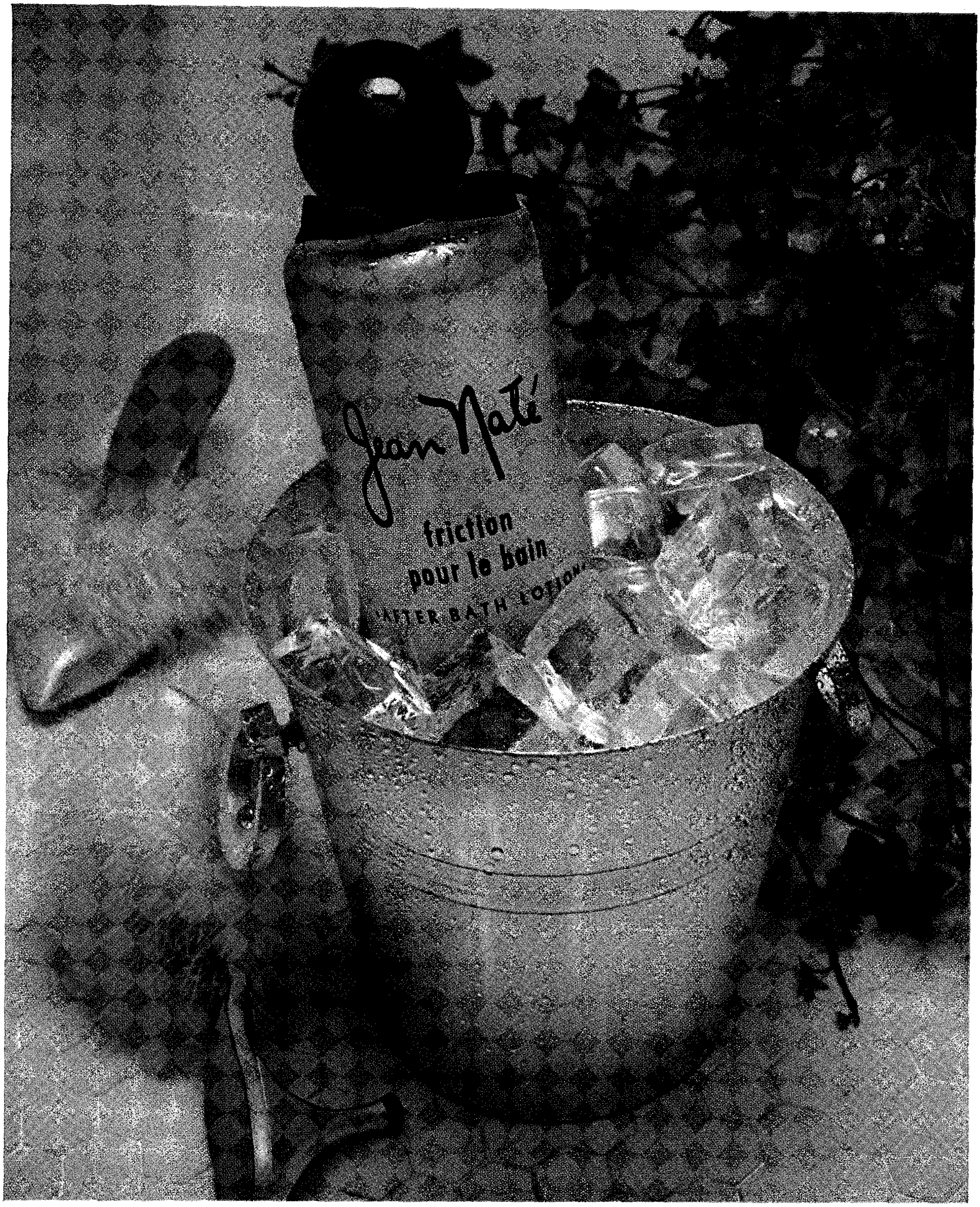
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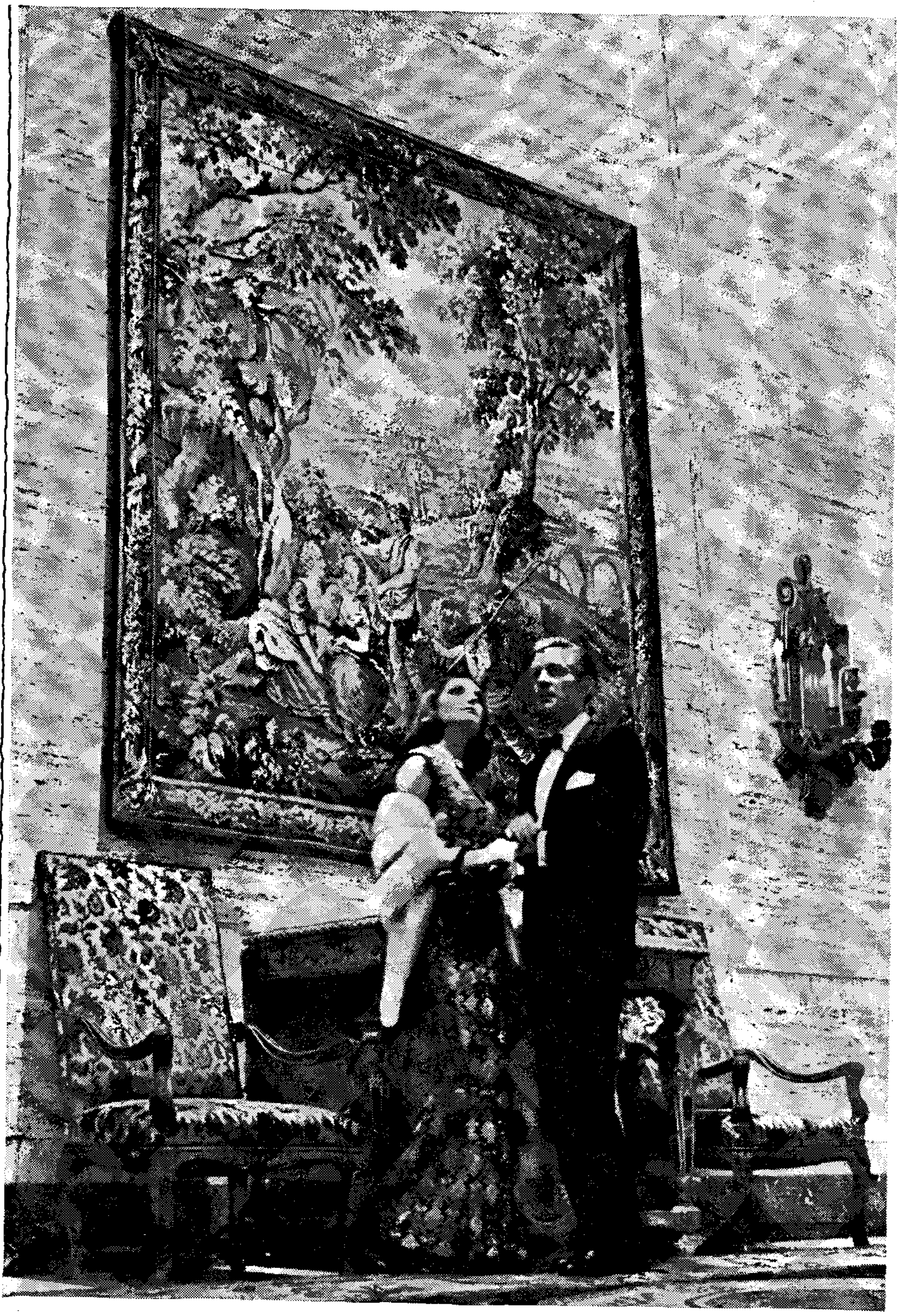
such as the June raid on Morukore, would bring the toll of the dead very much higher; the police files have no record of the five people killed on Morukore that June day. And in quoting the police census I am not counting as raids the murders, on April 28th and 30th, in Kaabong and the town of Morulem, of two Turkana women by vengeful Dodoth, or a hand-to-hand combat between a Dodoth and a Jie whom he met near the border, and by whom he was killed, or the Turkana's burning down of a road workers' camp up in the north, near an ancient sacred fig tree called Pirre, on March 8th. Nor do the police files report as a hostility an attempt by the Turkana to blind the Dodoth. At the end of August, the crafty Turkana led an old blind woman to the border and abandoned her there, hoping that she would wander into Dodoth and would be found and killed by Dodoth warriors. If she was killed, it was believed, her assassins would go blind themselves. The plot failed; the old woman was found and taken to Kaabong. But if the police figures may be inaccurate in some respects, they show one enormous fact so clearly that small discrepancies make no difference; this is the number of cattle lost to the Dodoth. In their forty raids against their enemies, the Dodoth captured sixty-four hundred cattle, of which thirty-four hundred were recovered at the time of the raids by the police or by their owners, leaving three thousand in Dodoth hands. But in the eighty-five raids against the Dodoth eighteen thousand cattle were captured from them, of which eight thousand five hundred were recovered. In other words, about sixty-five hundred more cattle left the country than were re-



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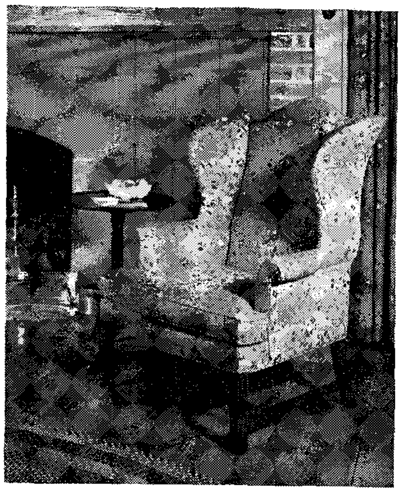

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gained. The bad effects of this, of course, were felt by individuals. In raiding, one man will lose his entire herd and become a pauper in an hour, while his neighbor's herd, not found by the raiders, will remain intact. In Morukore, during the June raid, Bilo lost all his cattle. Despite his courage, he was left with nothing, and when we met him in July, he had accepted asylum and six head of cattle from Lopore, and was building a dwelling adjoining Lopore's northern wall.

The people of Morukore were able to take care of their own; no refugees left the area to become famine victims begging in Kaabong. But by July, when we arrived, the population of the district had begun shifting—a bad sign. Remi, the owner of a cattle camp on Morukore, withdrew to his dwelling in the western section of Lokoki, the camps in the forest were abandoned, and the three easternmost families of the neighborhood just north of Morukore moved away. The eastern line of habitation was thus brought to the doors of Uri and two men named Mora and Lothimidik, and Lopore was furious. Remi having been the first to give way to nerves, Lopore talked of denying him the right to water in the river, since he would not stay to defend it, and publicly called him a very cowardly man. Almost every day, news would come that a raid had taken place nearby or that raiders were assembling. Once, on a hazy bright day when eight men had gathered at Lopore's *etem*, or sitting place, to talk and whittle, everyone suddenly jumped to his feet, listening and looking, silent and intent. Presently, everyone relaxed and, smiling, sat down again. Some road workers, who had rebuilt their camp south of Pirre, had set off a blast in the far distance, and it had sounded like a shot. The raiding, by dislodging people from their homes, brought on an outbreak of stealing, and almost every morning someone in Morukore would find that during the night his gardens had been robbed. A thief caught near Kathile, some miles to the south, was speared through the throat; the thief lived to visit the dispenser, who sewed him up. One hot afternoon, a boy caught stealing in Kaabong walked into the dispensary with his throat slit from ear to ear; speaking hoarsely and painfully, he said that he had cut himself falling on a stick—a statement that made all the Dodoth patients waiting in the flyblown anteroom laugh heartily.

Throughout the troubled times, the work of the countryside went on. The cattle had to graze and drink daily,

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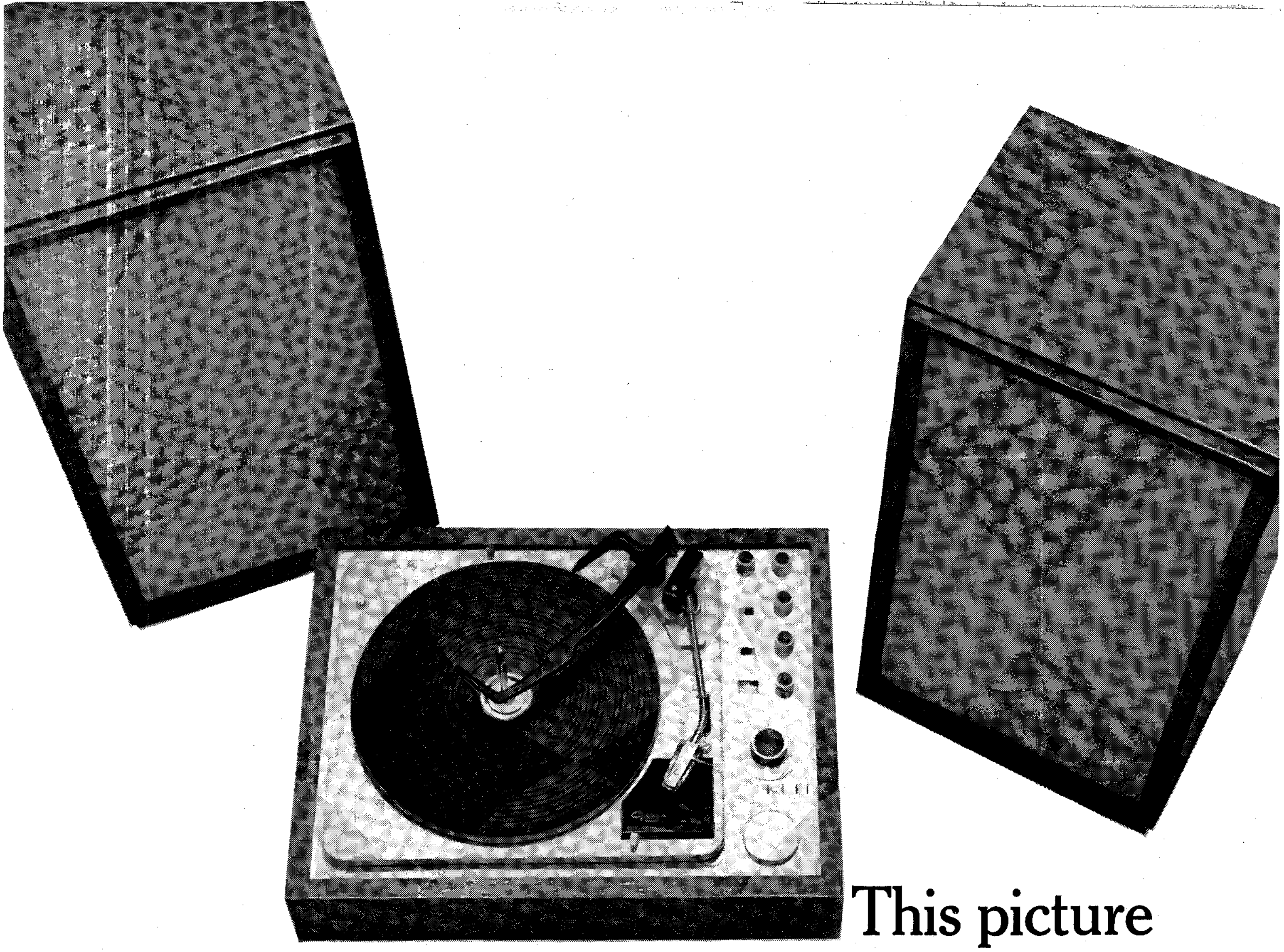

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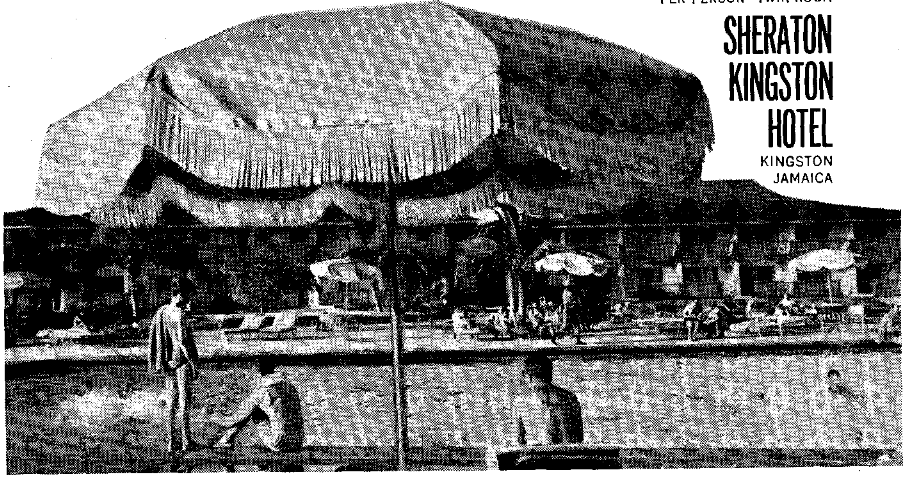

even though reports came to the neighborhoods that the Turkana had moved to occupy the forest beyond the river. Sometimes, early in the morning or just at dusk, a plume of smoke would be noticed rising from the depths of the woods—the morning or evening fire of whoever waited there. The Turkana were as bold as brass, being perfectly certain that the Dodoth, disarmed by the British Protectorate government and therefore without rifles, would never seek them out. Adwong, Lopore's third wife, often came to our camp in terror to beg us to give her water. The Turkana were by the river, she would say, and she was afraid to go there. Sometimes we would give her water. Sometimes Lopore would catch her begging and would scold her fiercely for it, so sometimes she would be made to go to the river. But sometimes, if her fear overcame her entirely, she would send her daughter. The little girl, affected by her mother's terror, would set off alone, walking slowly, almost numbly, the water jar atop her head. The Dodoth are not protective of their children. In that country, the most dangerous work is done by the children—by the eight-to-fifteen-year-old boys, who tend the cattle. Every day, these boys take the herds into the wild pastures, and every day during the dry season between noon and two or three o'clock there are ten or fifteen herds at the river, waiting in an orderly file that reaches almost a mile up the roadlike riverbed; as each herd is given water at the permanent water hole—the water is handed up from the shadowy well in calabashes by the herdboys and splashed into the community trough, a hollow log—the cattle drink and blow, and then the herd moves slowly up the bank, and each of the waiting herds moves forward one place. Now and then, a group of armed Dodoth stand guard over the cattle and the herdboys on a rock slide at the top of the bank, but usually there are hundreds of cattle guarded only by children, who come at the same time every day.

It is hard to say why life is lived this way. When Dodoth parents do lose their children, they feel the loss no less than parents who protect their children more. Bilo and his wife became silent and withdrawn after their little boys were killed by the Turkana, and went about the business of building their new dwelling as automatically as two ants. Bilo would go methodically into the bush and return with a log, his wife would go slowly in another direction and return with branches, again and

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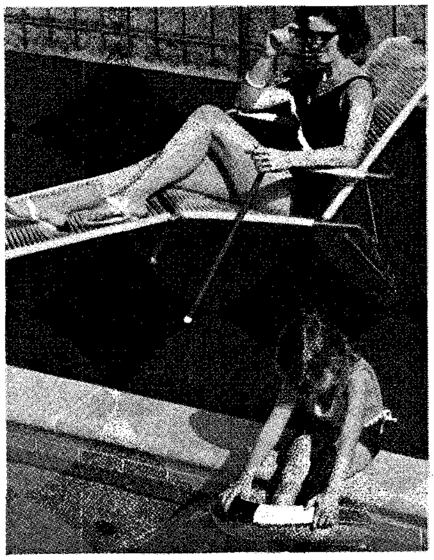

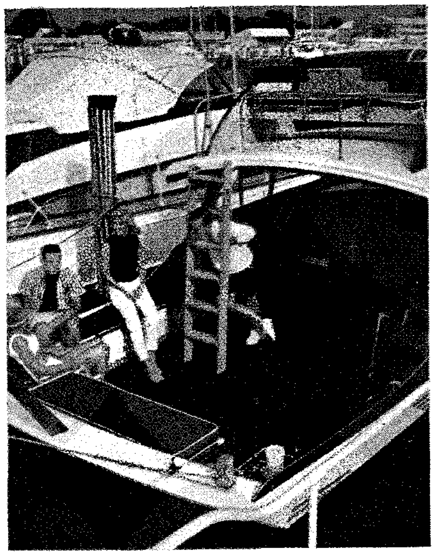

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again, day after day, as the round wall grew, but the only person one would hear speaking when one passed the new wall was their grown daughter's fiancé. He was a pleasant, personable young man, polite and kindly, and helpful to Bilo, and he would sometimes try to introduce a note of gaiety into the new home. But the family was like a hand with two fingers amputated and unable to close itself because of its wounds. No one would respond to him.

VERY early one morning in the late summer, when rain clouds were settled on the ridges, so that the air was cold and heavy and the light was gray, an alarm began sounding in the distance. It was an unearthly, high-pitched, rising cry, a "Lulululululu!," plainly audible, though so far away, which in a moment was repeated from a hill nearby, then from a third hill, and then from a fourth, and then spread west out over the plain. After that came whistles, and a word faintly shouted over and over—possibly "Enemies!" ("*Ngimoe!*")—and a little dog on Morukore began to bark, and, after the cry, to howl weirdly. I had never heard such a cry in my life, but I knew what it was. It was a sound to make you stiffen and to set your skin crawling under your clothes. The sound slowly faded into the distance opposite the direction from which it came, until I could no longer hear it, and in the intense silence that followed I went part way down the hill. The light was faint and dim, and in the gloom I saw Lopore crawl out through his very low doorway, dragging his shield and spear. He stood up, shouldered his spear, turned his shield so that its black ostrich-feather ball was at the top (it would have been at the bottom if his quarry had been an animal), and walked quickly, through the foggy hollow between the ridges, heading north—the direction from which the alarm had first come. Then came a sound of someone running and crashing in the bushes, and a woman appeared. She was a wife of Lothimidik, the rich young man whose dwelling was just north of our camp, and she was going toward the euphorbia thicket on the hilltop. Lopore called out to her, "They'll kill you if they find you there!" She stopped for a moment, looked around, and then ran on. After a time, Lopore came quickly back, ducked in through his doorway, and emerged again with an ox horn, which he blew, producing a blast like that of a muted ram's-horn trumpet. It told the people on the far side of the hill to gather, because a raid was on the way. Al-

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ready, on the paths below the hill, men from the district were walking quickly, almost running, with their spears. Men were passing our fence in twos and threes, all with their long spears on their shoulders and their little shields on their arms—rectangles of oxhide, made not to cover the body but to be swung, catching and deflecting spears.

The men were gathering in a grove beside our camp. Soon almost thirty had assembled—a formidable company, I thought, consisting of such large people—and if any of them felt uneasy, they didn't show it but spoke and acted in a quick, businesslike manner. They had assembled like this many times before, and everyone knew what to do. Some of the men had already begun to strip from their spear blades small, grooved leather thongs that had been sheathing the edges, and the sharp rims gleamed. Others, instead of carrying their spears, stacked them against the trees the way soldiers stack rifles. Most of the men were waiting for Lopore, who presently strode up and said angrily that the raiders had been seen near Kalapata, and that the Dodoth should go to meet them there. It was the first definite news of the morning. Three of the younger men backed away from the group and began to run in and out of the bushes, ducking and rising, twisting and feinting, in an eerie kind of stylized movement—a deadly dance. It was the movement of Dodoth in battle, quite formal and planned, designed to present a weaving target to enemy spears. Lopore scanned the crowd. "Someone is not here," he said loudly. I noticed that several people who could have rallied for defense were absent, Remi among them. The courage necessary to seek out a raiding party armed with at least one rifle is not found in everyone—a lack that Lopore despised. Uri was nearby. He had removed his cape and sandals—these catch in the bush, and detain a warrior—and, his face serene, he said, "We are needed elsewhere. Perhaps others will join us. Let us not wait here." Most of the group of thirty men set off with long, rapid strides toward Kalapata. One of them, a householder, was empty-handed, because his sons had borrowed his weapons and gone on ahead. "My spears have gone before me," he said, causing a burst of laughter in the procession that hurried through the trees. Five or six men climbed into my Land-Rover. "Hurry," they said to me (my husband had returned a few days previously to the United States), and, without having planned to, I found myself driving in

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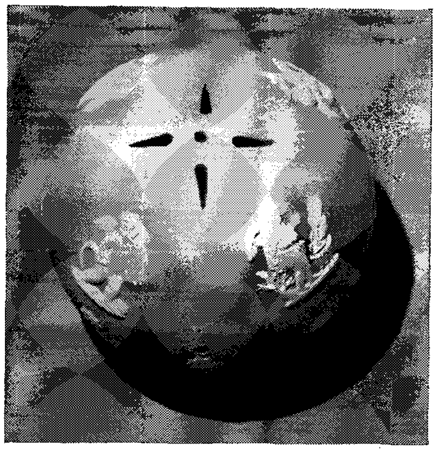

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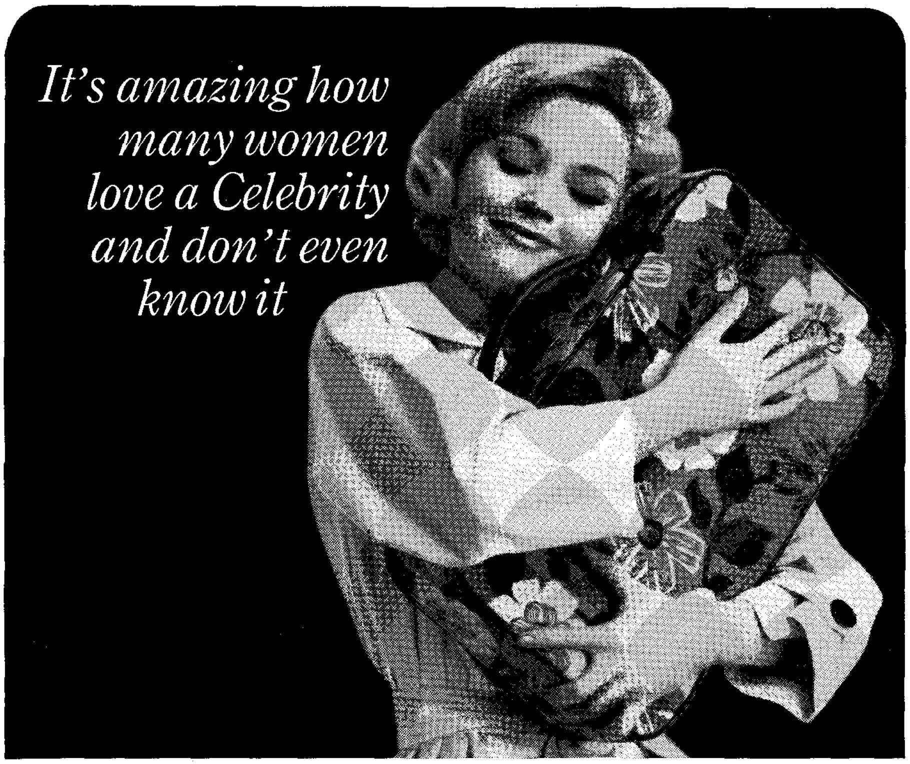

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the wet, dim morning, the back of the Land-Rover bristling with spears, so that it looked like a hedgehog.

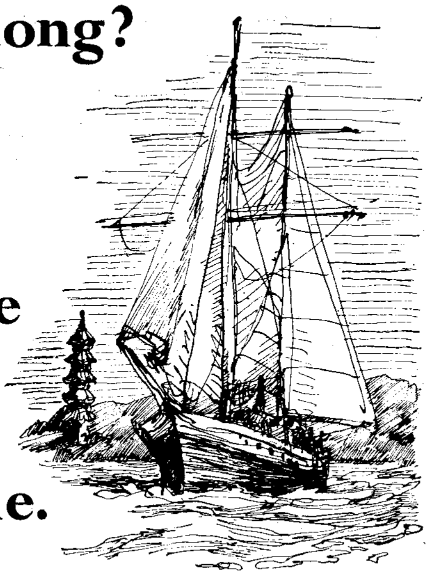
Kalapata was a clearing that the road passed through—a tiny place, a shallow basin of hard red earth amid the bushes and trees. There were no Dodoth dwellings in the town itself (these stood on the hills around), but at one side of the basin stood five or six red earth *dhukas*, with gleaming, galvanized-tin roofs—the shops of Westernized storekeepers, Uri's son among them, whose families lived in courtyards behind the shops proper. Usually, these courtyards were noisy, but not that morning. The storekeepers had gone after the raiders, and the families were hiding, keeping very still. At the edge of the basin where the road went in was planted a blue-and-yellow sign that said "Nile Beer" and, below, in smaller letters, "Kalapata." Groups of naked warriors were trotting past the sign and through the town, and disappearing in the bush beyond. A drizzling rain began to fall. I waited in the Land-Rover for something definite to happen, but the spearmen in the back climbed out. As they did, they were joined by the men from Morukore who had come on foot, the long stride of the Dodoth being just as fast as a vehicle grinding along the rough road. Everyone waited by the Land-Rover, because the men who had vanished in the bush were beginning to come back. No one had found any Turkana. A rumor had it that they had retreated into the hills and might be planning to attack elsewhere, since the surprise had been spoiled. Lopore summoned his oldest sons and sent them home to guard his cattle. Other men were doing the same; an air of haste and determination had entered the gathering, and soon every household had sent a few of its members back to take up guard duty, while those who remained regrouped themselves to follow an alternate plan. It was like the Dodoth to have no formal leader, no general to tell people what to do. A hasty conference took place, and then most of the men from Kalapata fanned out and disappeared among the trees. The men from eastern Lokoki did not join them, however—I think because the sense of a common endeavor that would have united them if the raiders had been engaged at Kalapata had no force as long as the raid was still impending, so each group wanted to insure its own ground. The men from eastern Lokoki wanted to go to the hill where the raiders had first been seen, to travel in a half circle north of Lokoki, perhaps

FAR MORE ELOQUENTLY THAN WORDS, MUSIC CREATES A BRIDGE BETWEEN PEOPLE OF DIVERGENT TONGUES AND CULTURES. ITS LANGUAGE, UNIVERSALLY UNDERSTOOD, SPEAKS DIRECTLY TO THE HEART. THIS WEEK, WITH "INTERNATIONAL HOUR: FESTIVAL OF MUSIC," THE FIVE CBS OWNED TELEVISION STATIONS—CHANNEL 2 IN NEW YORK, LOS ANGELES, CHICAGO; CHANNEL 4 IN ST. LOUIS AND CHANNEL 10 IN PHILADELPHIA — INAUGURATE THE FIFTH ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL PROGRAM EXCHANGE. THE OPENING PROGRAM (CONSULT YOUR LOCAL LISTINGS FOR TIME AND DATE) WAS PRODUCED ESPECIALLY FOR THE EXCHANGE BY KMOX-TV ST. LOUIS, AND FEATURES MUSIC FROM THE AMERICAS—AARON COPLAND, GEORGE GERSHWIN, CARLOS CHAVEZ, PETER MENNIN, ERNEST GOLD, JEROME KERN AND LEONARD BERNSTEIN — PERFORMED BY AMERICAN BORN BARITONE ROBERT MERRILL, THE FAMOUS PIANO TEAM OF FERRANTE AND TEICHER AND THE ST. LOUIS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, THE SECOND-OLDEST SYMPHONIC ORGANIZATION IN THE UNITED STATES, UNDER THE BATON OF BRAZILIAN CONDUCTOR ELEAZAR DE CARVALHO. IN FOLLOWING WEEKS, THE FIVE STATIONS WILL BRING THEIR VAST AUDIENCES MUSIC AND DANCE PROGRAMS PRODUCED IN SUCH FAR-OFF PLACES AS AUSTRALIA, JAPAN, MALAYSIA AND VENEZUELA. IN TURN, AS IN YEARS PAST, ALL INTERNATIONAL HOUR PROGRAMS WILL BE FREELY EXCHANGED AMONG ALL PARTICIPATING NATIONS—A POTENTIAL OVERSEAS AUDIENCE NUMBERING IN THE MILLIONS. (BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH THE FIVE CBS OWNED STATIONS, THE SERIES WILL ALSO BE SEEN ON 14 STATIONS OF THE EASTERN EDUCATIONAL NETWORK IN SUCH MAJOR CITIES AS WASHINGTON, D.C., BOSTON, PITTSBURGH AND BUFFALO.) ON THIS WEEK'S SEASONAL PREMIERE, THE DOWNBEAT WILL ORIGINATE IN ST. LOUIS. BUT THANKS TO THIS UNIQUE ADVENTURE IN GLOBAL TELEVISION, THE MUSIC WILL ECHO THE WORLD OVER...EACH NOTE SERVING TO STRENGTHEN FURTHER THE VITAL BOND OF UNDERSTANDING BETWEEN COUNTRIES AND THEIR PEOPLE. **CBS TELEVISION STATIONS** ◉ A DIVISION OF COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM, INC., OPERATING WCBS-TV NEW YORK, KNXT LOS ANGELES, WBBM-TV CHICAGO, WCAU-TV PHILADELPHIA, KMOX-TV ST. LOUIS.

even to look down over the district from the high hills. Then, if the raiders were seen taking cattle from the district, the Dodoth could also ambush the raiders and cut off their escape. Suddenly, the group setting out into the remote expanse of hills seemed a small one.

Just then, a group of six strangers appeared from behind one of the *dhukas*. They were not Dodoth but shorter people, dressed in undershirts and khaki trousers. "Don't worry, Madam," one of them said to me, in a tone of contempt, and speaking English. "These people always think there will be a raid." They were policemen from Kaabong, posted in Kalapata to forestall a raid. "We're just going now to have a look," said a sergeant, and the six men went back behind the *dhuka*, to put on the rest of their clothes. Many minutes later, they emerged in full uniform, each with a helmet, boots, and a rifle, and the sergeant asked if they could use my car. Not liking to refuse, though Lopore seemed angry, I said they could, and they all got in. Lopore got in, too. (I didn't know why until much later, when he told me that he not only had wanted to search the hillside but had promised my husband to look after me. That day, and many times afterward, he was as good as his word.) The highest-ranking policemen sat in front. The lowest-ranking and least experienced sat in back, in the open, exposure being in inverse ratio to experience. Lopore sat on the tailgate, with his long legs hanging down. At first, the police were unwilling to have him come at all, but I, not realizing why he had joined us, told the sergeant that if Lopore wanted to come, he would come, or I wouldn't drive; then everyone was angry, and when we drove on, no one spoke. Most women in Africa do not demand and insist—especially the delightful women of southern Uganda, which was where the policemen came from. And the police, some of whom were fresh from police school, perhaps in Jinja, could see no advantage in having a Dodoth go with them; to the developed, landed agriculturalists of southern Uganda, the Dodoth were heathen tribesmen—disorganized, naked, and wild.

Inside the vehicle was the military smell of leather and of the grease that lubricated all the automatic rifles, and when the men began to speak to one another in Swahili, their voices had a harsh, military sound. I thought the carload must seem formidable, but as we left Kalapata, its red earth clearing empty except for chickens, we saw one wrinkled elder, with a pattern of



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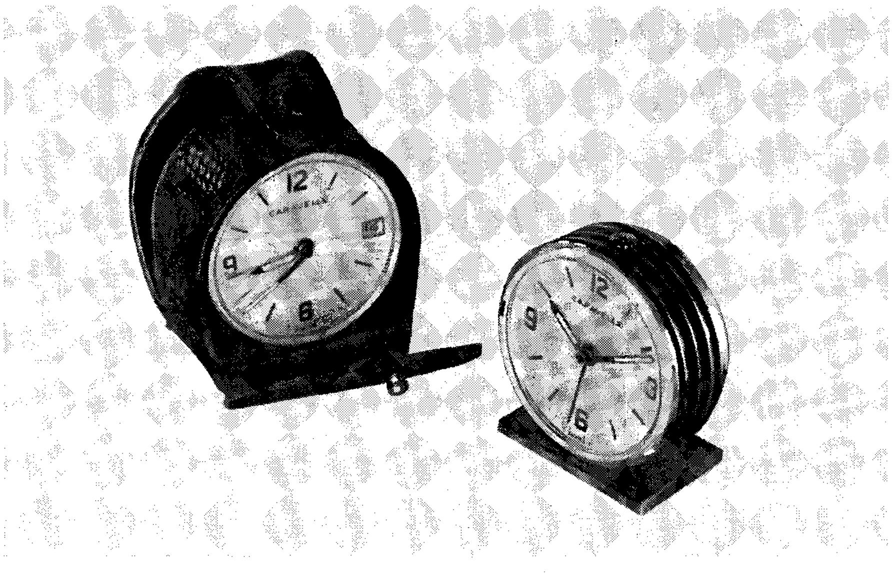

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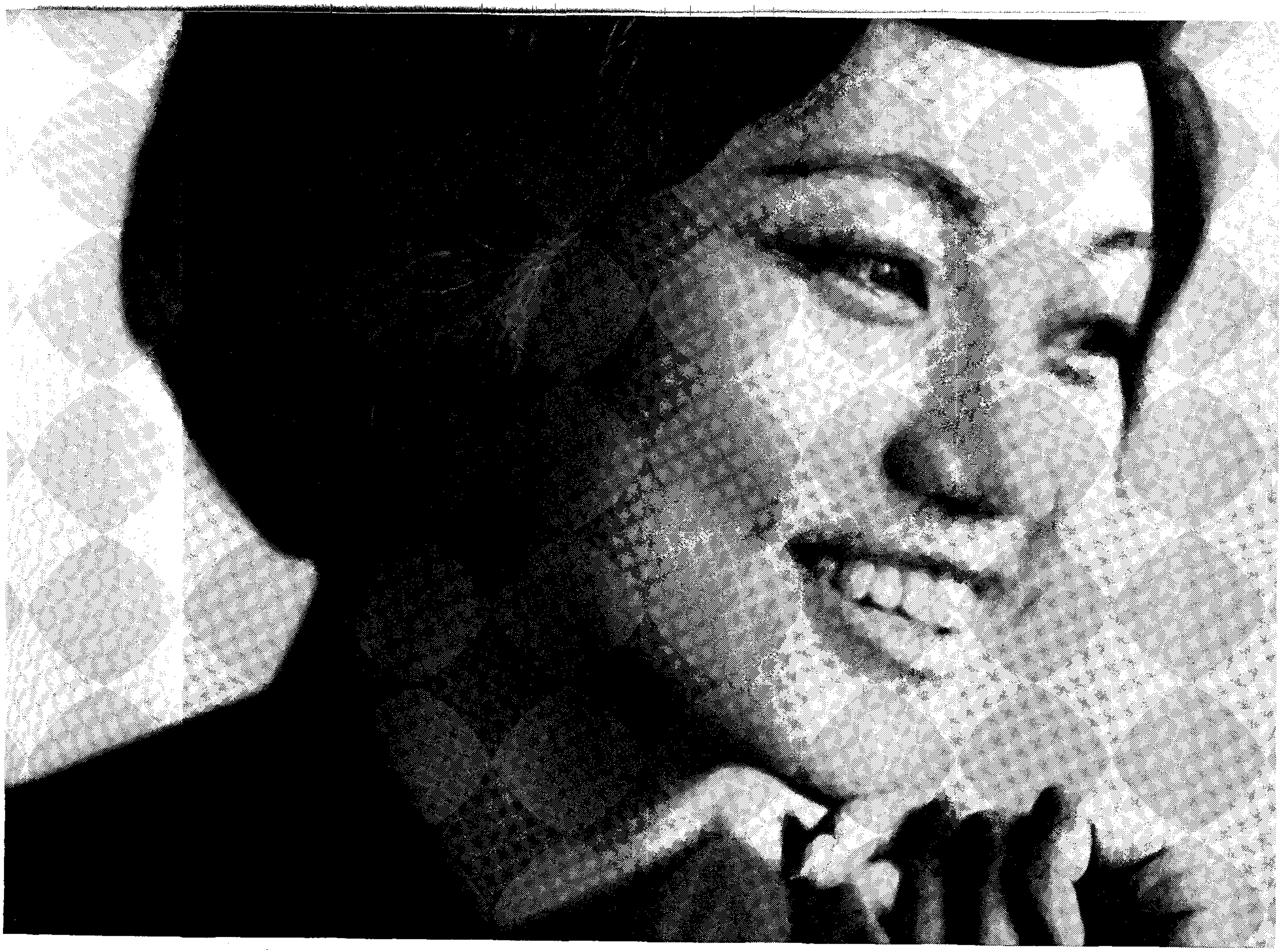

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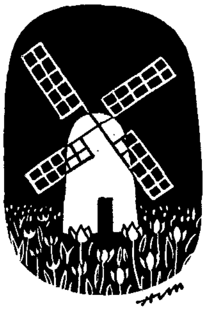
scars all up and down his arms, laughing wryly to himself to see the foreigners about to give chase. The hill was a much longer drive than I had supposed. The rain came down in the silent bush, and the car made its grinding sounds, and soon we seemed exposed and very far away. At one time, in a valley, we stopped while the sergeant sent the youngest corporal to look at a herd of goats on a remote hill. When the corporal had been gone for almost half an hour, I asked what was happening. "The corporal is going to get a goat from the herder," said the sergeant. "Or buy one," he added vaguely. I asked if we couldn't go on to our destination and pick up the corporal on our way back—only then, in the distance, had he encountered the herdboy, an eight- or nine-year-old—but the sergeant said, "We are now keeping watch over him. These herders cause trouble. We will see if he comes back safe, and if he does, so much the better." I noticed that the corporal had left his rifle in the car, perhaps for fear it would be wrested away. The herdboy's father, spear in hand, ran down from his lookout when he saw the police. A rapid discussion between the father and the young corporal followed, and presently the corporal began the long hike back to the car, alone. "The goats were all sick," he said when he joined us. He subsided behind the sergeant and an older, larger corporal, and we drove on.



When we came to the hill, the police got out, carrying their rifles, and, except for the youngest corporal, who stayed with me to guard the car, walked, all bunched together, to the wind-swept summit, perhaps a quarter of a mile away, where they stood uncertainly looking around. Lopore, for his part, set off alone. He had only his shield and spear, and no group behind him, but, as if he were hunting for a dangerous animal, or for a valuable lost object, he watched the ground and poked intently in the bushes. He climbed the hill to look over the land, and, as his search expanded over a wider area, disappeared from sight. The policemen sat down in a cluster on top of the hill, which was bare, whereas the road was in dense bush that went on for miles to the south. The policemen may have been right not to wait by the car, a decoy plainly visible among the leaves, and while we all sat in silence, I began to realize how unwise it had been to come there, and how frightened I was. Thunder was rolling in the hills behind us—the only sound. The young corporal stood by the fender, straight and tall, his face expressionless, and showed his fear only in that he could not keep his hands from shaking. I think he was fifteen or sixteen, not more.

All at once, not far away, a branch cracked sharply. "What was that?" cried the young guard, levelling his rifle at the sound. Then we heard the clack of a cowbell, the noise of trampling, and more branches moving, all of which suddenly ceased as a herd somewhere beyond us was made to stop. The profound silence that followed was broken by a whistle—not that of a bird—and then a rustle, which, we saw, was caused by the bushes swaying, nearer and nearer, as something made its way toward the road. It was very frightening. "Let us get in and drive on," whispered the corporal. I was very glad to go. We went forward until we came to a place where the car could turn around, only to find that the police on the hill had caught up with us, perhaps having feared that we would leave them behind.

"Did you find anything?" I asked the sergeant.

"Absolutely nothing," he said.

"We heard cattle being driven by, over there," said the young corporal.

"Oh?" said the sergeant.

"We can return to Kalapata," said the older corporal.

But we couldn't leave without Lopore.

"What should we do?" I asked Lopore when, shining with rain, he finally appeared.

"Drive back to Kalapata," the sergeant said, with contempt. "Nothing here."

And so we did, going as fast as possible through the hollow where we had heard the sounds.

On the way back, we overtook a group of twelve young men from eastern Lokoki. They were walking casually, spear tails dragging, and parted ranks to let us by. Lopore wanted to speak with them. They told him that the raid had come and gone. A group of Turkana had attacked three dwellings in the northern Kalapata section and had escaped with three entire herds. A large group of Dodoth had followed them and so far had not returned. As for the twelve, their part was over; having made the scouting foray, they

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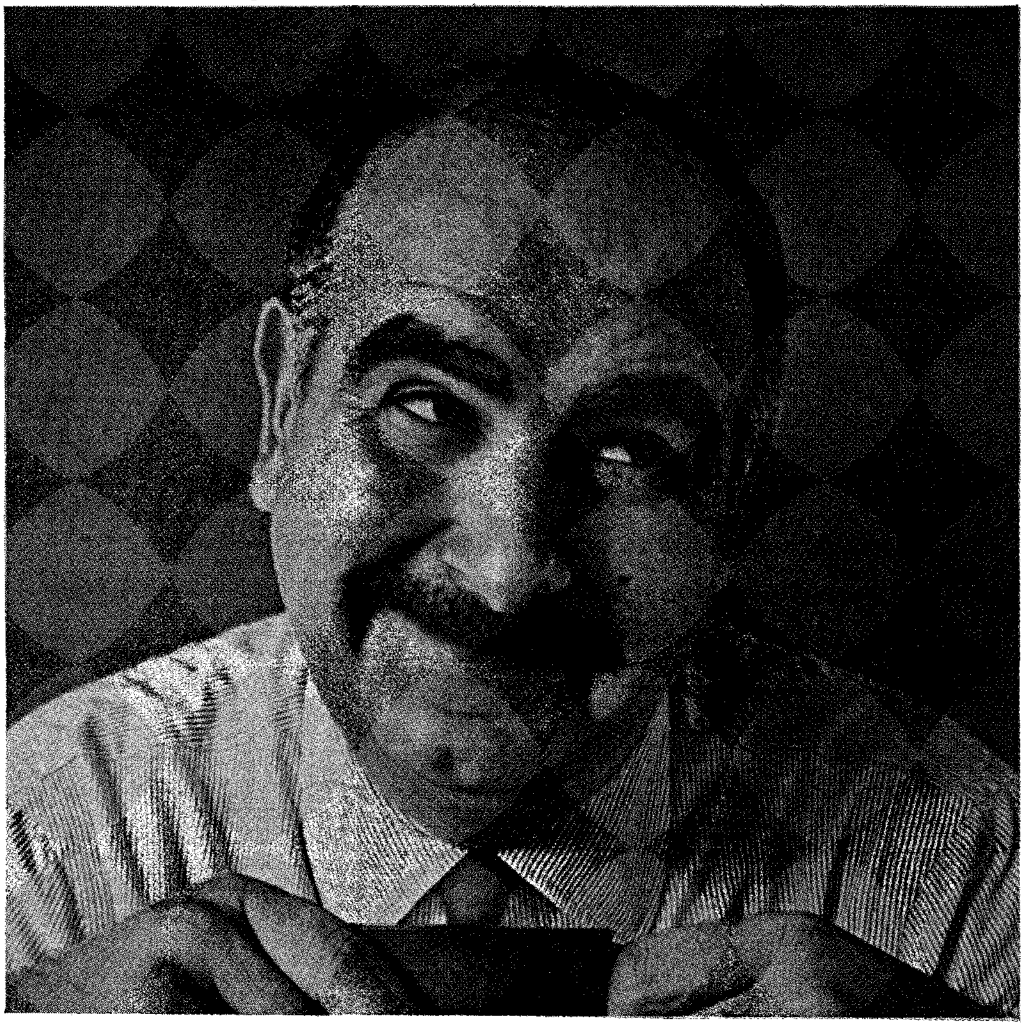

B. Whisper in his ear that you've cancelled the new outfit you ordered. Tell him you have so much to be grateful for, you don't need anything else.

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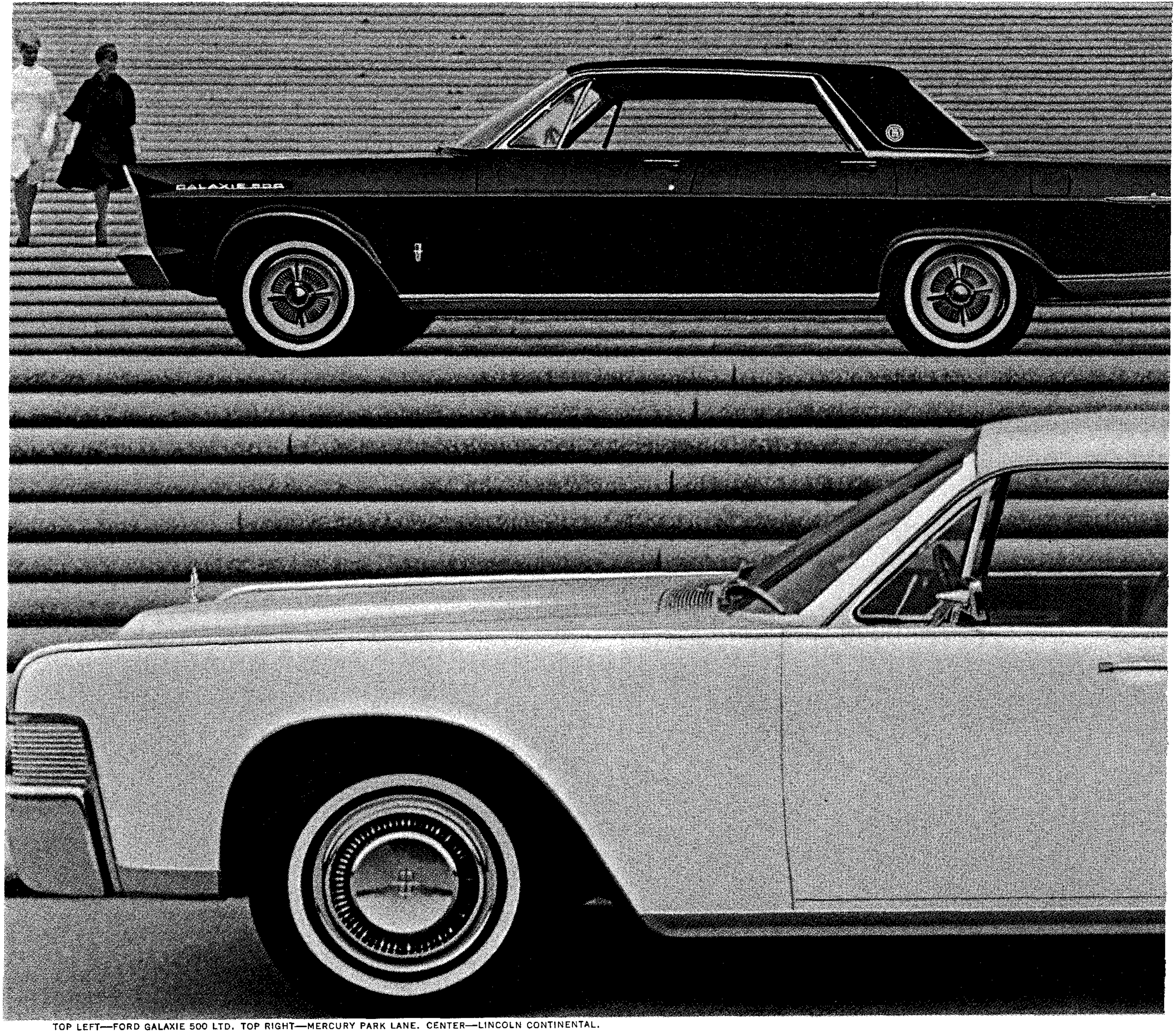

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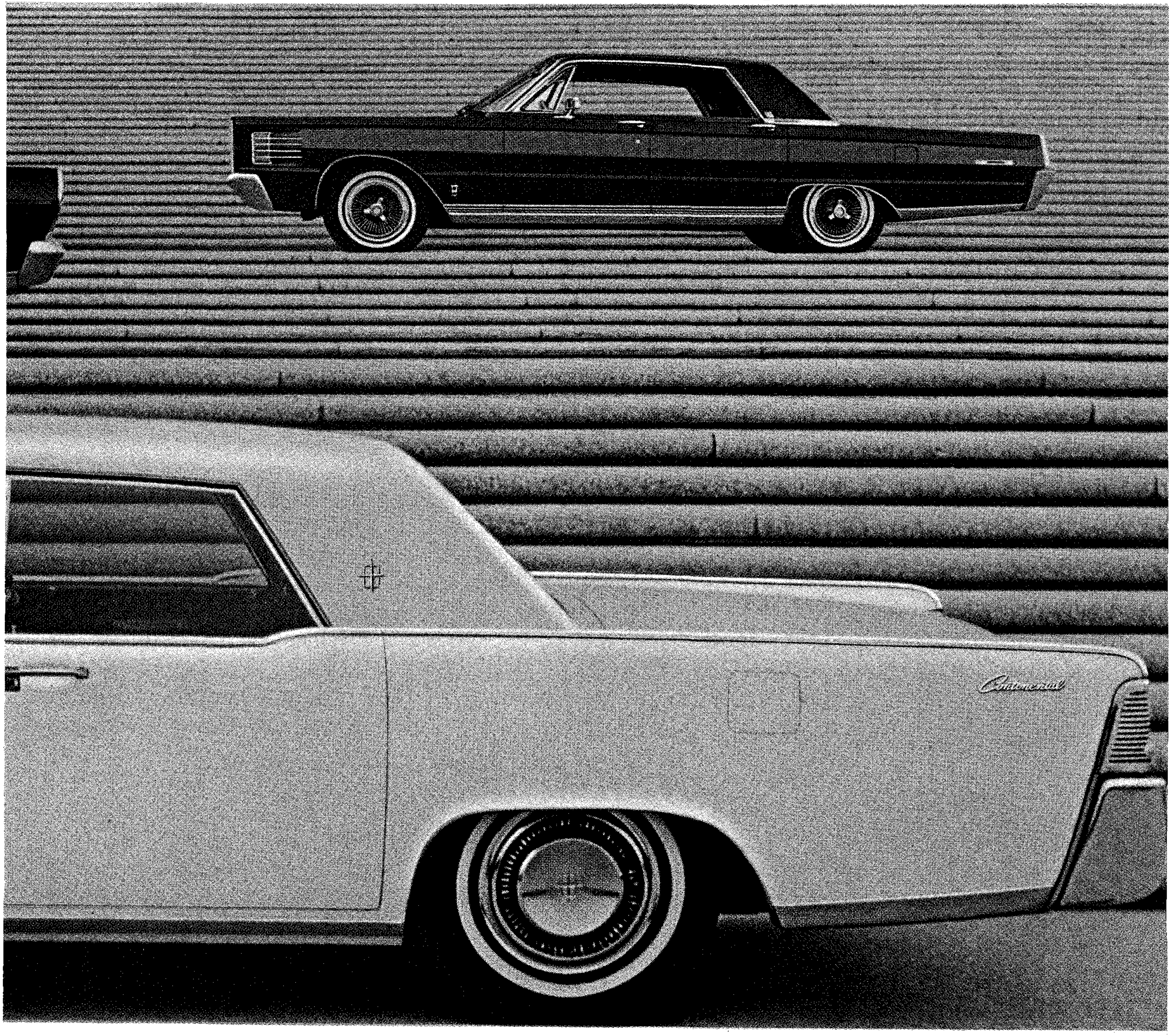

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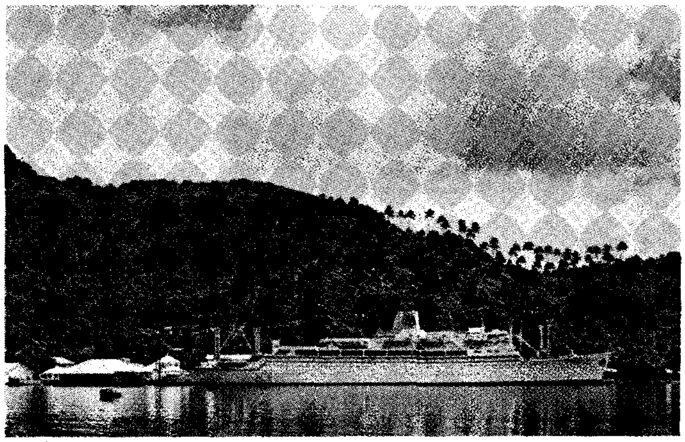

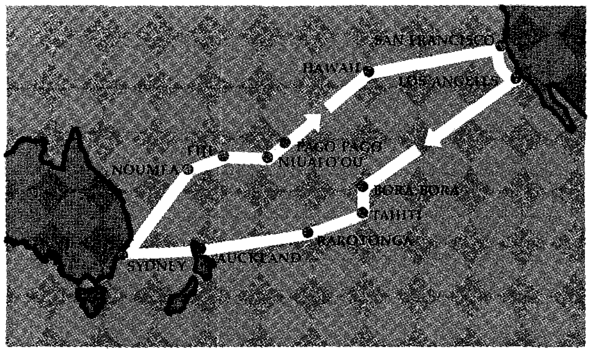

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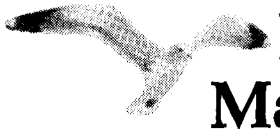

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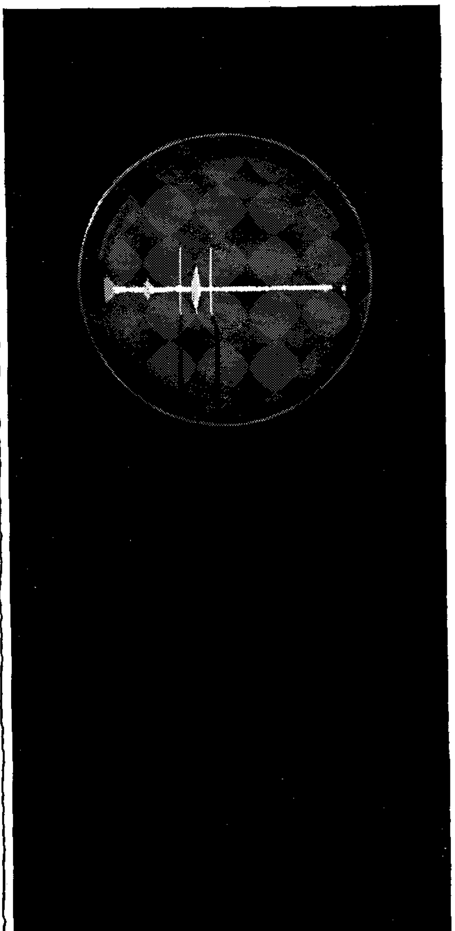
were going home. None of the twelve so much as glanced at the police, who had turned their backs on them and begun to speak together in Swahili.

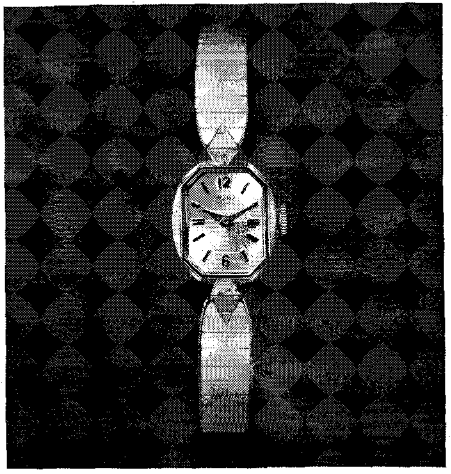
I knew one of the twelve young men rather well. "What do you think of the police?" I asked him when I had a chance.

"Nothing. Where were they?" was his reply.

To this day, I don't know all that happened that rainy morning. I can't, for instance, think who whistled and stirred the bushes by the road. That it was a Dodoth man herding in a place like that during a raid seems quite unlikely; besides, the herd was in the bushes, and cattle don't browse. Yet if the report of the twelve men was accurate, it seems equally unlikely that it was a party of Turkana. The Turkana would have been farther on their way toward their country. So it seems to me now that the person who whistled and shook the branches was a child—a Dodoth child there by accident and hiding, or perhaps a Turkana child—separated by confusion from the main party—who was in charge of a captive herd. Also, I can't say for certain why the twelve young men from eastern Lokoki had not joined the pursuers. My guess is that the obligation to defend nearby neighborhoods or districts does not extend to the retrieving of cattle raided from those neighborhoods. This is not to say that any of the twelve would have failed to join the pursuit if a close friend or relative had been robbed. But in this case, I think it was just not their business. The Dodoth do not risk their lives simply because a robbed householder is a fellow-tribesman, and I think that because the cattle were stolen from Kalapata, it remained for Kalapata people to get them back. This they did. They engaged the Turkana early that afternoon, defeated them, and brought home the three herds before dark. In the fighting, one of the Dodoth and two of the Turkana were killed.

TWO days later, the people of eastern Lokoki heard that they were going to be raided again. The word came from members of the Teutho tribe, in the forest—from, in particular, a young Teutho named Toperih-peri, who occasionally did odd jobs for Lopore, such as gathering wood and helping to repair the fences, in exchange for food. Lopore had caught him stealing once, and had fired him, but their relationship had not been totally destroyed, and now and then Toperih-peri would come with a report. The





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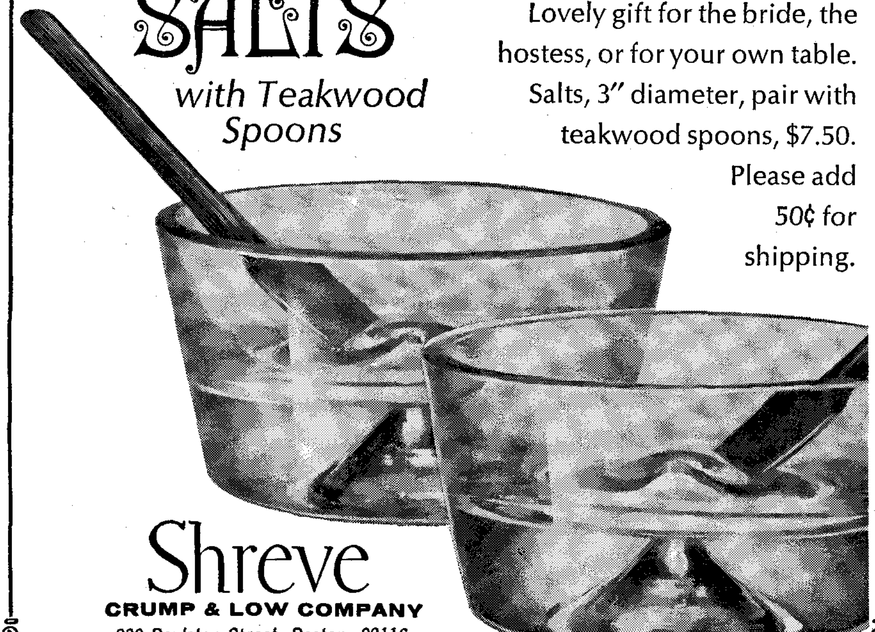

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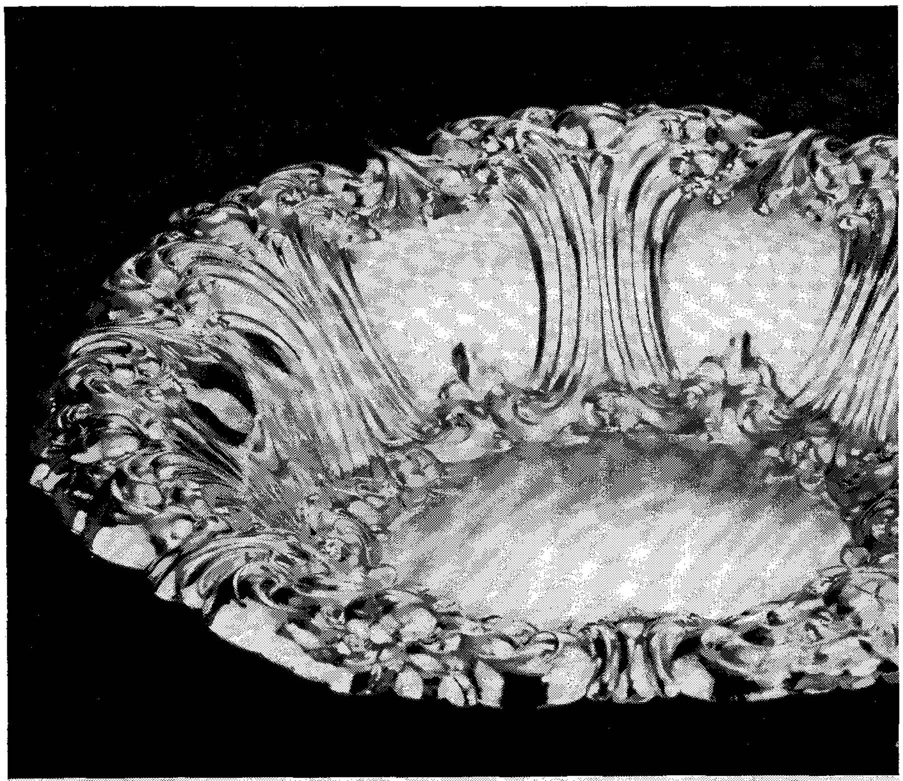

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Teutho spy for the Dodoth. They do this not only for reward but because the Dodoth may punish them severely if they fail to pass information along. For the same reasons, the Teutho spy for the Turkana. The Teutho are an impoverished tribe, few in number, and their position is not an enviable one. The result of their ambiguous loyalties is that the Teutho tell the Turkana where the Dodoth are grazing their cattle, assist the Turkana to hide in the forest and to get food while the raiding party assembles, then announce to the Dodoth that a raid is on the way. It takes courage to live as the Teutho live—not that they have a choice. Toperih-peri was rashly courageous, even for a Teutho, and once, to amuse himself at the expense of the warring parties, he played the exceedingly dangerous game of scaring a Dodoth householder by speaking in Turkana outside the householder's wall at night. According to Lopore, Toperih-peri was a vagabond. This in itself makes a person untrustworthy in the eyes of the substantial Dodoth, who have two terms of insult—"dog" and "bush"—for unestablished people, the first because a dog begs and wanders, and the second because a bush lives in the woods without a home. The fact that the Teutho spy for both sides makes them doubly suspect—it would be perfectly possible for a Teutho to win himself a meal by inventing a raid, for instance, or to oblige the Turkana by diverting a defending force from the actual scene of the raid by means of misleading information—and when Toperih-peri came to Morukore to say that he had learned from the Turkana the previous night that a raid was to come at a point between Kalapata and Morukore sometime the following morning, no one knew whether to believe him.

Several men from the district gathered at Lopore's *etem* early in the morning, to sit on the boulders and look out over the valley. The site mentioned by Toperih-peri was a likely one—a pass between the hills that the Turkana used so often for escape with captured cattle that something like a road was trampled there. The men were talking about the Teutho.

"You can't trust them," said one.

"If they hear our plans for defense, they will tell the Turkana," said another.

"If the Turkana try to pass here, they will not pass easily," said Lopore.

But the raids had been so many and the sense of risk and tension in Dodoth was so great that the men decided to hold a sacrifice, in order to

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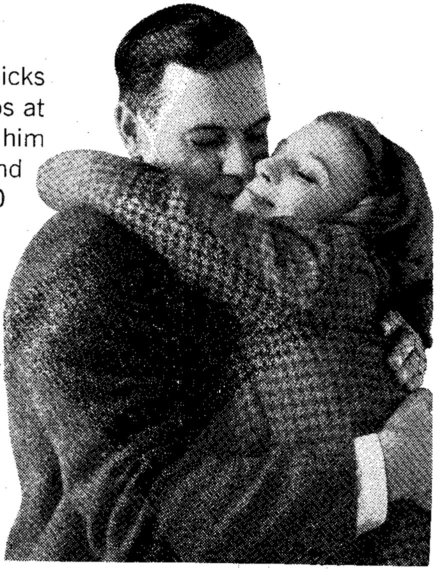

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rally themselves, to foresee the future, and to avert the raid.

At midmorning, men began to gather at the ceremonial ground. This was on a high bluff above a bend in the river, where the sacred trees stood—an old wild fig, like the fig named Pirre, and an enormous, hollow sausage tree, with clublike yellow fruit and a cavity in its trunk so spacious that eight or ten men could, at rainy sacrifices, take shelter within. The trees were near the permanent water hole in the river, sacred trees usually being found at least within sight of permanent water. Perhaps this is only because such trees have lived for centuries and could not have survived so long if their roots had not been able to reach the water table. But that can hardly be the whole explanation. Holy elders, say the Dodoth, founded the sacred places of the sixteen Dodoth clans as the Dodoth first moved north through their country. Today, the sacred places, like ancient churches, do not always seem to be in logical sites, but, though the population shifts because of the tsetse fly or raiding, and though even the riverbeds move and change, and though the Dodoth, with their need for firewood and fence posts, have chopped so much that they have affected their forests (almost all the trees are young or skimpy), the ancient sacred trees have been spared for hundreds of years.

The ceremony was a long time beginning. I asked Lopore if I might attend it, and he said that women never came to sacrifices. I said I only wanted to see it from afar. He was busy that morning, trying to make people go to the ceremony (it is felt that many people should attend, but people are often reluctant, for, as is true of meetings elsewhere, everyone believes that everyone else will go to them), and presently he agreed absent-mindedly, and I followed him, Uri, and other men of the area along the path to the river. The rock slide above the river was dark with the crouching figures of many men. There must have been sixty or seventy people in a thicket of spears, and people kept arriving in twos and threes over the hills all through the morning and the early afternoon. In the riverbed below, the herds were taking turns at the trough, and the men were looking at the cattle, waiting for an ox suitable for sacrifice to appear. It was to be a red ox, its color having been foreseen in the intestines of the previous sacrifice. When the red ox was selected and killed, its intestines would reveal the color of the next sacrifice, in a chain of

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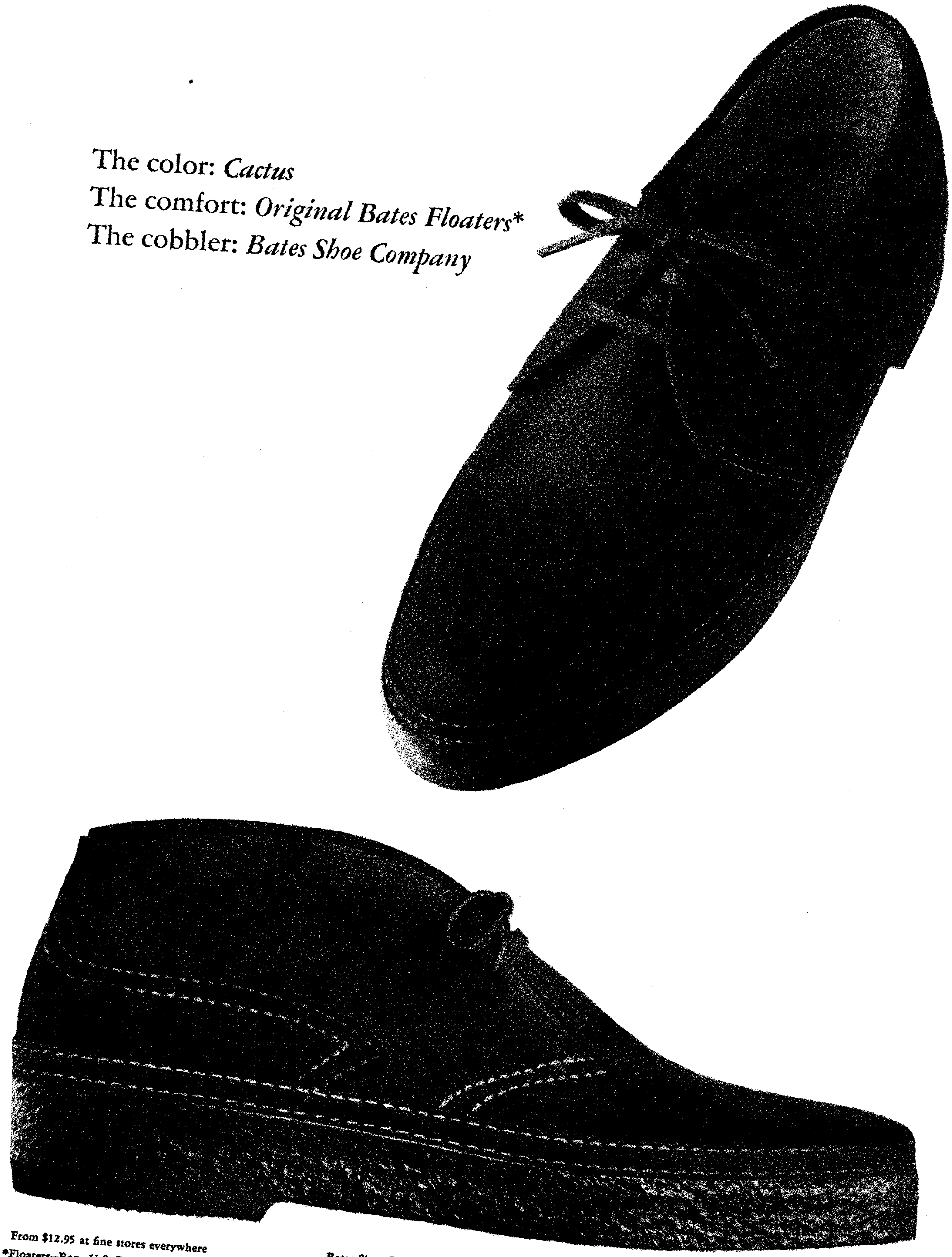

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divination reaching back through time. Around the bend of the river came a large herd that included a red ox. The men on the rocks merely glanced at it, and a discussion began with the owner—really the owner's father, for it was the name-ox of the herdboy. When a man's ox is sacrificed, he is reimbursed with a heifer, which is contributed by the man who kills the ox (or his father if he is a young man). To kill an ox brings respect and the honor of being a public benefactor—it is something that people more or less take turns doing, I think—but that morning no one could be found who was willing to do it. The father of the ox's owner became reluctant to give the ox, fearing that too much time would pass before he was repaid. There was a great deal of discussion. People were shouting.

"There is a man who never kills an ox at a sacred place, but he always comes to eat," someone said loudly.

"Someone takes meat home to his wife, which spoils the sacred place," said a voice—perhaps the man in question, referring to his accuser.

Meanwhile, the herd moved to the water, then up the bank, until at last even the red ox had finished drinking, whereupon the men on the bank called down to the herdboy to let the herd go but to keep the red ox and a few of its companions in the riverbed. (An ox will not let itself be driven alone.) The herd grazed at the top of the bank. The little boy, down by the river with his red ox and one of its companions, a white ox, looked up at the men and began to cry. The talk continued. No one paid the slightest attention to the boy. A few men started to leave the gathering, fearing they would be asked to pay a heifer, and then came back when someone else finally volunteered. After that, a few young men got up in a rather businesslike way, stretched, took up their spears, and scrambled down the rocks to the riverbed. There they drove the red ox away from the white ox and threw a spear into its side. The white companion was startled as the red ox bellowed and ran, blood streaming, into a cover of dense bushes, from which it looked out at its pursuers with its gentle, alarmed ox eyes. It was routed by the young men, who tried to spear it again but missed it, then hit it at last and chased it farther, for it ran, bellowing and bucking, with the spears waving from its side. Fifteen or twenty people were chasing it now. Among them ran the little owner, choking on his tears, catching his breath at the sight of his name-ox, still wearing the bell

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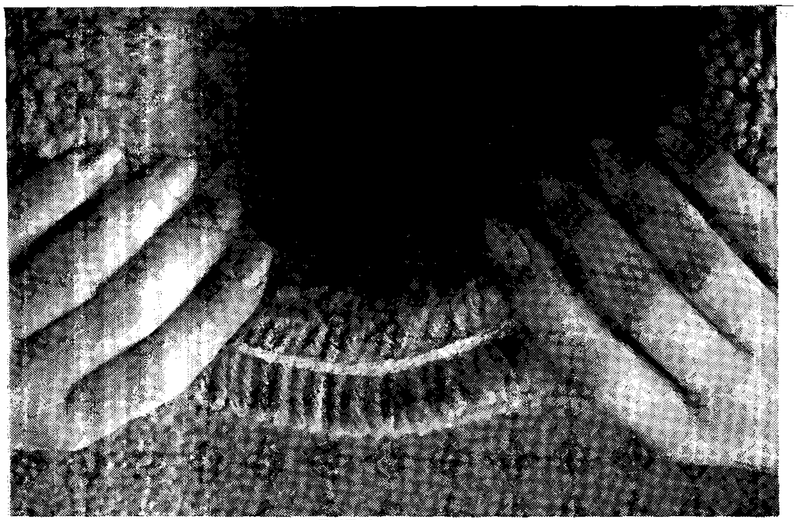
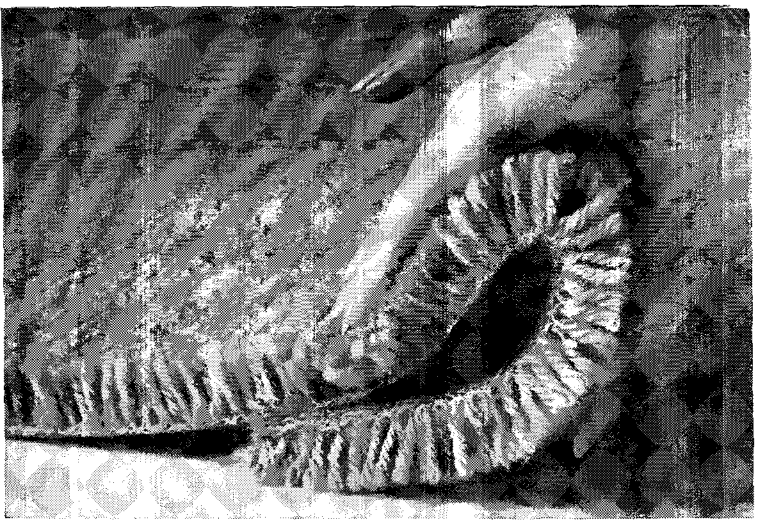
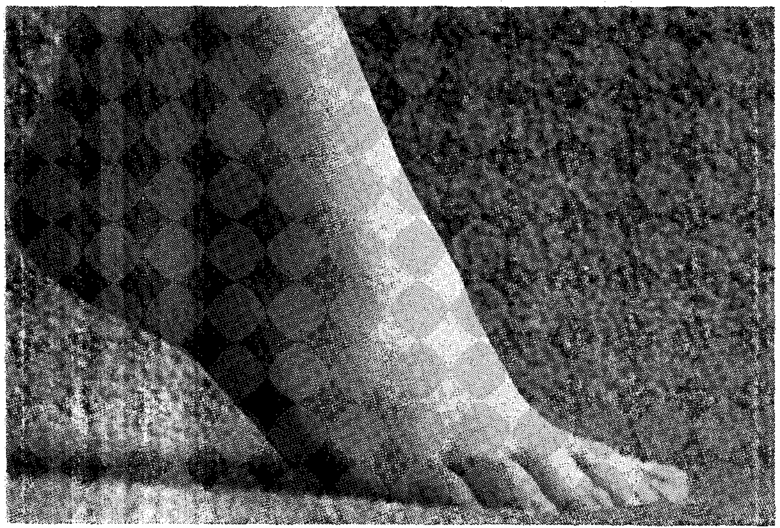
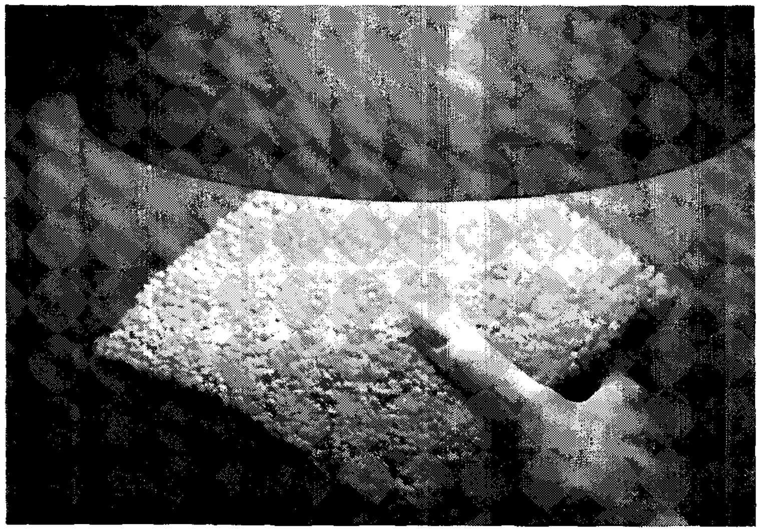

THE GRIN.


THE BACKBEND.


THE FOOTSIE.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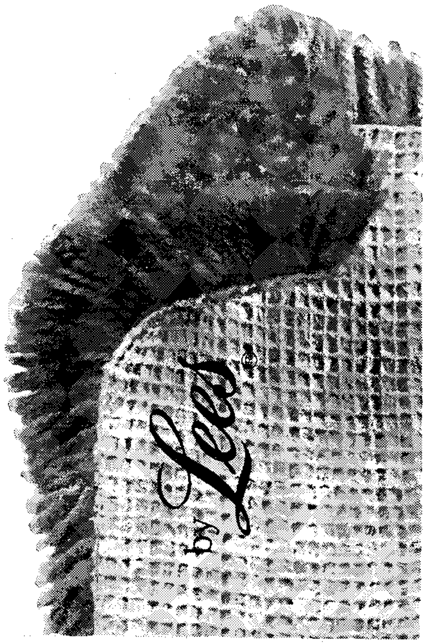

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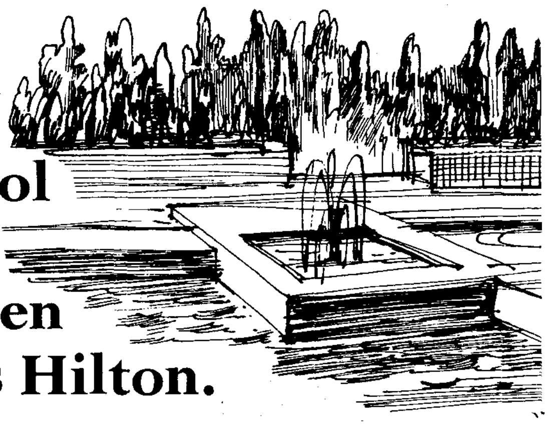

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and braided necklace he had given it, but doomed to die. Trying to rejoin the herd and at the same time escape its pursuers, the ox ran more than a mile in a huge circle north of the river, and all the while the little owner tried to keep up with it, calling its name and crying. But when, at last, the ox, trembling and bleeding, stopped near the top of the bank, the child had fallen far behind, and he could not catch up in time. The ox wanted its white companion. It was supposed to die under the sacred trees, but it wouldn't go there alone. Someone drove the white companion to it, and it leaned its head against the white ox's side. The white ox supported it until it was under the fig tree, where it groaned, then knelt, and then rolled over dead. "The owner didn't want to give it," Lopore told me later. "That's why it was so wild."

The death of the ox began the ceremony. Now the mood changed from the arguments of the old men and the dispatch of the young, taking on a formal, passionless quality, like that of an important church service. The men—there were ninety or a hundred of them by now—divided themselves according to "age sets" and sat down under the trees. The dark ranks bristled with plumes and spears. There it was, the core of the polity of eastern Lokoki—the "uninitiated" men on one side, and the "initiated" men on the other, these ranked by seniority, sitting, as the ceremony demanded, flat on the ground. The large group of householders who were not but should have been initiated took places with the lower age sets or helped perform the services allotted to the lower age sets and called "waiting on the old men," such as overseeing the wood-gathering (the youngest men actually fetch and carry) or butchering the ox. This is done by a member of the clan that owns the sacred place, and on that occasion this was Lopore. Sacrifices in Dodoth are not devotional or worshipful in tenor but somewhat mechanical, the rituals being both intricate and precise, with an almost infinite number of demands and prohibitions, like the casting of a spell. The ox must not be skinned; it must not be cut with a knife or an axe but only with a spear; one of its front legs and the adjoining ribs must be lifted away first to make bowls of the chest and the abdomen, into which the blood wells; the rumen and the shining white integument around it must be carried to a bed of leaves. The sacred part (the joined hind legs and hips) must be severed from the body, and then the

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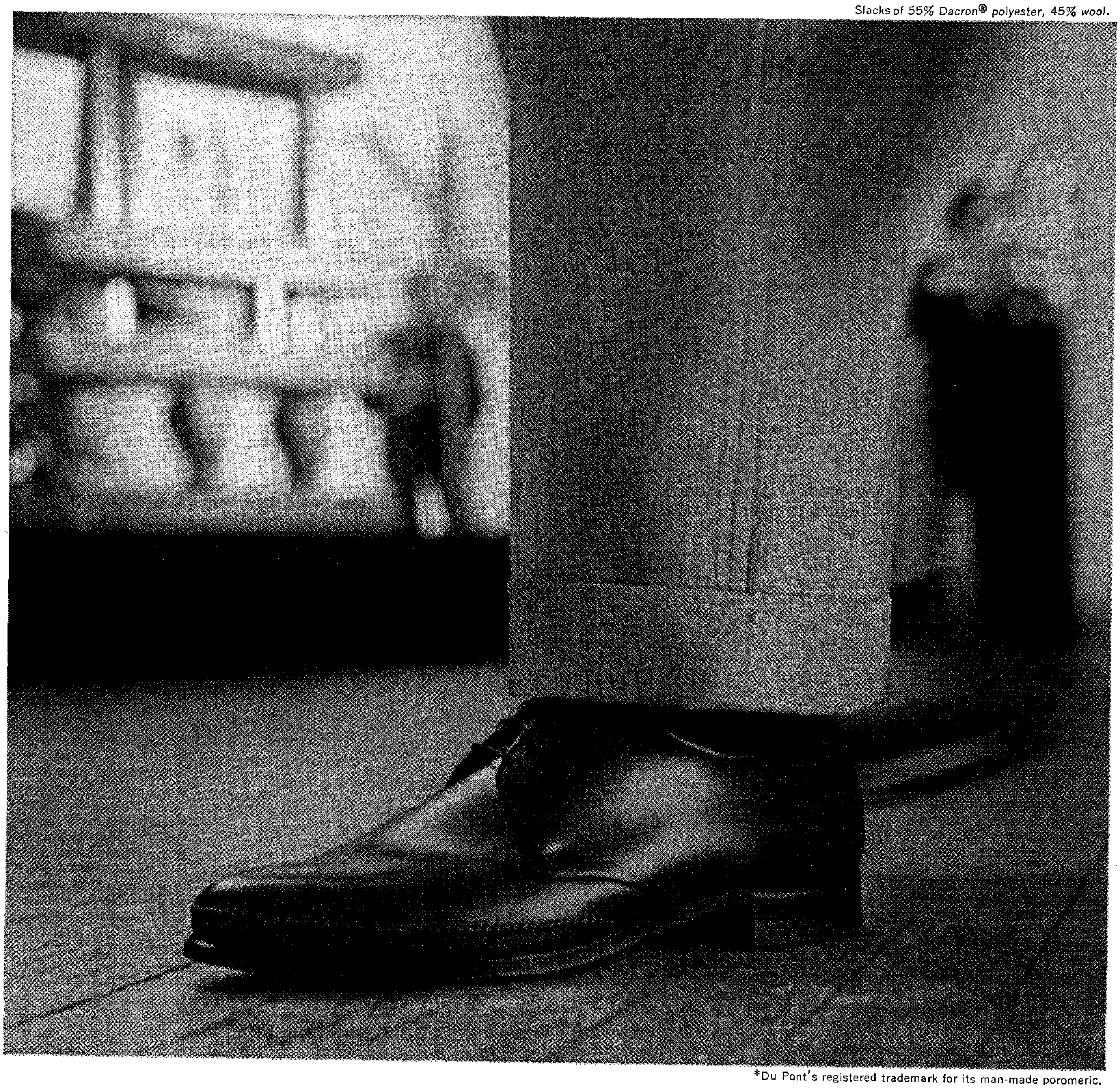

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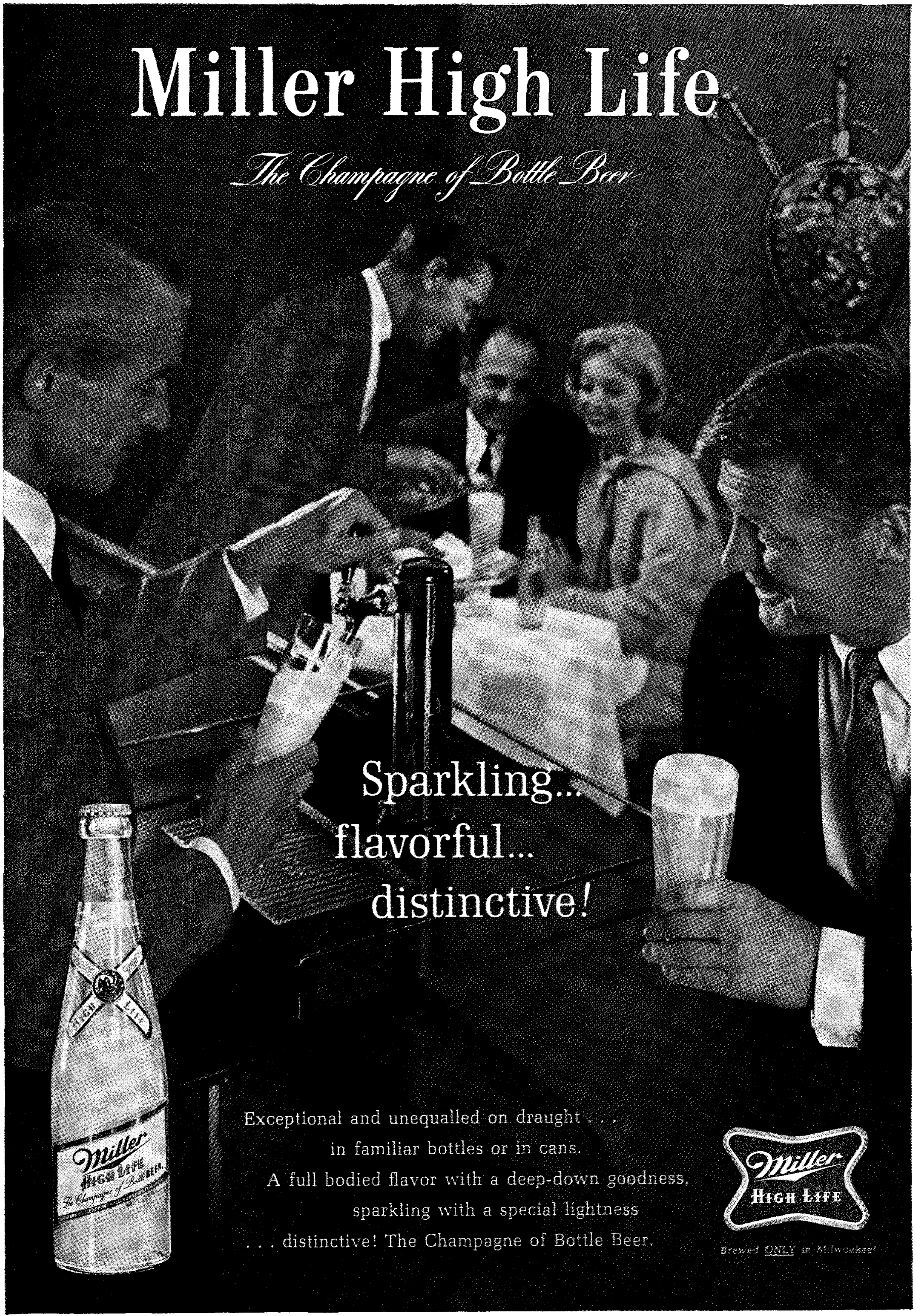
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sacred flesh (the fatty fold that hangs between the anus and the withered testes) must be removed, to be eaten by the old men. The joined hind legs must be divided, as a matter of special duty (the age sets are differentiated according to who is and who is not dividing the legs), not with an axe but with a spear, and with the severed front leg used as a club to batter them apart. And the meat must all be cooked—never boiled but always roasted on a fire prepared in a special way, with all the wood that is used to feed it first carried in a circle around the ox—and it must all be eaten. As Lopore worked, hair and blood stuck to him and flies made a silver mantle over his back. When the ribs and front leg were removed, and blood had welled into the cavities, the elders came, one by one, to kneel at the abdomen, like men at a pool, and put their lips to the blood's surface to drink. As each finished, he wiped his lips on the hairy hump—because, the Dodoth say, "there is fighting there." The younger men drank afterward, not at the same place but from the chest cavity. The men talked, even joked, as they waited their turns, because blood, which is very much enjoyed, gives men courage and strength.

The integument, spread like a tablecloth over the distended rumen, had begun to dry. Its iridescent shine was vanishing, and along its fluted edge, where the intestine ran, it was constricting. Uri called for a calabash of water, which he poured over the white mass. The translucence and the gloss thereupon returned, and many small details that the drying had hidden sprang into view again. A horde of flies leaped up to escape the water. Uri waved his hands to chase them away, then squatted down. The integument is read "like a page in a book," the Dodoth say. Anyone can do the reading; there is nothing special about it, except that everyone nearby must crouch down. Those who were curious to see what it said came to squat beside it while Uri looked and looked, and ran his fingers over the irregularities and mounds, and saw the land of the Dodoth, a fire on Dodoth soil, a streak (the path of a bullet), and a mottled brown ox (the next sacrifice). As in tiny hieroglyphs, or pictures, or figures on a map, it was all there; in a hollow between two lumps (a pass between two mountains) were tiny black dots, which meant a raiding party of Turkana entering, and beyond the dots tiny, threadlike capillaries showed the people whom the Turkana killed. The men discussed these matters for a long

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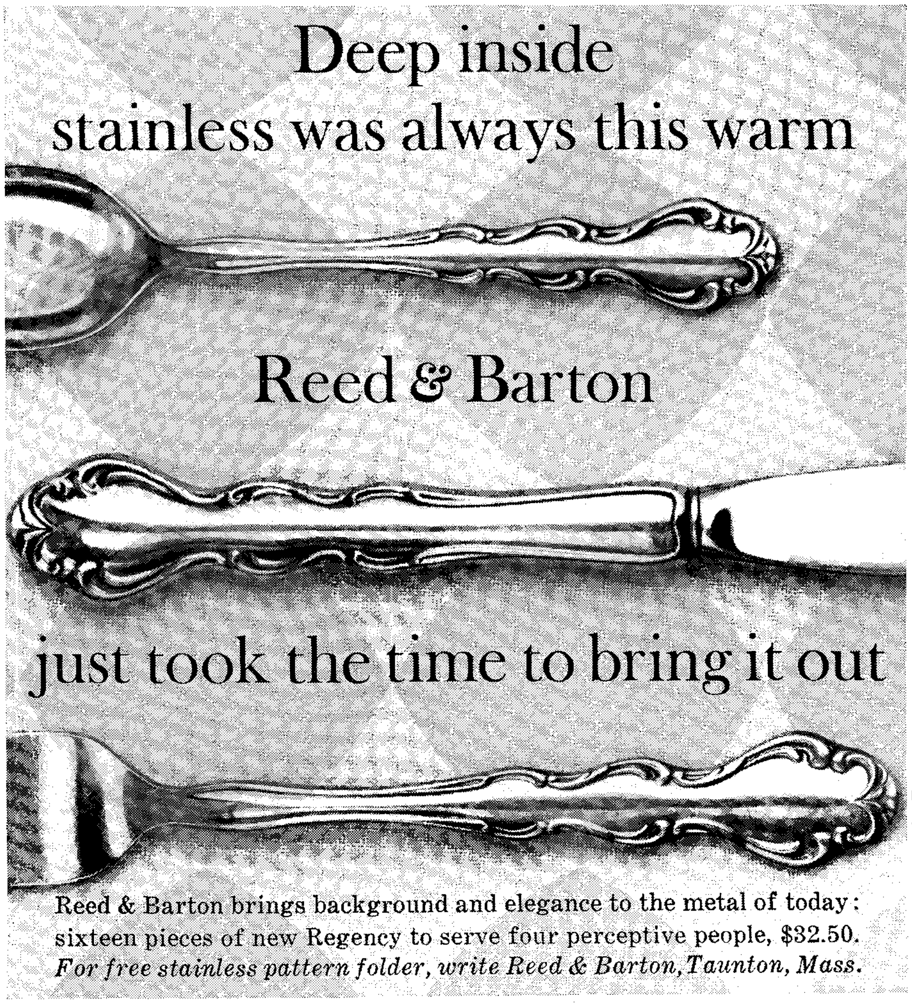
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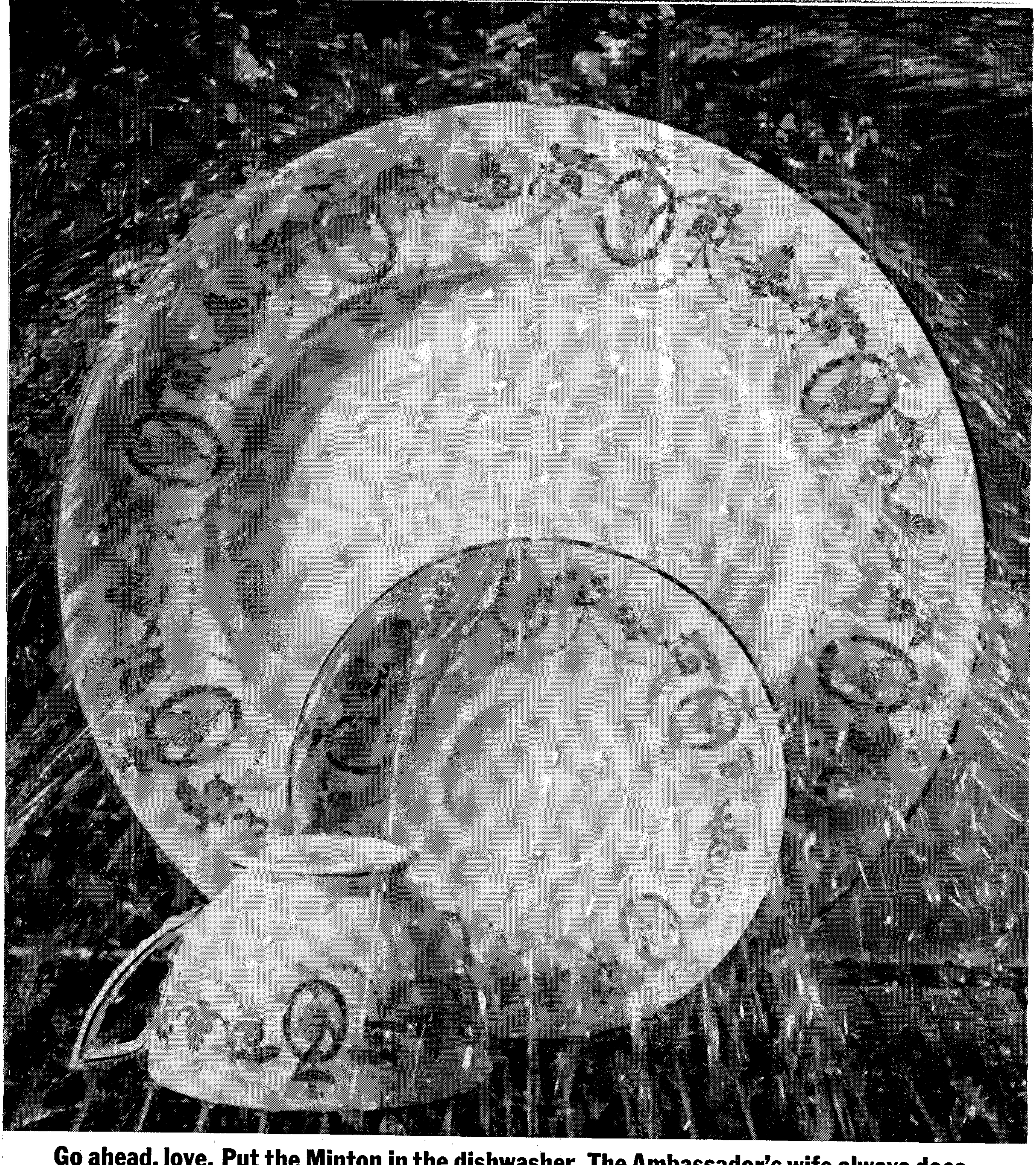
time, then folded the integument in half carefully but quickly, as one closes a book, and returned to the sacrifice.

The uninitiated young men, who cannot partake of a sacrifice, were roasting the meat for the older men, initiated and uninitiated alike. The ribs and other parts were flung upon the burning branches, and when the meat was cooked, hot chunks of it flew through the air like softballs as the young men distributed it. Little brown hawks flew low over the gathering, stooping to try to catch the meat that flew there, too, and far above the hawks were vultures—a wide, slowly wheeling column of them, looking down. A piece of meat was the size of a four- or five-pound rolled roast. It was black and charred outside, dripping and tough within. But it gave off a fresh, sweet smell, and it was excellent. Once it was served, a hush fell over the gathering as people ate. Spear blades flashed at people's faces, for the Dodoth bite first, then cut the morsel, and nine feet away from each man's mouth the spear tail swung around.

Presently, a short old man in a plumed headdress swallowed his mouthful and stood up, brushing his hands on his bare thighs. Picking up his spear, he began to pace up and down. Suddenly he stopped and, turning around to face the crowd, cried, "The Turkana! We may ignore them, but if we do, it is our fault if they come!" He paced up and down. "We have let the Turkana and the Jie come into our land. We said we were friends. But they caused trouble here. Let us do as our fathers did. You are always dancing. Let us forget the dancing and see what comes from there." He pointed east, paused as if he had finished, then paced and said, "There was a man who lived here, but he moved. And we agreed that no one was to leave here! Some people need the protection of others but will not protect others in return. Hi! They will not! When we heard the alarm, we went to Kalapata. That was good!" His voice was hoarse now, and rising, and he paced and cried, "But, even so, the Turkana buy their wives with Dodoth cattle! Why do we let them? They kill us! But we let them! They have blood, too! If they come now, let us fight them! They will meet a spear!" There came a brief, sharp hum. The old man had sent his spear flying over the heads of the crowd. "My people are here!" the old man cried.

"They are!" came in a deep, harsh roar—the voice of the crowd responding from its forest of spears—and



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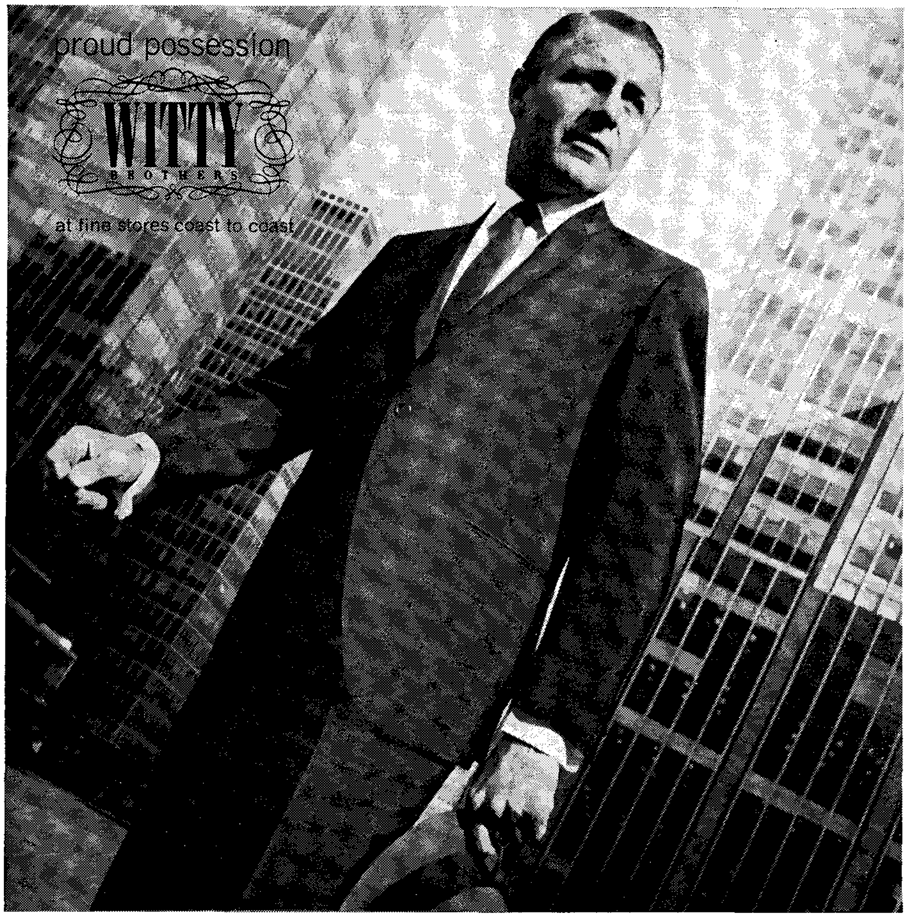

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before the sound had died the old man spoke again.

"Our cattle will drink in peace!"

"They will!"

"The disease of cattle will go!"

"It will!"

"The disease of calves will go!"

"It will!"

"The disease which weakens their legs will go!"

"It will!"

"It will!"

"It will!"

"And all bad things will be destroyed!"

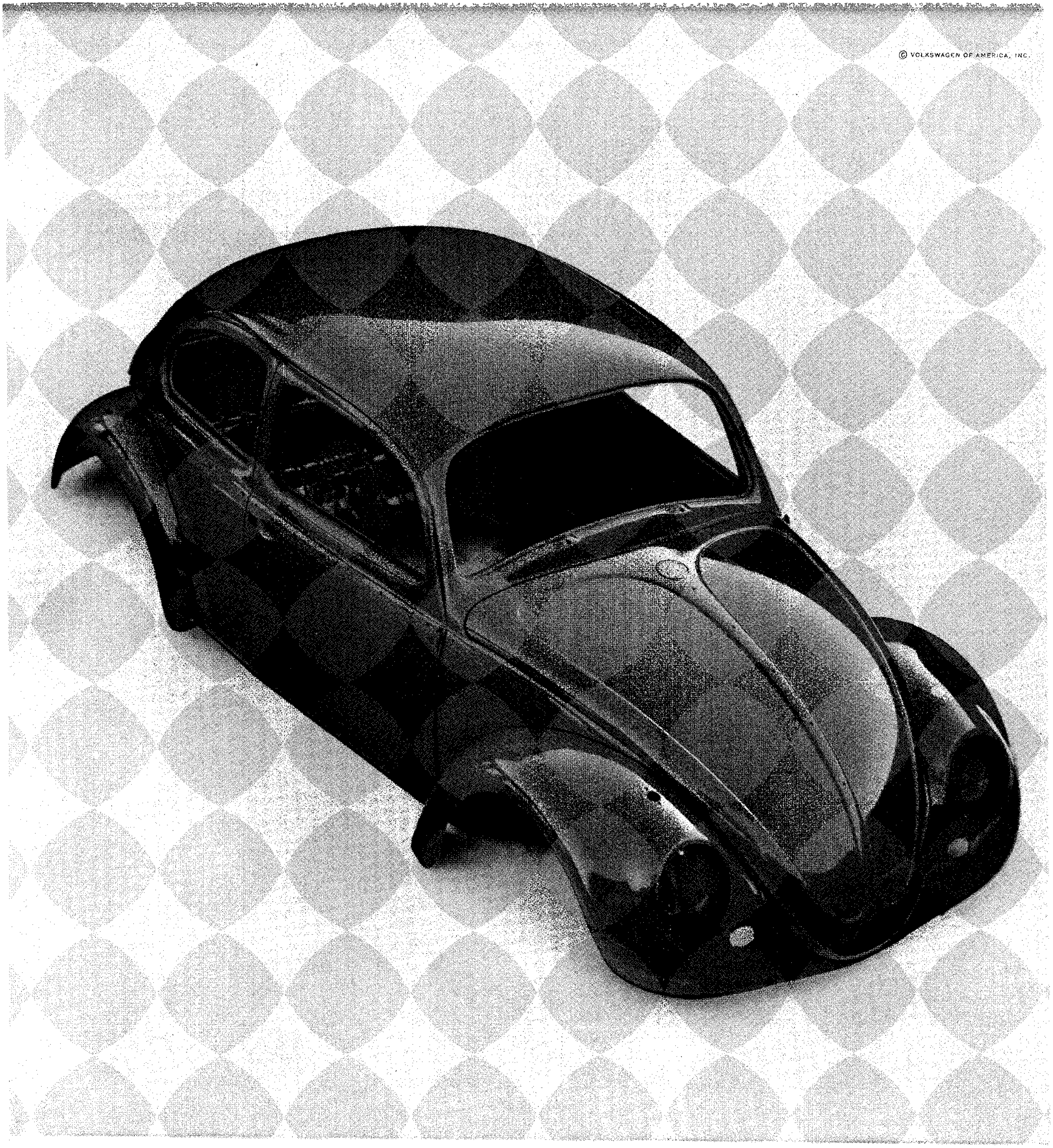
"They will!"

It was the invocation and response of a short, sharp prayer after the fiery sermon—the first of many prayers said that afternoon.

When the speaker was done, Lopore got up and paced and said, "We are many. The enemies who come to kill us will be fewer than we. What's wrong with us? They kill us. Why do we let them? We have ears to understand. We have legs. We have eyes. All this. Why do we let them?" No prayer followed; Lopore was not initiated, and, as far as I know, only an initiated person leads a prayer. Lopore sat down.

The previous speaker—whose name, I learned later, was Nakade—then called for the young men to stand. Thirty or forty of them stood, spears at their sides, in two columns, and, led by Nakade, sang a sombre, almost tuneless rolling hymn called "Yabulia," or "The Bellowing of Calves." At a signal from the speaker, the song was cut off in the middle as the men broke ranks and charged, spears brandished, straight at the crowd. It was a show of force. Afterward, they formed their columns again and sang "A Man Is a Man in Cattle," and then they were sent by Nakade to wait for the Turkana at the pass. The young men went in a body, with their ground-covering, businesslike strides.

After the defense force had been dispatched, the tone of the speeches changed. Uri began pacing and speaking; he was known for his judgment, not for his ability to arouse a crowd, and he said to the older men, "These days we find young children herding. It used to be that we took care of our children, and grown men such as you looked after cattle. But these days people think only of milk and beer, only of food, not of cattle. People steal pumpkins instead. It is good for grown men to look after cattle. This way, they protect their children and also their cattle, and can spy on the camps



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Then we paint it.

Then we bake it again, and sand it again by hand.

Then we paint it again.

And bake it again.

And sand it again by hand.

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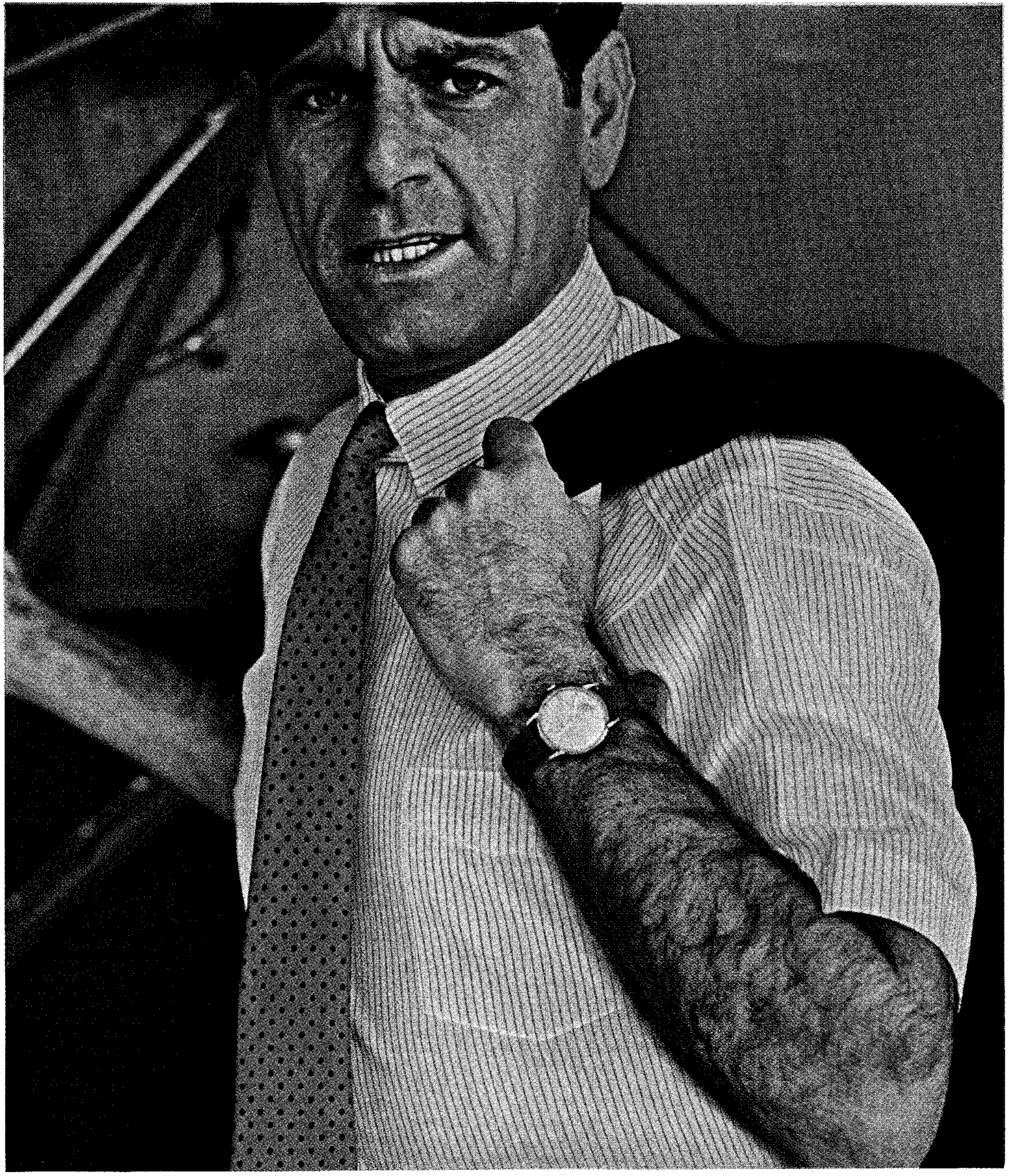

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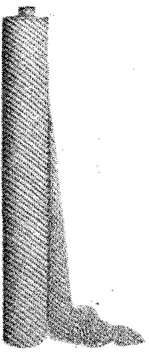


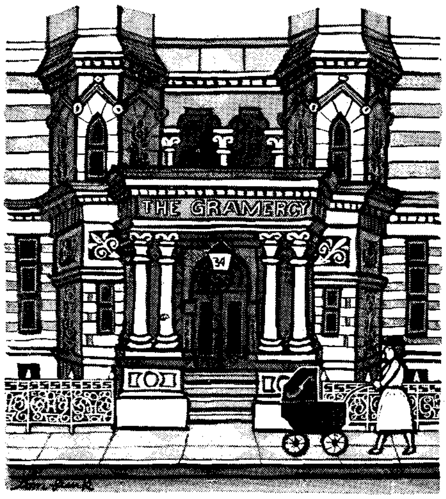
WELLINGTON SEARS

and pathways of the enemy besides."

A lull came after this speech, broken by the sound of throngs of people chewing. It was the time of the ceremony when, metaphysical protection having been cast by the ritual and physical protection having been provided by the dispatch of the young men, the older men could consume the sacrifice, speak their minds formally, and offer prayers. Uri's point, which was well taken, was thought over by the massive, bull-like men who sat eating. The one thing against it was that most men had several herds of cattle, and also goats, sheep, and calves, all requiring different types of herding; only a poor man could guard all his property at once, and men who went herding would be far away in the forest or on the plain, not available when they were needed for defense. No one commented, but then the Dodoth almost never comment on the speeches made at a sacrifice.

The next man who got up to speak brought up another matter. He lived northeast of Morukore, and when he paced, he said, "Are we the only people living here? Let the refugees who left come back and help us. They let us fight for them. We from the east have answered the alarm eight times, but no one from the western dwellings came." Several people from the western part of the Lokoki district, Remi among them, were sitting in the crowd. "Why are you so quiet there?" the speaker said to them. "If you like, we can all leave this place, so the enemies can go as far as they want. In the last raid, every one of you ran with your wives. Why did you, if you were men? You!" he said to one. "You are responsible for telling the people of the west what was said here today."

This was the subject on which Lopore felt most strongly, and Lopore, who often went too far, naming names instead of saying "someone," stood up



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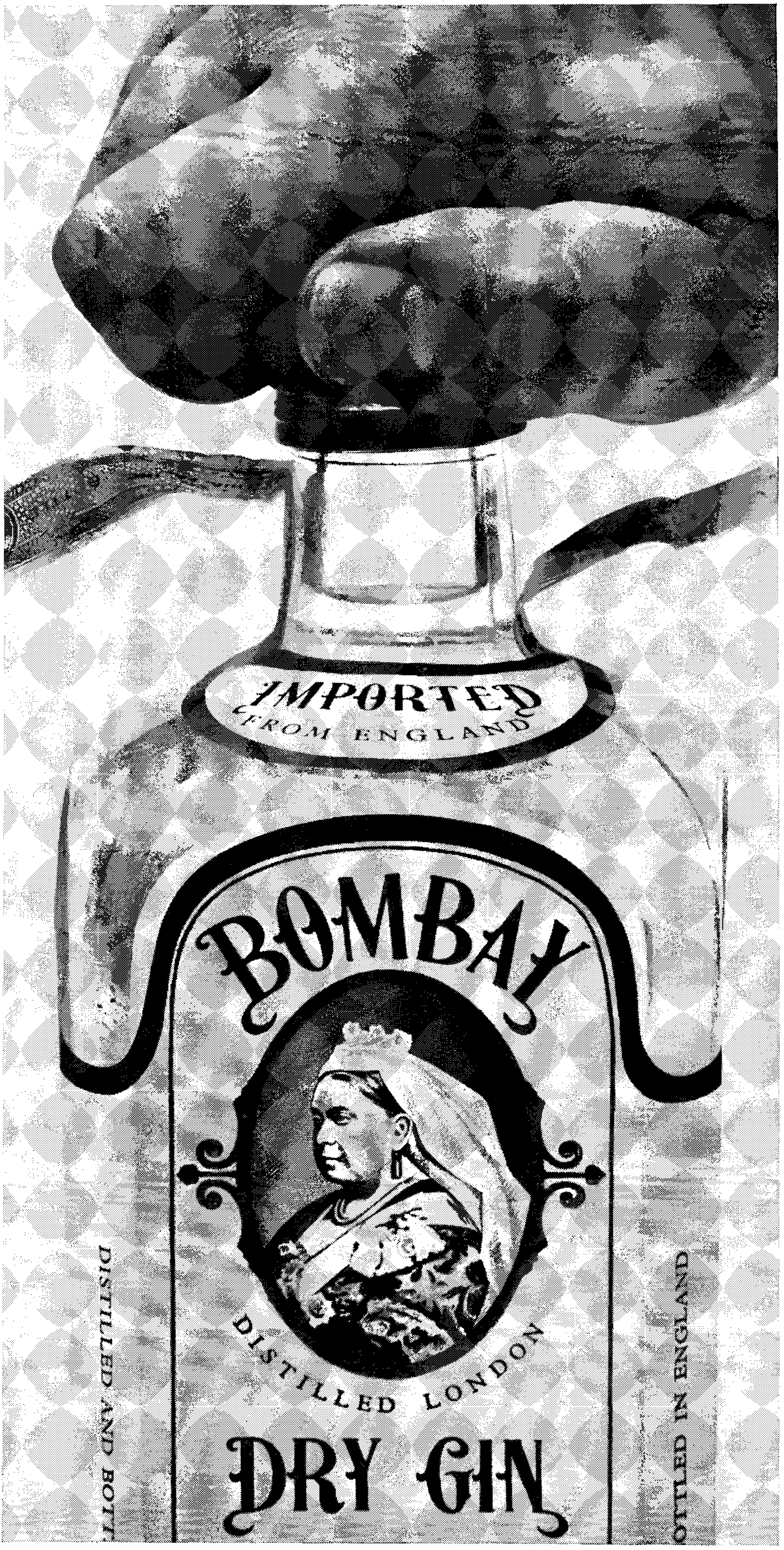

It's on the verge of being rather popular.
Better hurry.

and pointed straight at Remi. "Why are you hiding here?" he said. "When you want water in the dry season, where will you get it? You think yourself a man, but it is not so."

Remi was impassive. His household was large, his sons and relatives were many, and he himself was as independent as any other Dodoth. After all, he had only ceased to use his cattle camp; his dwelling stood where it had always been. He cracked a marrowbone against a rock. The marrow came out. He licked the rock.

But Lopore and the preceding speaker had raised two important points, two irrefutable truths—one that a neighborhood cannot stand alone but needs the help of others, and the other that the western neighborhoods would soon become the eastern neighborhoods if the people in the east should move or fall.

The last prayer of the day was inflammatory. It was offered by a latecomer, a tiny, senile elder who was a senior in the age-set system and who wore a fur cape that was almost bald. His senility amused the others; they laughed behind their hands when he childishly showed, by means of his walking stick, how the enemies would fall. But his prayer neither played with thoughts nor wasted words, and the responses came roaring. He had not lost his power to control a crowd. He shouted hoarsely: "They will all die!"

"They will!"

"Our spears will stop them!"

"They will!"

"Rain! It will come!"

"It will!"

"Will it stop?"

"No!" cried the crowd.

"Hi!" said the old man, looking around for a bite to eat, though the ceremony was over.

It was late in the afternoon when the men walked home. I followed Lothimidik down the hill. Lopore caught up with us, and so did my interpreter and my cook, who had come to see the ceremony. As we walked through a dusky hollow, the alarm sounded. It seemed to come from everywhere. "Run!" said Lopore. But we were in a trap in the hollow. No one knew which way to go. "Run!" he shouted. But still we stood rooted with indecision and fear. Lopore, in a sort of fury, tore a branch down from a tree and, stripping the leaves off, rushed at us with it and would have hit us if he could have, but by then Lothimidik, the interpreter, the cook, and I were running up the path as fast as we were able. Lopore chased

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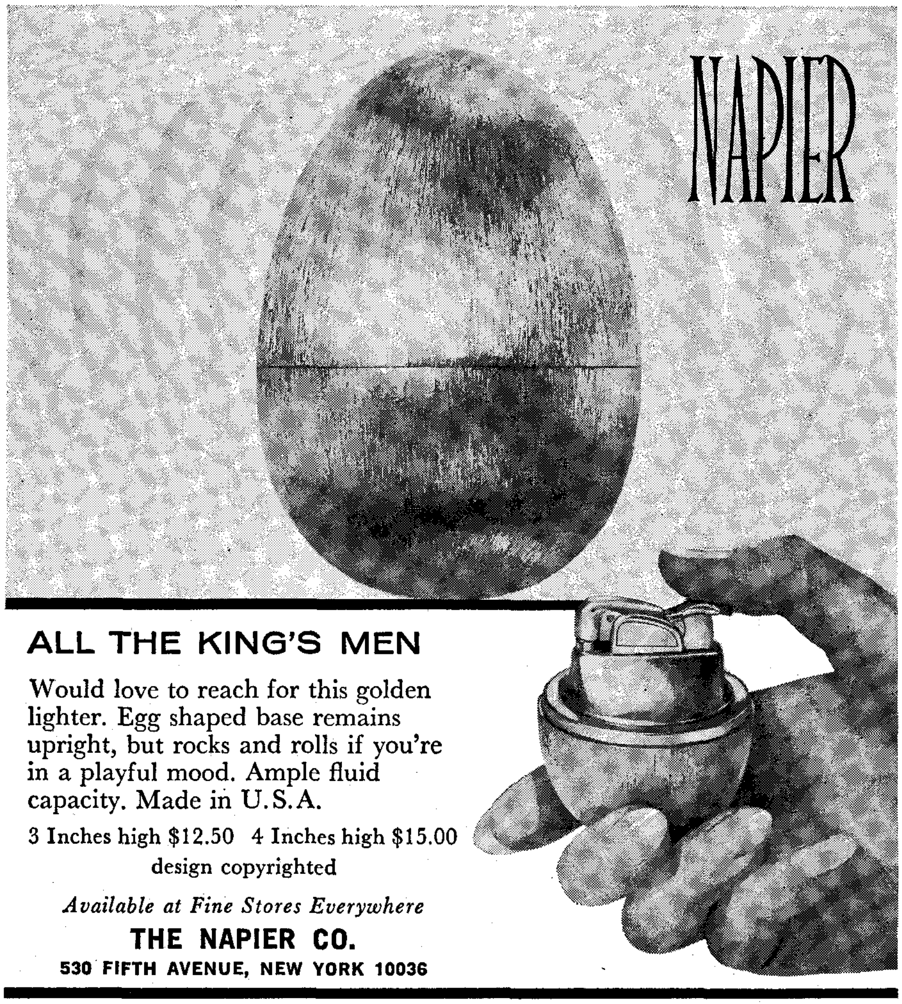

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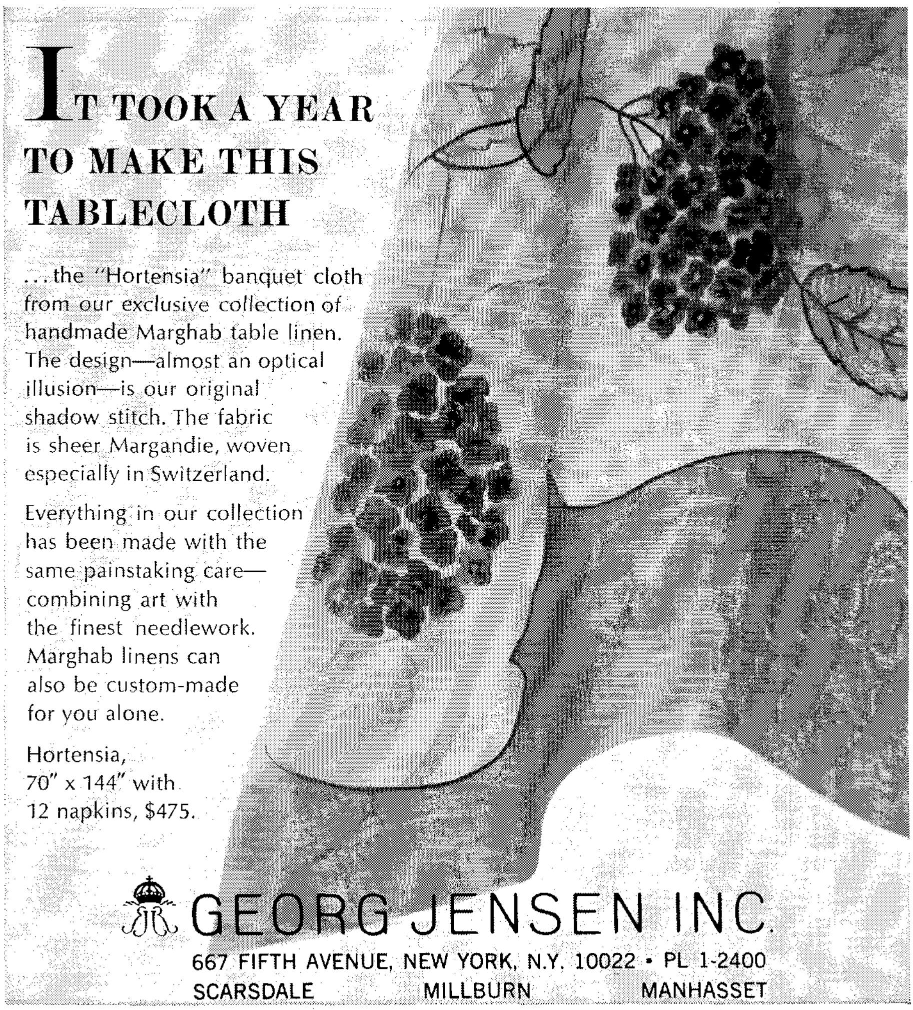

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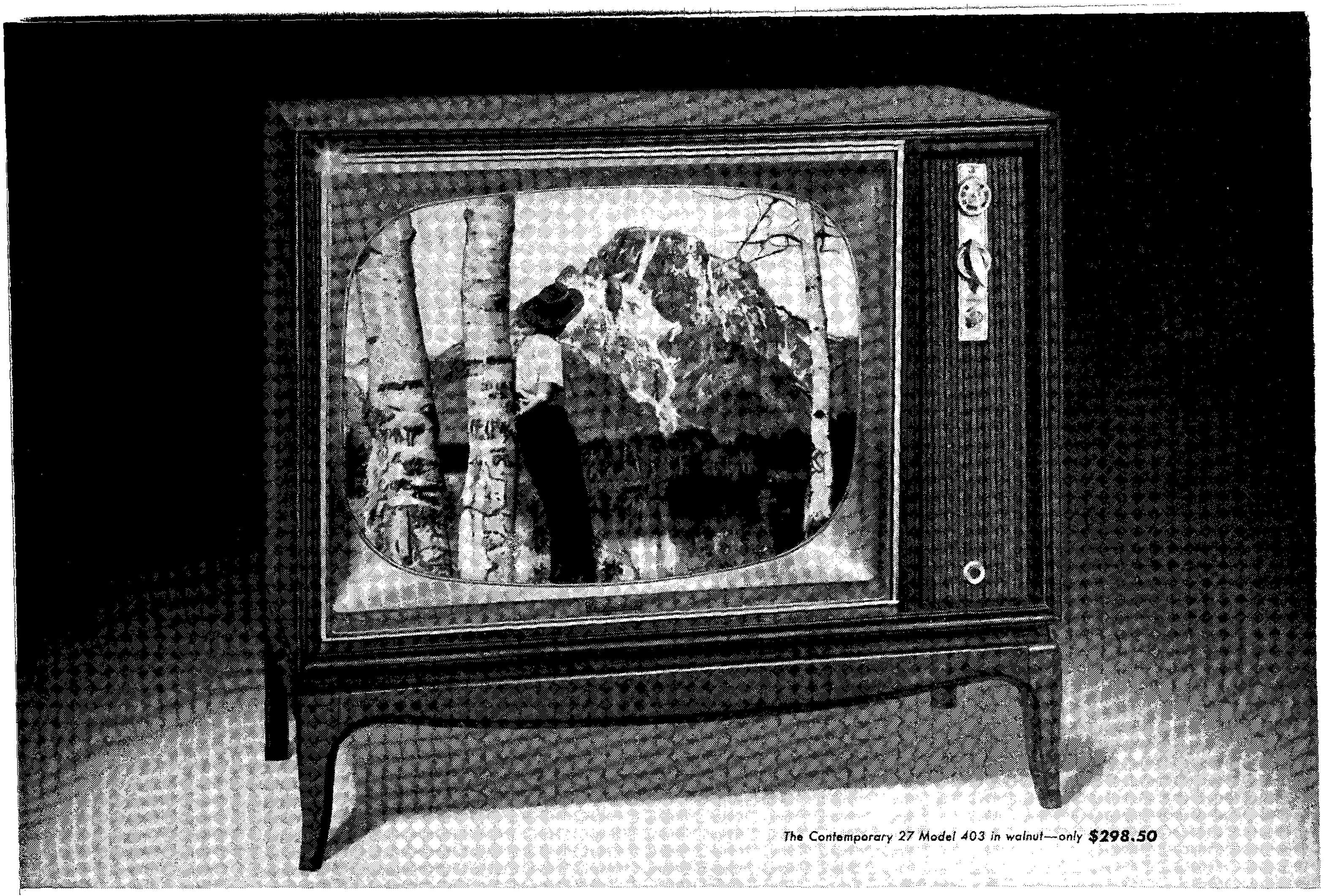
us almost all the way home, then sprinted past us and ran to his dwelling, to find that Akral, his fifteen-year-old son, was still in the forest with the herd. Catching up his shield and spear, which one of his wives held ready for him, Lopore ran for the dark woods to find Akral. In half an hour, they came back together, driving the herd before them. The alarm, they had learned, was false, started by panicky people who had seen the armed men leaving the ceremony by the river and had assumed that the raid was beginning.

The rumors of the raid, however, were true. During the morning, more or less as Toperih-peri had predicted, the Turkana, avoiding the pass, which, as Toperih-peri could have told them, was sure to be guarded, had entered the district between Morukore and Kalapata and, turning north instead of south, raided a neighborhood on the plain. They had burned a dwelling to drive the people out, had killed a man and a woman, and had escaped with the herd. If there had been an alarm, no one would have heard it at the sacrifice, over all the noise. I wondered what people would say. Since the sacrifice had been held to secure protection from the raid, I wondered if something had gone wrong with it. Lopore said that nothing had. In fact, since the raid had occurred not in Morukore but elsewhere, the sacrifice had worked miraculously well. To begin with, the people had been bargaining and arguing instead of sacrificing at once. This was providential, and illustrated a phenomenon recognized in Dodoth—that if you propose to do something, and then delay, there may be a meaning in your delay that you do not immediately know. If the men had speared the ox at once, the benefits shed by the sacrifice would have come too early. But the people had delayed, and, seemingly by accident, had speared the ox just as the Turkana were coming in. Moreover, the ox, of its own volition, had run in a circle for almost a mile. Its ebbing life had cast a widespread circle of protection, which had saved the dwellings of all the people present by preventing the Turkana from coming near. And as for the man whose dwelling was raided, if he had been willing to come to the sacrifice, he would still be alive.

DURING the time of the raiding, the district of Lokoki suffered almost no depletion of its population. Very few people became refugees, and not only did most families stand fast



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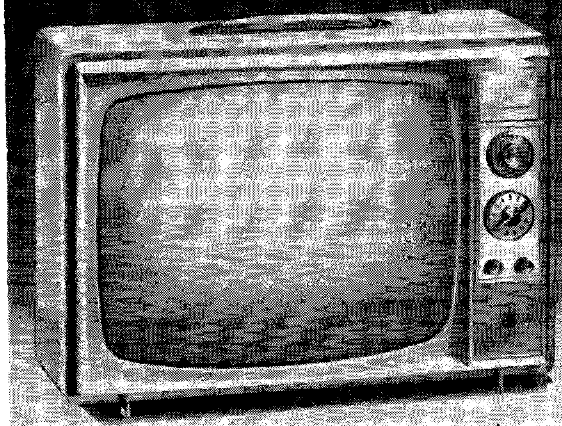

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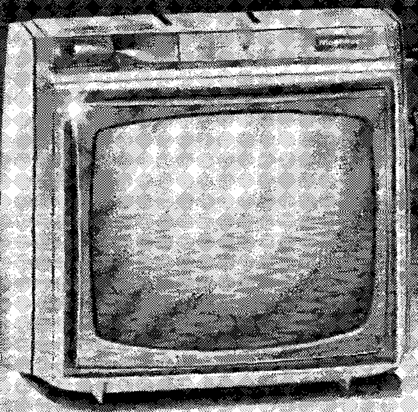

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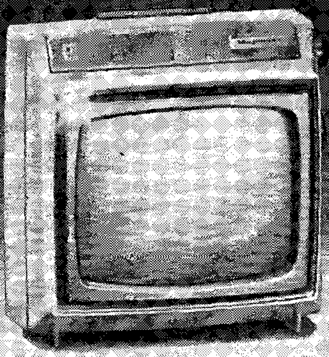

The Resorter 12† in. screen—only **$99.90** but by the end of October a few refugee families from elsewhere had moved in. The stability of the population was responsible for the presence of the newcomers. Men such as Mora, Uri, and Lopore—men of courage, each of whom was unwilling to abandon the others—were responsible for the stability of their neighborhoods. Yet even they would not have been able to help the district if it had not been for the protection and the influence of two very important men. One was a millionaire. The other was an *emuron*, a diviner, of great reputation. Both men were members of the age-set system, but it was not through this that they achieved their power, for neither was an elder. An elder achieves power formally, within the political system, but the *emuron* got power from God, and the rich man got power entirely through his own resources and through people's opinions of him.

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The rich man's dwelling stood just south of Morukore, in Kailele, a neighborhood named for a beautiful hill that rose like a sugar loaf from the plain. The dwelling was on the other side of the hill but was so large that the hill did not conceal it; from the top of Morukore one could see the walls of the immense structure swelling out at the sides. The fields cultivated by the women of the dwelling were, in the distance, like a pale-green sea. Though I often walked around these fields, I was unable to estimate with any exactness the number of acres they covered, for the fields were round, like all Dodoth fields, and made loops and zigzag patterns. All I can say is that it took me most of an hour to walk all the way around them, and that the sound the wind made in their corn and millet was like the sound of an ocean on a distant beach. The owner of this property had ten wives, of whom eight were living; fifteen sons; ten sons-in-law, one of whom was an appointed chief in Kaabong; twenty-three daughters; nine daughters-in-law; and twenty-five grandchildren. No one knew the exact number of his cattle, but they were legion, and were quartered in many camps around the plain. He kept only thirty or forty cattle in each camp, and none in his dwelling, which not only was too small to hold them all but had once been infested with a cattle disease. By moving his cattle to camps, he had avoided reinfecting them. By dividing his cattle into small herds—and by having enough sons to tend them all—he had escaped heavy losses in the June raid, during which only two of his herds, or only sixty head,

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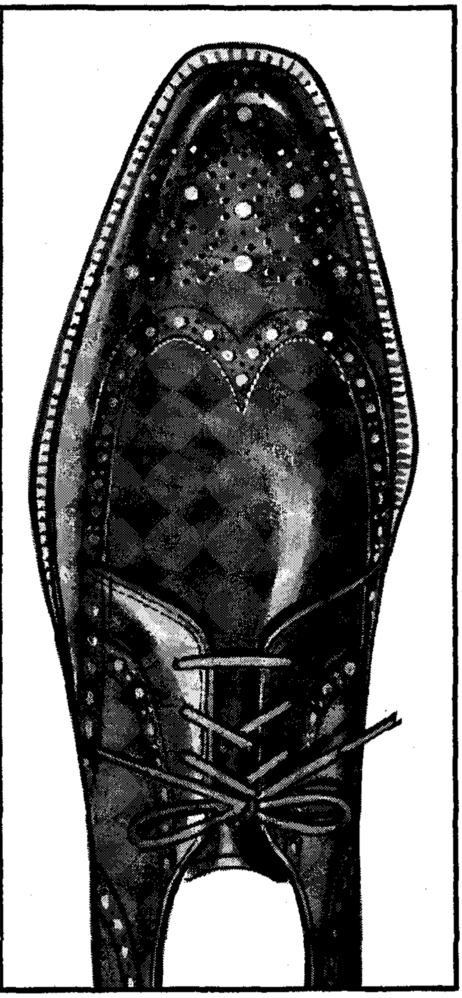

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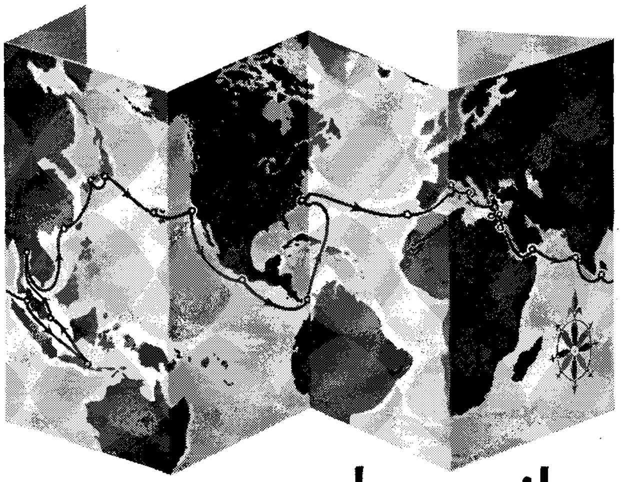

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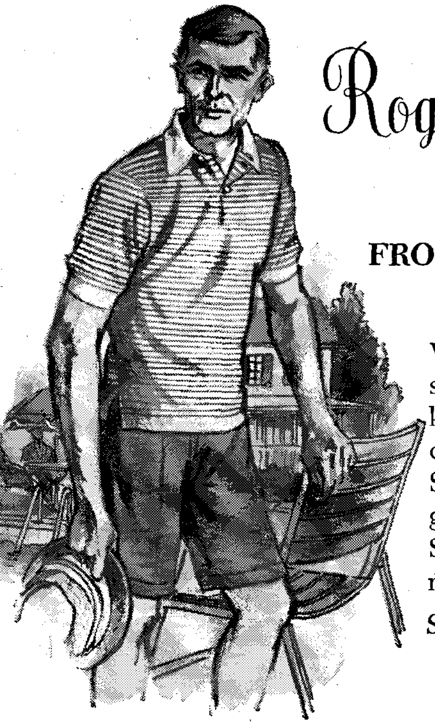

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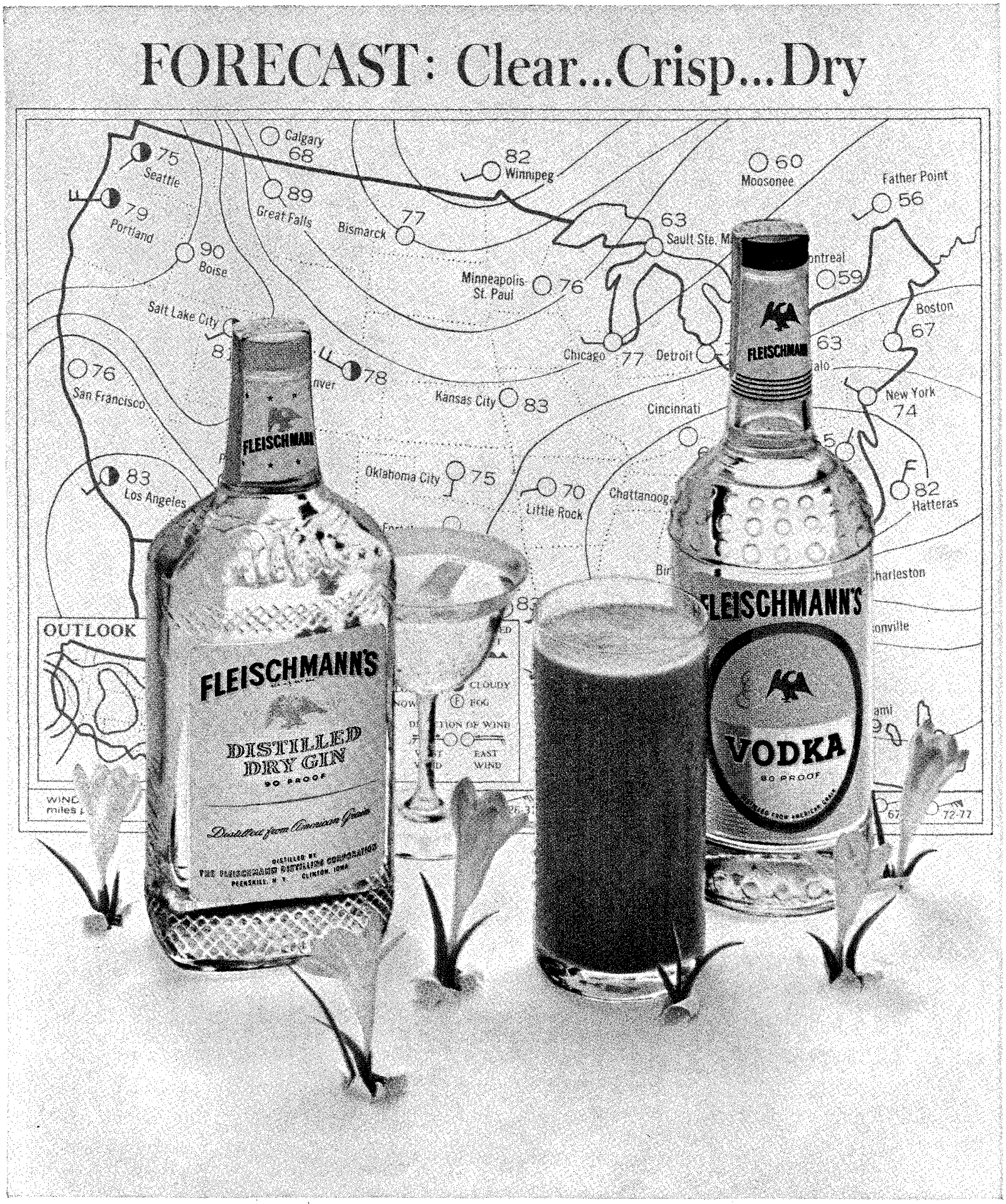
were stolen. At that, he had lost more cattle than some men ever have at one time, but he hardly missed them. He was a sagacious and a very wealthy man. Like a rock in a stream, a dam for flotsam, his dwelling was a focus. Households such as his do not move easily, nor did his neighbors want to move away, for there were few places better than Kailele as long as the rich man and his army of sons and resident sons-in-law were living there. His stable group also attracted newcomers. During October, a cluster of ten brushwork structures sprang up around the slopes of his hill—the temporary homes of ten refugee families. The goats of these families climbed the trees to browse where the rich man's goats were used to browsing; the cows of these families competed for the grass, and the rich man complained that in order to build the brushwork structures the newcomers were cutting down too many trees. But he tolerated the newcomers because they increased the defense. Even so, he did not much respect them, regarding them as unfortunate but spineless people, who had given way to panic too soon. He listened blandly when other householders spoke of evacuated dwellings. "I won't leave mine," he said.

The rich man's eight wives called him Lokiding, but to the rest of the world he was Lokorimoe—a respectful honorary name showing that he had killed an enemy. It meant "He of the Spotted Enemy," and may have derived from his having killed a Turkana wearing a brightly printed tablecloth instead of the plain cloth cape. Or else it may have derived from his having killed an enemy at a place called Lokoriot. Most people insisted that the first version was the true one, but he himself, at different times, gave both versions. He was a tall man in his mid-seventies, overweight, though not by much—perhaps twenty or thirty pounds—with a large, soft body and a condition like gout or poor circulation, which made his ankles swell. He wore a lip plug the size of a pullet egg and made of precious ivory. It was ingeniously inserted into his lip by means of a second, concealed plug, which, like a collar button, stuck through the hole, its protruding end being shaped to fit a socket in the ivory ball. Otherwise, being a man with a thin nose and a domed forehead, a mostly bald skull, a good share of pompousness, an air of evident wealth, and a self-important manner, he was so much the sort of person one encounters on the terrace of a country club that it was always a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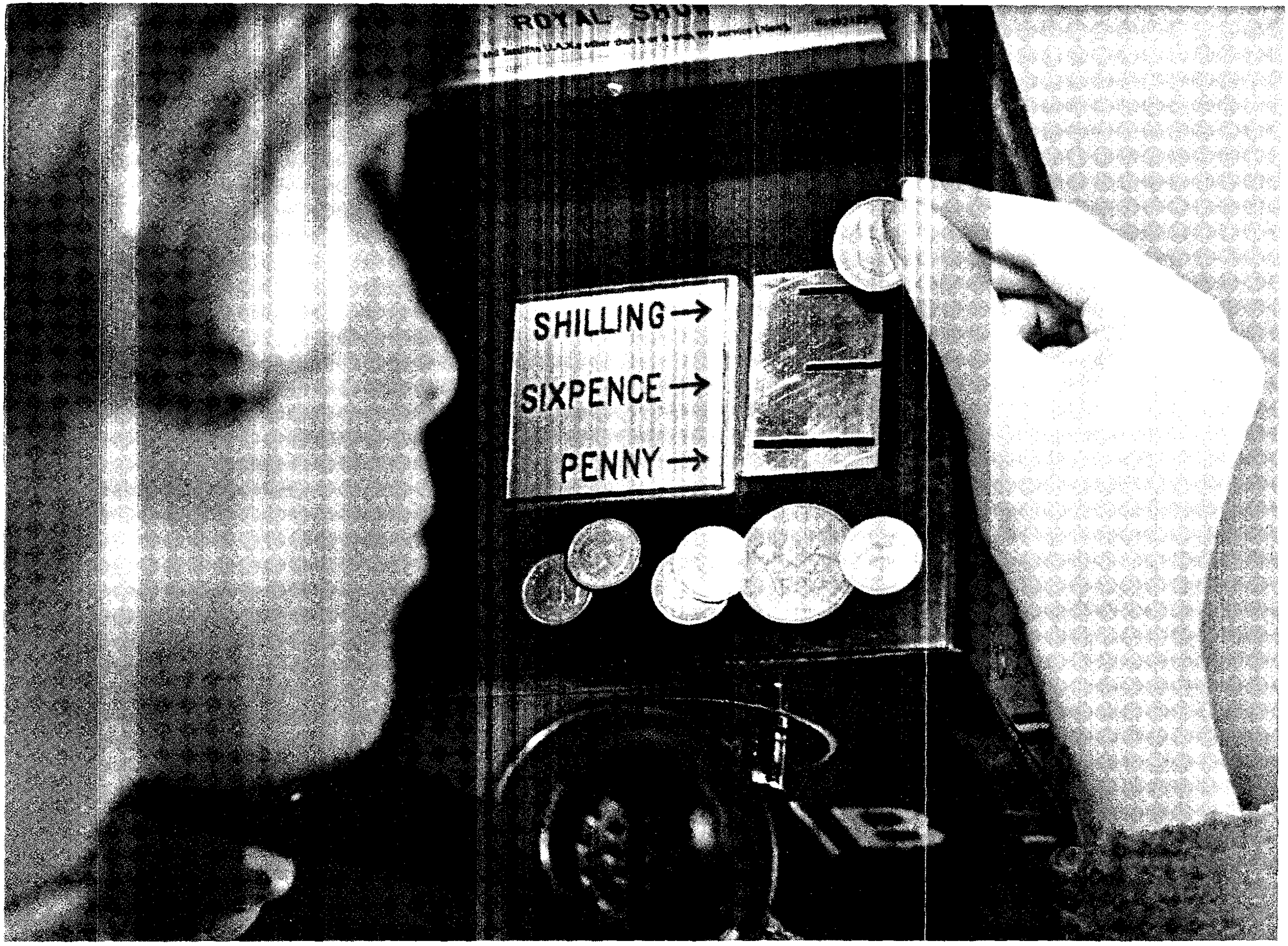

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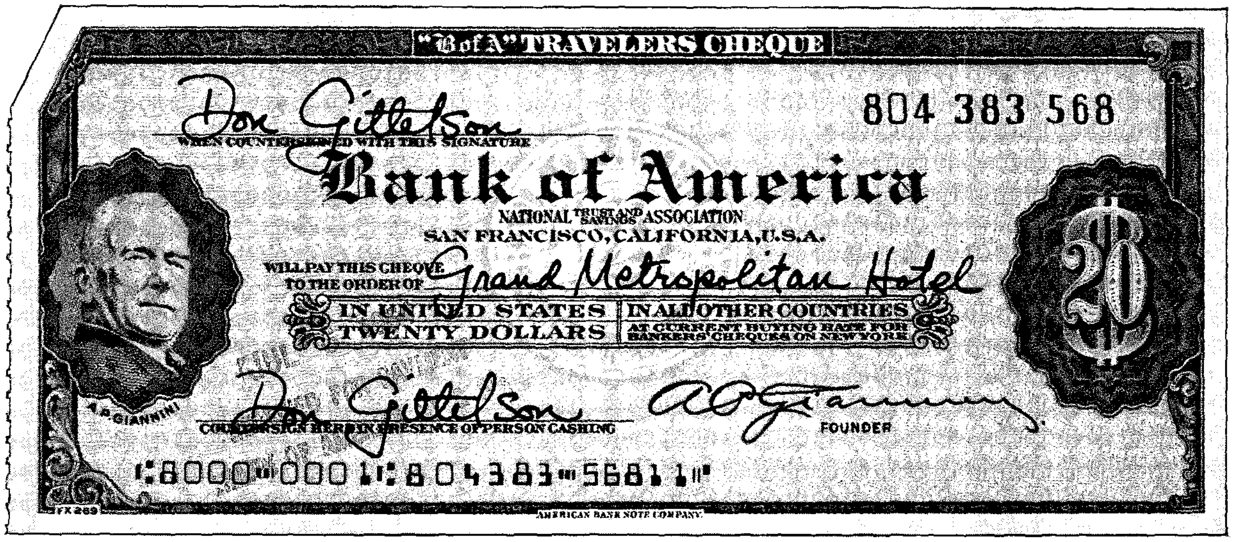

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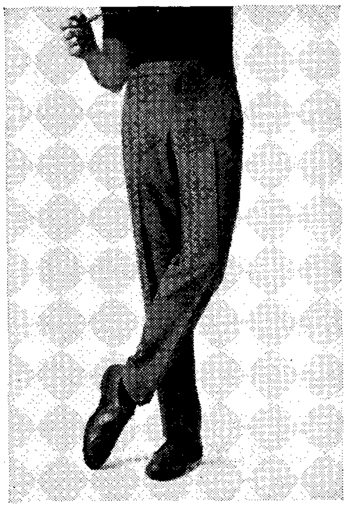
BANK OF AMERICA NATIONAL TRUST AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION • MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION surprise to find him sitting naked. (He seldom stood.) At Lopore's house, the name Lokorimoe was synonymous with the word "fat." It was a family joke, reflecting some of the envy with which Lokorimoe was regarded. But envy bothered Lokorimoe not at all. "I am an important person," he often said. "Even small children know Lokorimoe."

Aside from his elderly wives, the only person in Lokorimoe's dwelling who was anywhere near his age was a very thin old man named Botia, who lived in an abandoned section of the place. The section was the farthest downhill, thus catching the drainage, and consisted of two broken courts. These were choked with pigweed and overgrown tomato vines, and through gaps in the outer wall brambles had come in. A rotted granary basket and an old, broken house with its roof caved in sagged back against the walls, and Botia had been able to use some of the straw and sticks from the house and the basket to build a lean-to shelter for his wife and their tiny, emaciated son. Botia was a cousin of Lokorimoe's. Botia's father and Lokorimoe's father were brothers, who had had very different fates; while Lokorimoe's father had become rich, Botia's father had been ruined, and when extreme poverty had overtaken Botia near the end of his life, Lokorimoe had taken him in. Botia served as Lokorimoe's retainer. In a country without servants, to possess a retainer made a great man greater still. Botia would accompany Lokorimoe on journeys and carry his stool and his clay pipe for him. If, in the course of the journey, Lokorimoe wanted to smoke, he would take the pipe and the stool from Botia and sit down and wait while Botia found a dwelling, went in, begged a burning stick from someone, and returned to light Lokorimoe's tobacco. These journeys were always slow; Lokorimoe, with his flat feet and his buckling ankles, would lean on Botia's arm as he walked. In return for his services, Botia received the place in Lokorimoe's home, and also a tiny plot outside the walls where his wife could dig a garden, and milk from one or two of Lokorimoe's cows. The relationship between Lokorimoe and Botia was very different from the relationship between Lopore and his elderly relative Bilo, who treated each other with dignity and respect, as friend and equal. But then Lokorimoe had not got rich by giving things away or by encouraging poor relations to come and live with him. He had got rich by raiding, marrying, and having daughters. War-



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fare and personal gain were still his favorite topics of conversation in the shade of his *etem* tree, where polite visitors gathered in large numbers to listen to him. As a younger man, he had been a famous warrior. He had captured many herds of cattle and had been known for his astuteness and the flexibility of his strategy. Once, when he was leading a defending force against a group of raiders escaping with a herd, he had found his force outnumbered and the raiders very fierce, so he had led his force down into the raiders' own district in Turkanaland, and raided there before they got back. When the raiders arrived with the Dodoth cattle, they found their own herds gone. On several occasions, Lokorimoe had captured not only cattle but little Turkana girls. These he had brought home and raised as his daughters. He no longer remembered exactly how many—perhaps five, perhaps four—nor did he exactly remember their fates. "Some went home, some married, and some died," he once said of them expansively. For those who married, he received the bridal herds. One girl, now a young matron, occasionally travelled from her husband's home in the west, near the Acholi border, to pay Lokorimoe a call.

Though Lokorimoe was a capable warrior, with the mind and nature of a general, he was a merciful man. To listen to him, you wouldn't know it. "Did you ever kill a person?" he once asked me. When I said I hadn't, he commented, "Then you are nothing." Nevertheless, he often spared the lives of enemy women and children, and once, when his sons brought him a Turkana spy who had been discovered near his home, he spared the spy's life. "The rest of your party is there," Lokorimoe said to the spy, pointing to a hillside where it was believed the Turkana raiding party was assembling. "Hide with them. I won't kill you." The spy ran. Lokorimoe had the spy reported to the Kaabong police. Two European officers came to interview Lokorimoe, and he told the officers where the Turkana could be found, but the police were unable to intercept the Turkana. The raid came; afterward, the Turkana went home; and a year later the spy, not knowing he had been reported, returned to thank Lokorimoe and to have a ram sacrificed for him.

The bulk of Lokorimoe's riches was gathered when he was older, through long-range investments that could be expected to grow. He had married ten times, and that meant he had made bride payments of at least a thousand

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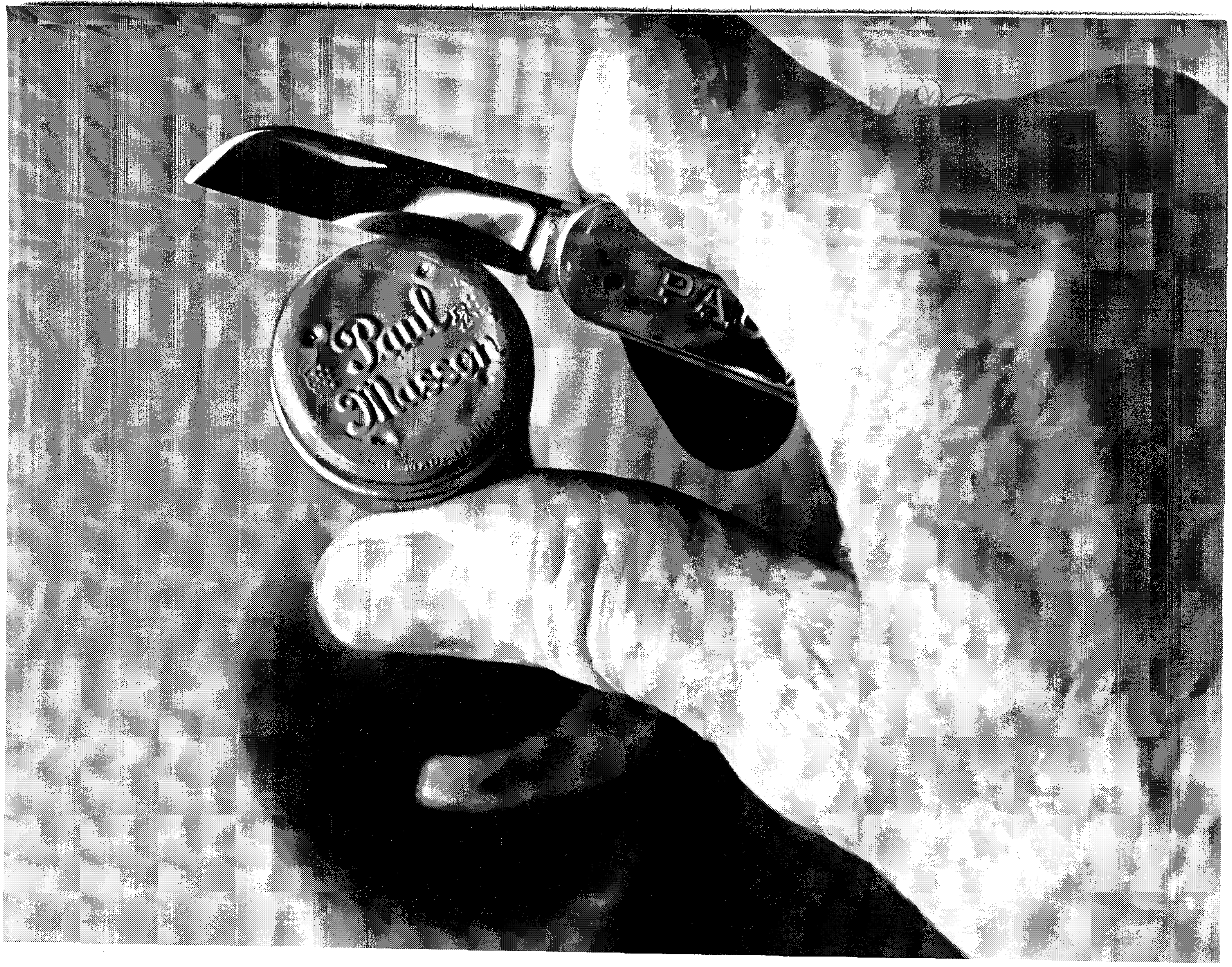
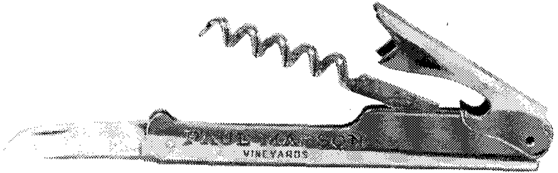


THE PAUL MASSON SWITCHBLADE; OR HOW TO OPEN A BOTTLE OF GOOD WINE



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*But first, for goodness' sake, close the knife blade; more Frenchmen have been wounded that way.

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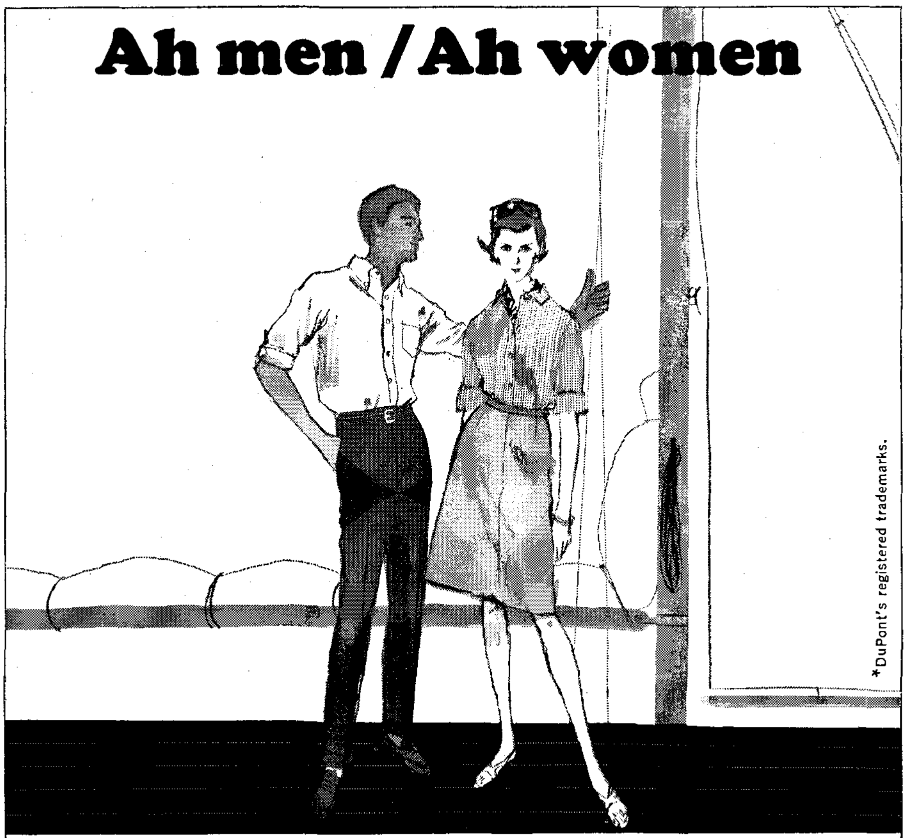
Ah men / Ah women



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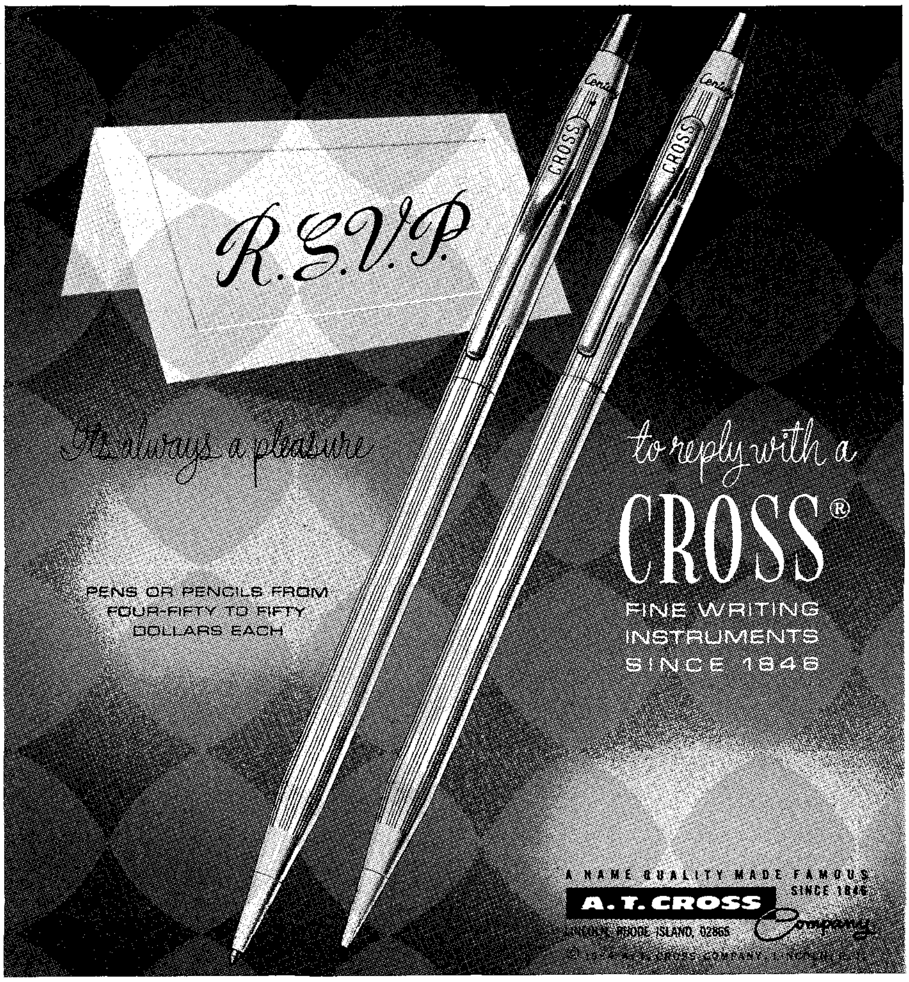
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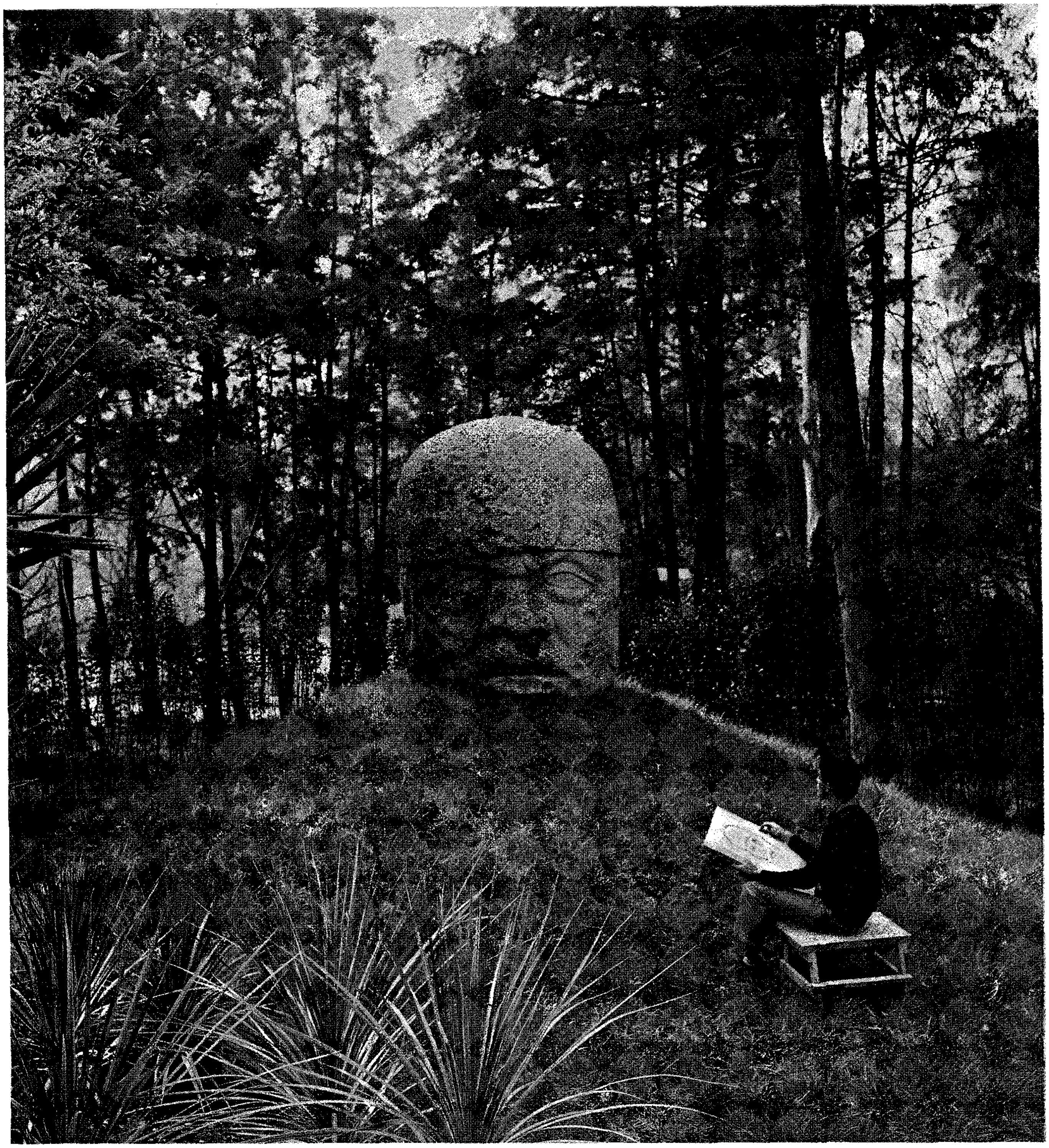
cattle. But if each wife bore two daughters, his investment for each wife would double within twenty years or so. (If a wife is barren, she can be returned to her family.) Most of Lokorimoe's wives had several daughters apiece, thereby absorbing his losses on one wife who died before bearing children. So his initial investment had worked out well. He had more daughters than sons, for whose brides he would dispense cattle, and of his twenty-three daughters only ten were married; he had thirteen to go. As a father, he seemed to have feelings toward his family that were vague and benign, rather than personal and intense. When I first visited him, I went with Lopore, who claimed to be a friend but was really only a clansman and an acquaintance. Nevertheless, succumbing to the fascination with the rich and powerful that seems to prevail in the world, Lopore knew the members of Lokorimoe's family better than Lokorimoe himself did. On that first visit, I asked Lokorimoe for the names of his wives and their children, and he began to tell me, but he was interrupted and corrected so many times by his oldest son and by Lopore that he dropped the subject in disgust and said crossly, "You tell her, then." They did, remembering three wives he had omitted, and quite a few children. To make things easier for me to understand, the oldest son kept referring to his father as if by his first name. This annoyed Lokorimoe, who turned stiffly on his stool to face his son and cried, "I used to fear my father!" His real benevolence was reflected in his son's reaction, which was to pause politely and then do the same thing again.

Each of the great households of Dodoth takes on much of its character from its owner, and in Lokorimoe's house his impassive benevolence had given rise to a very pleasant atmosphere of affection. His vast house was a splendid place to stay, on its dry slope, in warm sunshine, under the sky. Except in the retainer Botia's family, hunger and want did not exist there, and most of the eighty-odd people in the dwelling were young. The many young women at work in the day courts filled the air with the sounds of their churning and grinding and with their private singing—a vibrant hum. The little children and grandchildren ducked in and out of doors and played in the passageways, using sticks not to represent armies in battle formation but to build miniature replicas of dwellings, their pens filled with cattle—tiny white stones.

As a husband, Lokorimoe may have



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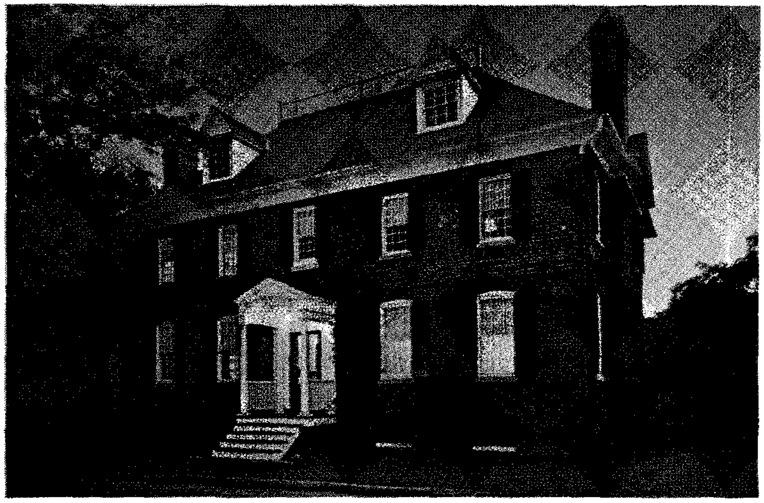

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been somewhat egocentric, but this was hardly surprising; his eight wives, who were all nice women, waited on him and taught their children and grandchildren to respect him. Though it is usual in Dodoth for a man to marry his first four or five wives for love and the rest for the sake of an alliance with their families, all of Lokorimoe's wives were so well connected that he had recently begun to marry for love again. His first seven living wives were elderly, but his eighth was only twenty-five or thirty, and her children by him were younger than most of his grandchildren. Her name was Kapoi. In his fatherly, impassive way, he was very kind to Kapoi. Once, when my husband and I visited him during the harvest season, we found him sitting in her field. He was about to enjoy a calabash of beer, and she was about to thresh some of the bulrush millet she had stored in her open field basket. She was a tall, handsome woman, with a lovely figure and wide dark eyes. Lokorimoe called to her to bring beer for his visitors. When the beer came, he recalled for me the story of his life. "Have you heard?" he asked. "Have you heard of my birth? I was a herdboy and looking after cattle. When I became a man, I started marrying my wives."

Suddenly, Kapoi began to shriek and cry, and Lokorimoe, who had finished his life story, turned himself stiffly on his stool to look in her direction. Weeping, she shrieked the same words over and over: "Who did it? Who did it? Why did they? Why?"

Lokorimoe, presently realizing what had happened, turned back to announce to us, "Yesterday, they stole bulrushes from her field. Today, they have stolen from her basket." He turned to look at her again. "You won't get it back," he said sensibly and gently. "You are crying for nothing."

"But I have only just discovered it," she wept. Her little boys, of perhaps two

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and four, having been upset by their mother, were also in tears. One of Lokorimoe's grown daughters emerged from a nearby field and flung her arms around Kapoi. The little boys ran weeping to their father.

Lokorimoe wiped their noses with his thumb and cuddled them tenderly against his side. "Yes," he said, reminiscing. "I don't know the year I was born, but it was a long time ago. Years have passed and I can't remember. Today comes and goes. Who can count the days as they go?"

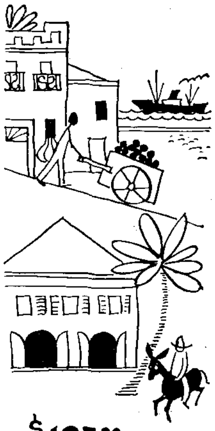
Kapoi, her breathing still unsteady, brought a second calabash of beer, into which she had dropped a hot stone. The thick beer boiled from the stone and from its own fermenting, and Lokorimoe, tipping his head back, drank a great deal. "Here," he said to her. "Sit down." She sat down beside him. "You drink some, too, Kapoi." He was benevolence itself as he ministered to her.

Later, in a reverie, Lokorimoe began to sing his ox song, a song in which the members of his family were, if not considered individually, symbolized:

"O Loina [Loina is the ox], every-
thing is against your father.
My wife says, 'It is evening now
and Lokiding has not yet come.'
O Loina, everything is against
your father.
My child says, 'It is evening now,
and Lokiding has not yet come.' "

If, when Lokorimoe had finished singing, anyone had suggested that the song seemed egocentric, he would have been much surprised.

In any event, Lokorimoe's estimation of himself was entirely accurate in the view of the outside world. He was, as he said, a very important man. With his multitude of neighbors, relatives, and friends, he had a great opportunity to express his opinions, which were conservative. Since in Dodoth, as elsewhere, a rich person is credited with wisdom above and beyond the wisdom needed to accumulate wealth, his opinions took root in the minds of those who listened to him. For instance, quite a few people believed, as he believed, that the Protectorate government was to blame for the raiding. To begin with, as he saw it, the government, in disarming the Dodoth, had made them cowards; then the police, who had been armed to defend the Dodoth, had failed to do so; and, lastly, "the Europeans" had unwittingly encouraged the Turkana beyond all precedent by failing to avenge the death of a young English police officer whom the Turkana had killed. Lokorimoe



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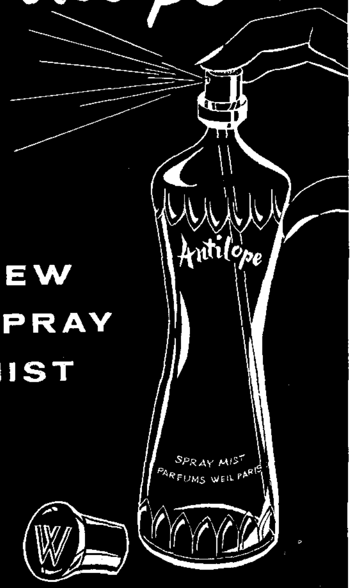

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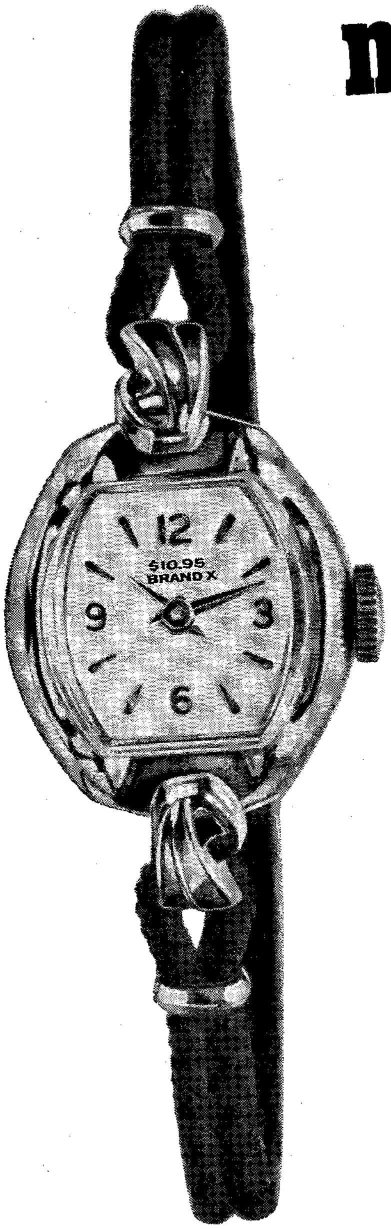

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thought that the Europeans should have mounted a savage big-scale raid against the Turkana, killing hundreds in revenge.

The sacred place to which Lokorimoe belonged stood in a grove perhaps five miles north of Kailele. If a sacrifice was to be held, he would leave for the grove very early in the morning, and walk slowly and heavily as the mist rose from the earth and evaporated and the day turned hot. His sons and neighbors, who left later, would pass him, and almost always, when he arrived, at last, composed but perspiring, he would find the whole congregation patiently waiting for him. A few years before, one of his elderly wives had died, and a sacrifice had been postponed indefinitely to respect his mourning. And once while we were there, at a time when a huge Turkana raid was massing on a forested ridge west of Kailele and the smoke of their campfires could be seen from Kailele Hill, the sacrifice to forestall the raid and protect the area was postponed for a whole day because Lokorimoe was unwell. I used to wonder why his presence was so much desired, and why he commanded so much respect. He was not the most senior member of the sacred place, nor did he say anything at sacrifices that he had not said many times informally. In fact, at a sacrifice he would get to his feet laboriously, walk up and down and address the congregation in his matter-of-fact manner, lead a brief, matter-of-fact prayer, and then resume his seat and converse with the men around him while the next speech was being made. Because he paid little attention, he never seemed to know what was happening or what the divination had revealed, and always had to ask. But I think his inattention did not matter to his countrymen. I think that people respected his benign self-importance. Like an elderly, fearless general, Lokorimoe was as indifferent to danger as he was to many other things, and the repressed terror that the raiding caused in many people left him unmoved. Around Lokorimoe there was an air of composure. His countrymen took heart from him.

STRAIGHT up Lokoki from Kailele, right at the northern border, lived the other person of enormous power, the *emuron*. One of his names was Lomotin. He had several honorary enemy names, but he didn't use them, because he didn't need to. He was not rich, not an elder, he made no use of any external symbol to heighten his prestige, but even so his fame extended

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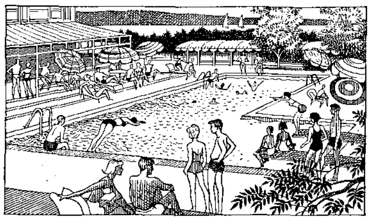

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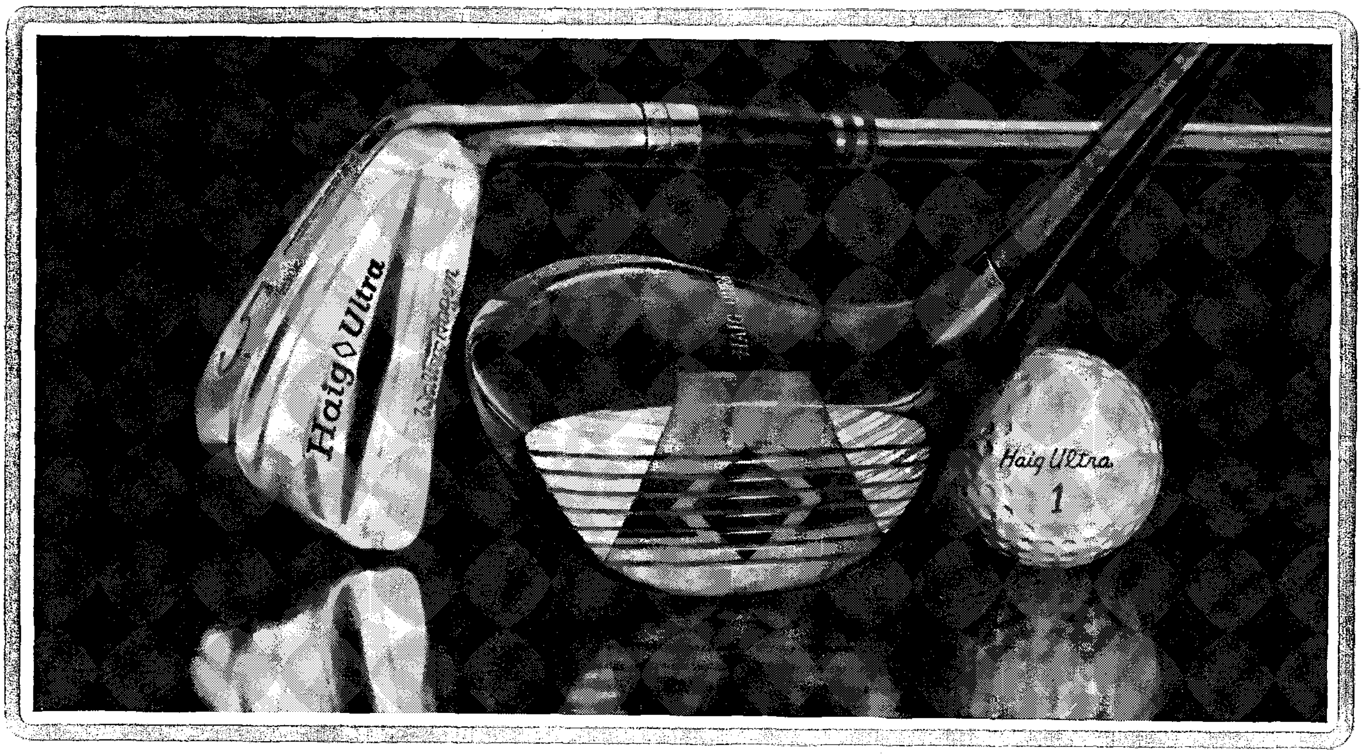

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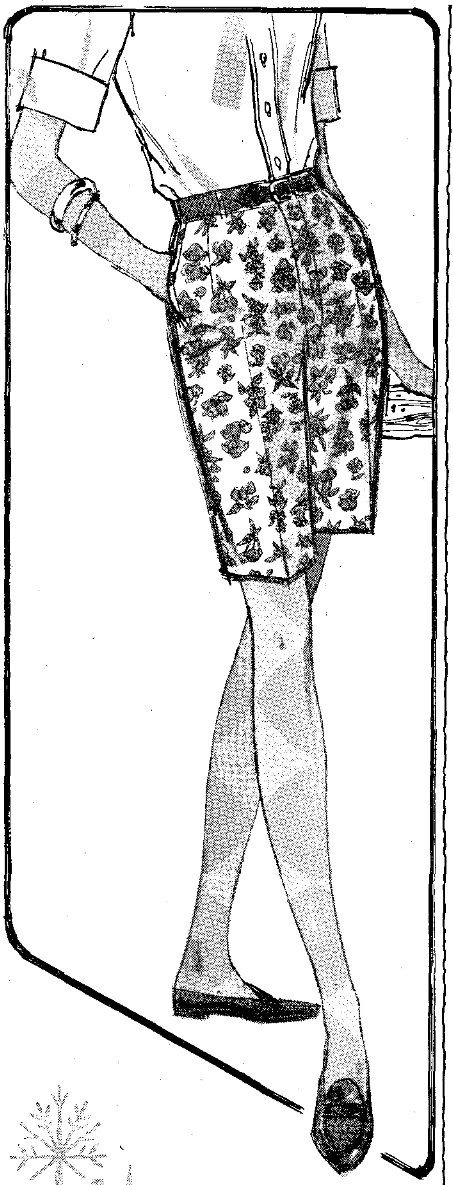

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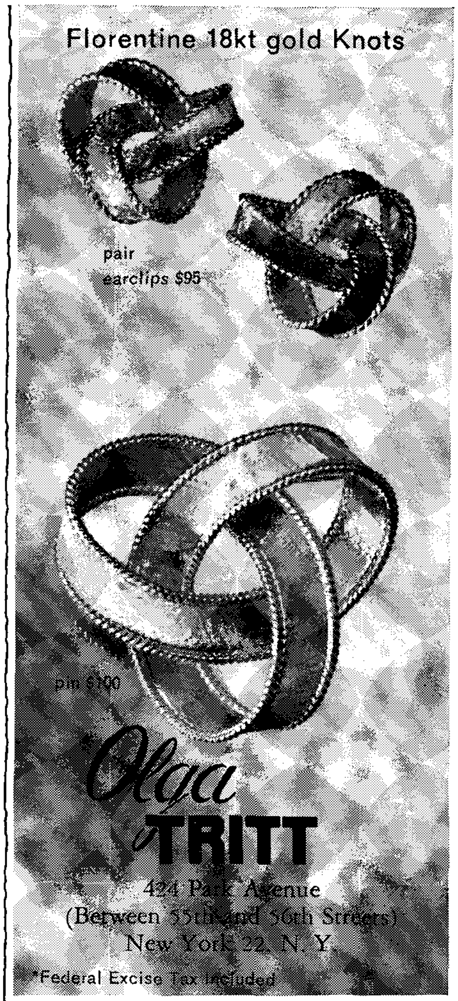
south through Jie into Karamoja, east through Turkanaland, west through Acholi, and north into the Sudan. In times of peace, people came from all these places to obtain advice from him. There were *ngimurok* (the plural of *emuron*) in most of these places, and, for that matter, there were many other *ngimurok* in Dodoth, but very few were great ones. Great *ngimurok* appear from time to time, like comets, and live to change matters in Dodoth a bit, and then die. The world remembers them long after they are gone. While we were in Dodoth, we heard of an almost mythical *emuron* who was sometimes called Ibongo and sometimes Ikwaibong. The ethnologist Dr. Neville Dyson-Hudson heard of him in Karamoja, where he was usually called Ikwaibong. He lived on a mountain that some said was in Dodoth, some said was in Acholi, and some said was in the Sudan. He never grew old, he could not be injured by a spear or a bullet, he could make rain with rainstones and could make sticks pierce rocks. Once, he lived in Dodoth, near Lokoki, and while he was there, the region enjoyed prosperity and an abundance of crops. When he returned to his own nation, which some said was Didinga, the prosperity ended. Now and then, though, a delegation would be sent to visit him. The delegation, it was said, was never received by him personally but was received at his *etem* by one of his sons. Because of this, and because Ibongo was said to have been an old man when Lopore and Uri were children, it was thought that he was quite possibly no longer a living person but an institution retained by his sons. It was hard to know, however. After we had returned to the United States, we got a letter from a friend telling us that an extraordinary man had visited Karamoja. The man, whom our friend had seen with his own eyes, wore the dress of a villager and had come on foot from the Sudan to Moroto, claiming to be lost. This in itself was so unusual that people at once were suspicious of him. It was then found that no matter what language was spoken to him, he would answer in the same language. He was heard to speak Akarimojong and the languages of the Acholi, Didinga, Iteso, and Suk, and also English, Italian, German, French, and Luganda—perhaps more. After this, it was generally felt that he was Ibongo. He disappeared one day as mysteriously as he had come.

The lesser *ngimurok* have no great mystery surrounding them but are simply doctors. This was true of Lo-



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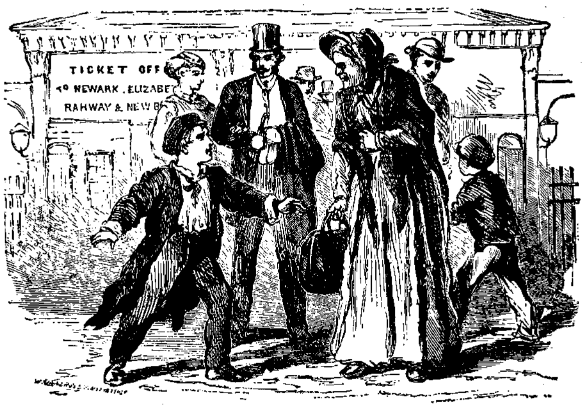

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pore's only blood relative except his children, the woman named Nadolupe, who was an *amuron*—the feminine form of the word. She lived in a dwelling that I often visited, a compound dwelling, near Lopore's, that was owned by three brothers and was made up of three sections, each with its own entrance and cattle pen. A tiny court between the first and second brothers' sections was shared by Nadolupe and her younger son. Her elder son was a Moslem, a butcher for the Somali traders in Kaabong. When he came to see his mother, he would wear a suit of underwear, and this gave rise to a belief among some of the older householders that union suits were "Moslem clothing." Nadolupe's younger son was just a boy, and was expected to become an *emuron* someday. Nadolupe herself was a wrinkled old lady with a very sharp wit, who had divorced her husband because she couldn't bear his second wife. Her tiny court was untidy in a pleasant, lived-in way, with pots and jars lying casually about, for she preferred visiting to housework. She often sat in the sunlight with her knees up and her elbows on them, saying whatever she chose in the most casual manner possible. "My grandfather was an *emuron*, and Lopore could have become an *emuron*, but he said he couldn't stand the travelling," she once told me. "So I said, 'Let me become an *amuron*.' Someone asked me, 'Can you do it?' I said, 'Yes.' So here I am, an *amuron*. We do the same work as doctors. Sick people come to us, or else we go to them. If a child has a sore, we can usually suck out what is causing the trouble. Or we dream. God can slaughter you in a dream or take you to play in the water where you do bad things. I get tired of it, though. I get tired of walking around to people. Some owe me and haven't paid, and I'm not getting my harvest in, because I've been so busy. I have to go all the way to Kaabong tomorrow, because a policeman wants me to remove a spell. No one really wants *ngimurok*, though. Everyone goes to the dispenser. When you had an earache, you went to Moroto. Don't you like my medicine?"

"I still have the earache," I said.

She looked pleased. "I'll try to cure it," she said. "And if I do, you can pay me later. I have a pain in the ear myself, but, of course, I can't treat myself."

I asked her not to pour anything in my ear.

She laughed. "Europeans! I won't pour anything in your ear. Your trouble was caused by a witch who watched

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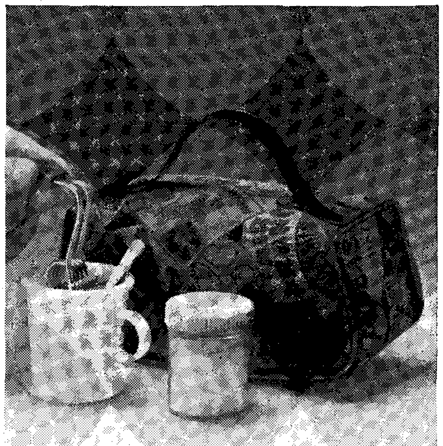

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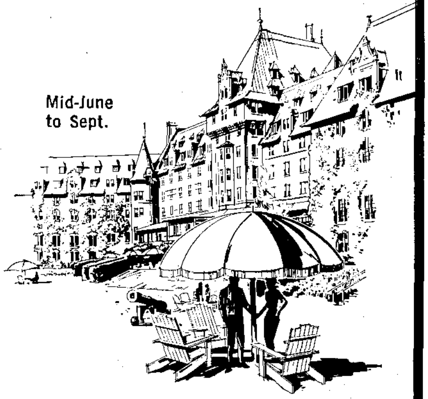

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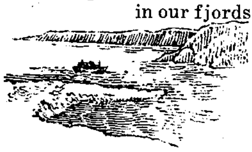

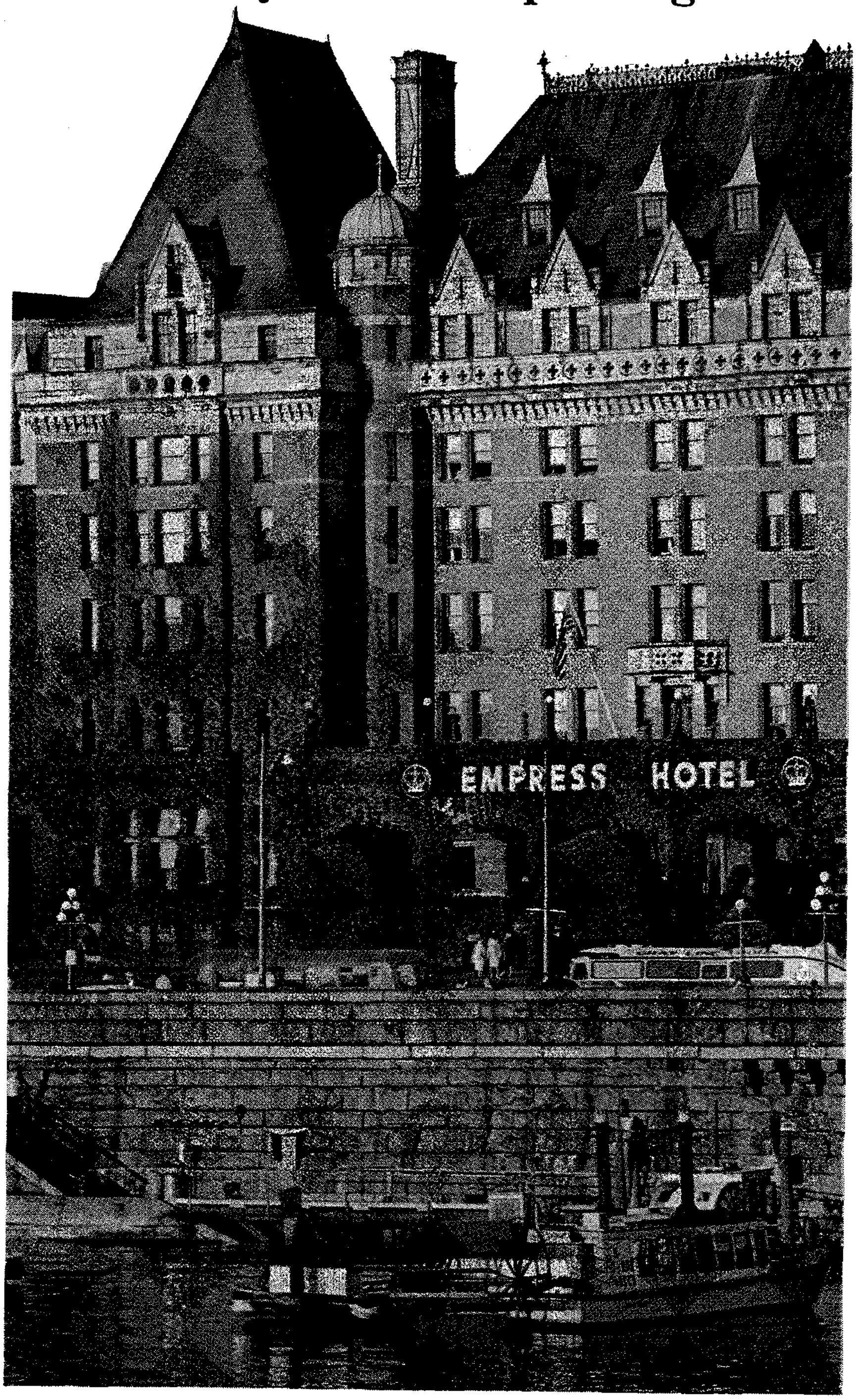

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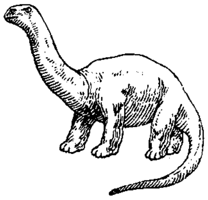

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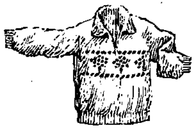

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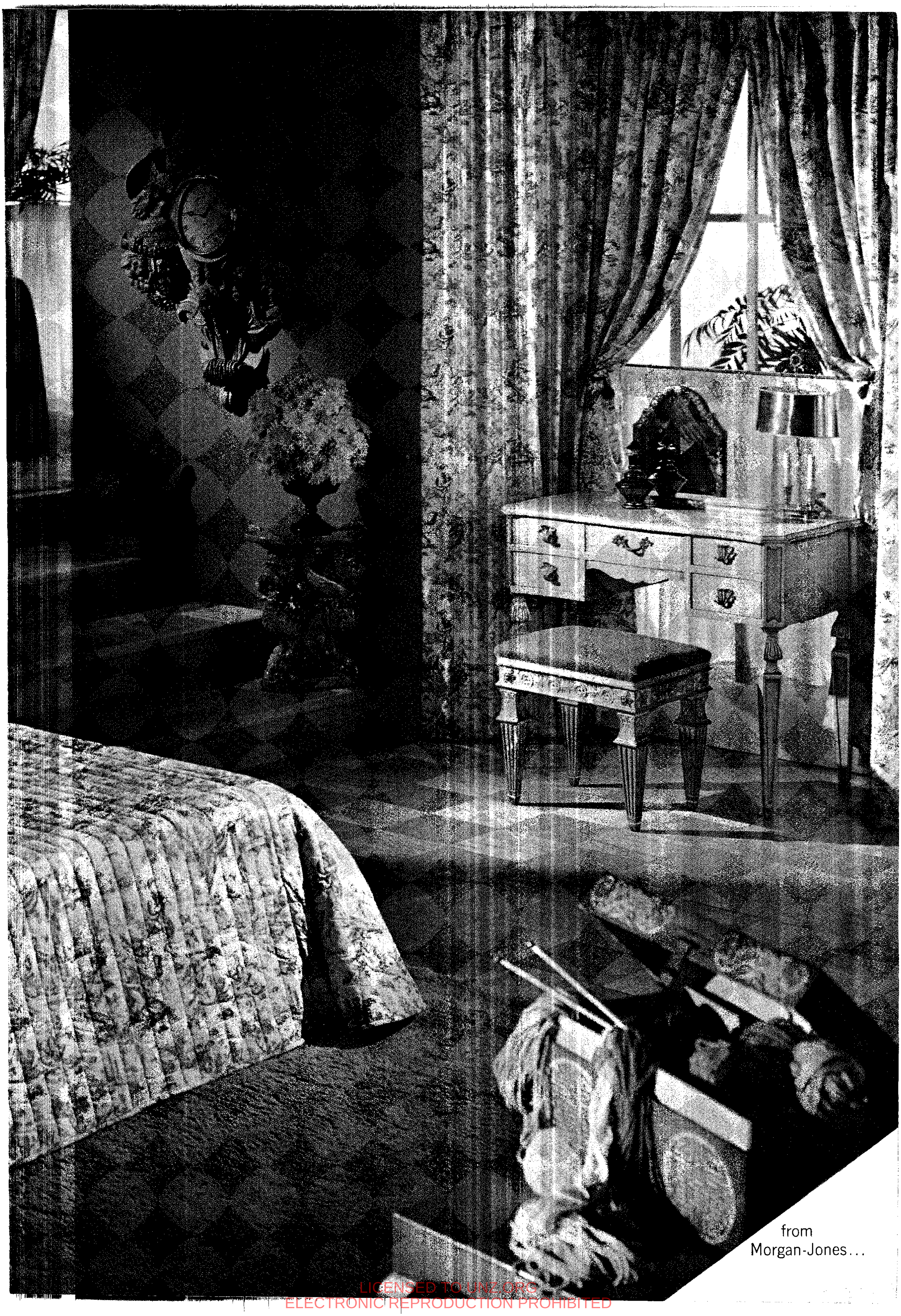

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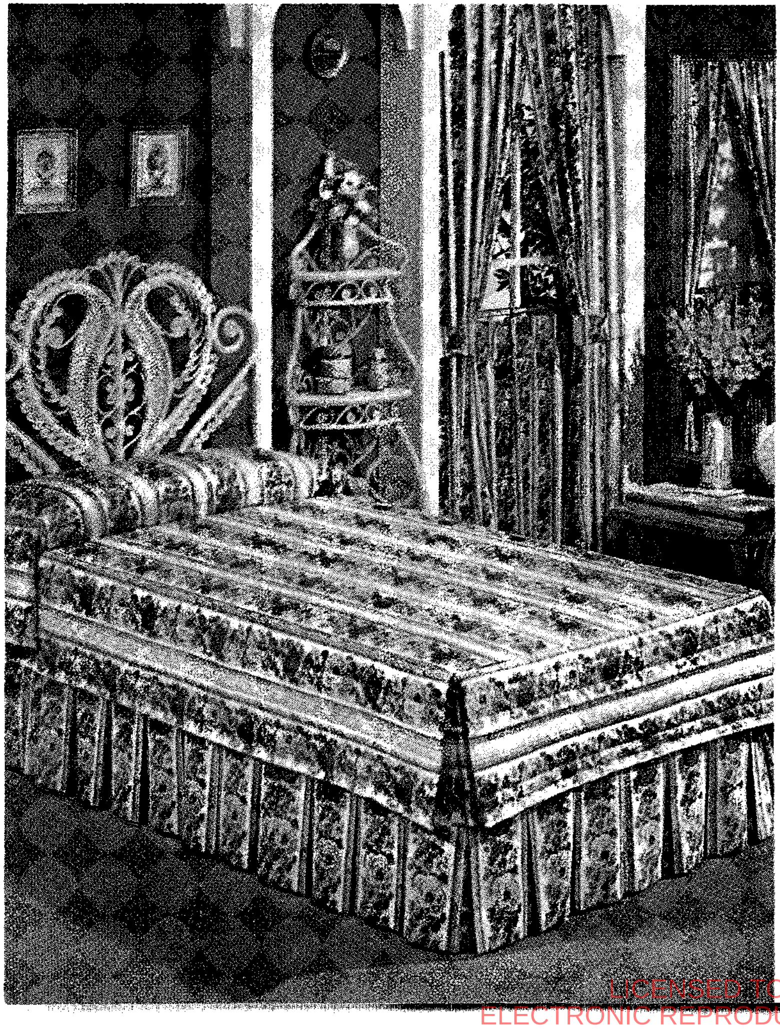
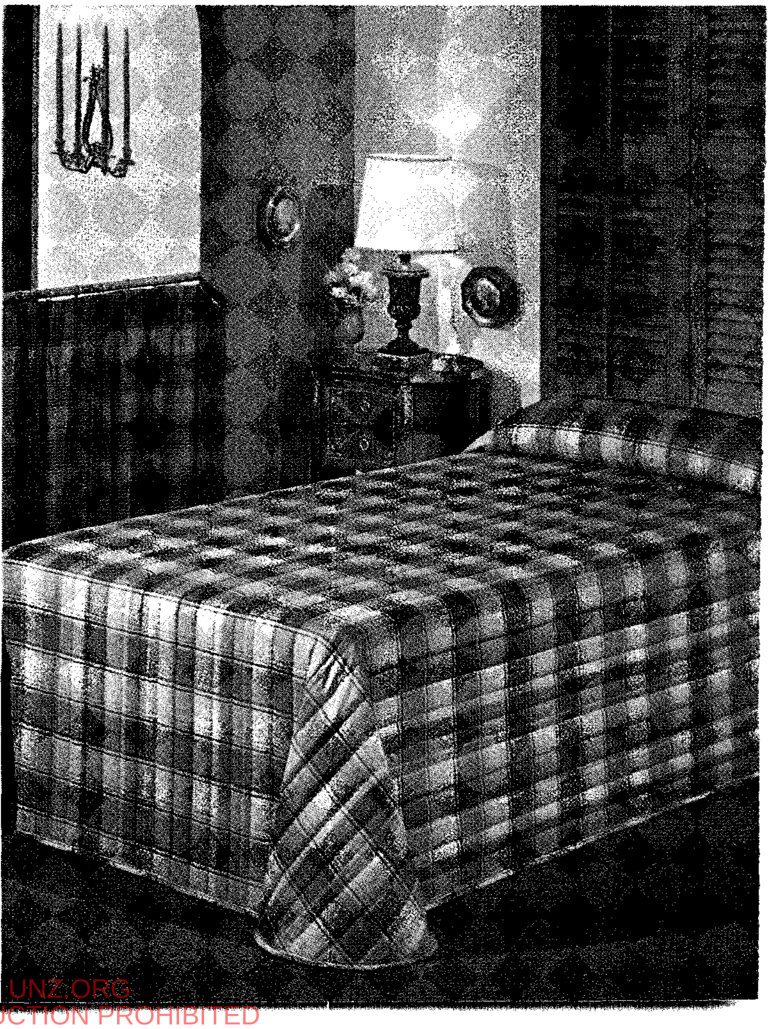
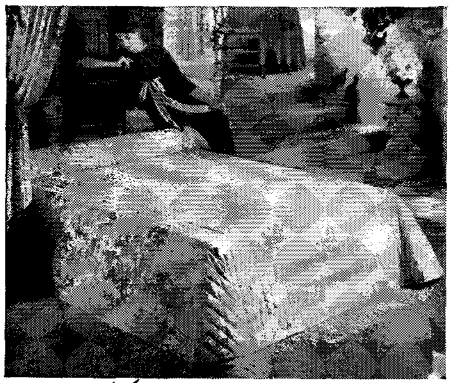
Beaux Arts Collection

(Preceding page) "Country Toile," a documentary print lined with solid color, quilted with "Dacron"* polyester fiberfill. The fabric by "Everfast," with "Everglaze."† Protected with "Zepel."* The throw, full size (shown), with matching fully lined drapes. "Country Toile" is also available in coverlet with matching dust ruffle and café curtains. Red, green, gold or blue print. Five sizes. **(Below, left)** "Stratford," a floral stripe, quilted with "Dacron" polyester fiberfill. Decorative and durable. Polished-cotton print by "Everfast," with "Everglaze" easy care. Protected with "Zepel." The fitted twin-size coverlet (shown), with pleated dust ruffle, twin size. Matching, fully lined drapes. "Stratford" is also available with gathered dust ruffle, traditional-style bedspread and matching café curtains. Rose, blue or gold on white. Five sizes. **(Below, right)** "Calais," a Galey & Lord gingham plaid, quilted with "Dacron" polyester fiberfill. Beautifully designed, handsomely detailed. At home in traditional or modern settings. The throw (shown), twin size, with matching café curtains. Also in daybed cover and pillow sham cases. Rose, blue, gold. Five sizes.

*Du Pont's T. M. †"Everglaze" is a T. M. of J. Bancroft & Sons Co.







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you eating. Wait, and I'll be back."

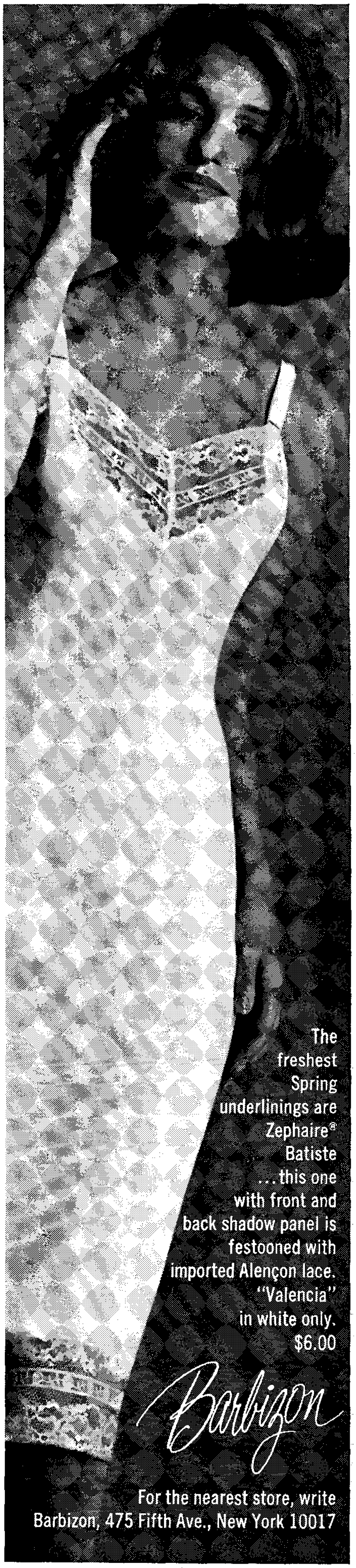
She stood up, then stooped again to crawl out through her doorway. When she came back, she was followed by four wives of the household—all of them young women—who entered reverently, to watch. Nadolupe showed me a bulrush, and, with a humorously mysterious expression, said, "This is what I use to cure." She dragged up a log so she could sit in front of me, then put her hands on her knees and looked about dramatically. "Everyone is to sit while I work here," she said. "No one is to walk around." The young wives of the household sank to the ground, and Nadolupe took from her apron a sprig of *lothiru*, a plant with soft, fuzzy leaves, like the leaves of an African violet, and with tiny yellow flowers, which had a pungent bittersweet smell. She first inhaled its fragrance, then rubbed it under my ear. She put her lips to my neck and sucked, removed her lips, and picked from my skin a tiny, hairy pellet, not much larger than the head of a pin. "Hairs from the witch's eyebrows," she said, holding it up. She threw it into her fence. "Look at it if you like, but don't touch it," she said.

The young wives in the courtyard opened their eyes in wonder and shrank away from the fence. "Now you have seen," one said to me.

Nadolupe put her lips to my neck again and removed a second pellet, which she flung after the first. She removed another, and another—six in all. She sucked a seventh time, but no pellet came, so it was clear that she had taken the last. "I'll tell you this," said Nadolupe, speaking very matter-of-factly. "You got that spell in another part of the country, or perhaps in your own country, not here. When I throw away a spell made by a Dodoth witch, the spell flies off like a bird."

I went to the fence to see the pellets. They were like gray clay, and the hairs embedded in them were like the fine fuzz that grows on a bulrush. "Don't touch them," one of the young wives reminded me.

A few days later, I gave Nadolupe a bedsheet as a way of thanking her. She seemed both pleased and amused, thanked me very warmly, and said as she folded it, "I think I fooled you. I got you to believe I used a bulrush in my cures." I thought Nadolupe a very nice woman. She made no pretense of greatness but was amusingly realistic, worldly, and natural. The great *ngimurok* such as Lomotin are, however, supernatural. They could be called prophets, for though they, too, are doc-



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tors, and are called night and day by the families of the sick, it is on the strength and accuracy of their prophecies that they rise to fame. Their job, however, is not to cause wonder but to serve as God's oracles, and though they do cause wonder, it is not by device. By their prophecies, great *ngimurok* make rain or cause dry weather, bring health or disease, or avert disasters to the nation, such as raids or locusts.

The Protectorate government traditionally was regarded as dangerous to prophets. During the nineteen-twenties, the government hanged a famous prophet in Karamoja, because he opposed the Protectorate, and just a few years ago the government imprisoned a prophet of the neighboring Suk, whose name was Elijah and who had headed a movement—something like Mau Mau—that was called Dini Ya Msambwa and, though it was based on Christianity, aimed at ridding the people of their European lords. To this day, it is thought that Elijah passed like smoke through the stone walls of the prison, sat down outside it, and was found there by the guards, who then released him, realizing that there was no means of keeping him in jail. Some say that he was executed, but others say that he is invisible and is living in the mountains until the time comes that is appropriate for his return. Because the government was a danger to prophets, and because many people confused my husband and me with the government, we were in Dodoth more than two months before we learned anything about Lomotin. I twice saw him at sacrifice, for he usually attended the sacred place beside the river. At each sacrifice he performed the divination, and once he led a prayer and then came to wring my hand, very much as a minister might greet a newcomer at his congregation. At the time, I didn't know who he was.

Lomotin lived, with two wives, two married sons, two resident married daughters and their children, and perhaps fifty cattle, in an old, weathered, vine-covered dwelling on the slope of a wind-swept hill. The dwelling was crumbling in places, and it stood in the midst of the family bulrush crop in such a way that from afar one could not see it but only the patch of green or ochre made by the fields. Lomotin had no human neighbors. Beyond the hill was the forest, then Turkanaland; because his household was small, it did not anchor the neighborhood, and all the people who had lived immediately to the east or north of him had moved. Now his only neighbors were a troop of

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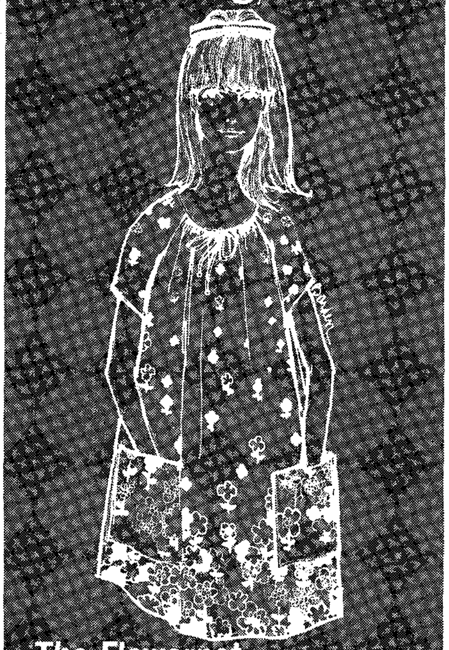

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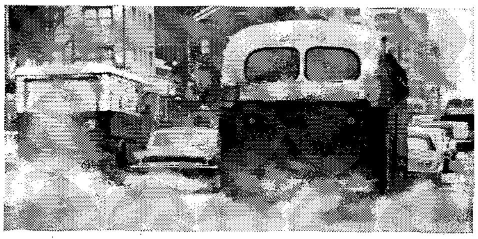

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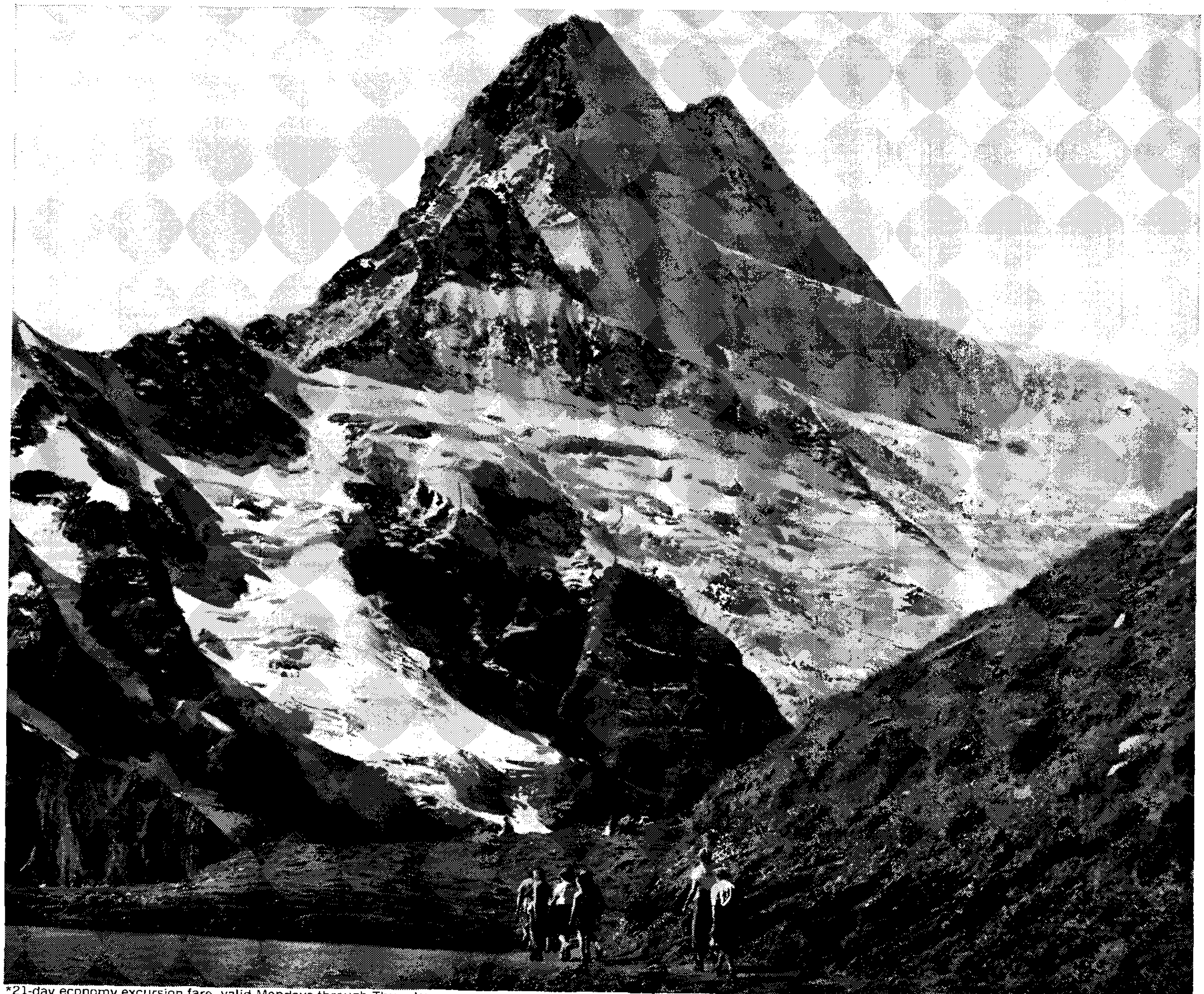

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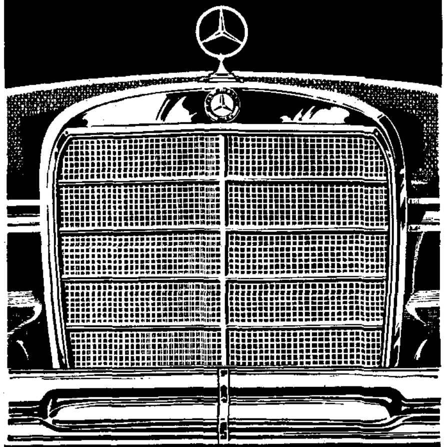

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gray baboons, who, with the people gone, roamed where they liked in the neighborhood, and harvested the abandoned fields. Lomotin lived, in fact, at a gateway between Dodoth and Turkanaland; his house stood not half a mile from a pass—a roadway worn by escaping raiders. It was no wonder that he found himself alone. He was a man of seventy or more. His arms and legs were knobbed and sinewy, and a slight palsy caused his hands to shake. Yet when a Turkana raiding force would pass his home, he would go to meet them with his shield and spear to do what he could against them. He was fearless, and his shield, a strip of buffalo leather eight inches wide and two and a half feet long, was scarred with the cuts of spears he had deflected. Scars of spears he had not deflected showed on his dull black skin—old wounds that ached when the air was damp and cold. His face was most impressive—broad and dark and deeply lined, with a heavy brow ridge that made a hollow for his eyes. He wore no ornaments except four brass earrings; his hair and beard, which were gray, were cut short; and even his expression was severe. He wore a black cape and a wide felt Army hat, and under the hatbrim his forehead was set in a perpetual frown. He was a person of enormous gravity; his face showed mystery and austerity, and his voice, which trembled, was soft and slow. He was, in short, an extraordinary man. Even Uri, an unusually self-possessed person, was in awe of him. It was with Uri that my husband and I visited Lomotin the first time, and we did not approach his dwelling directly, to sit at his *etem*, as visitors to most dwellings do, but waited in a tiny clearing by his wife's garden shelter while Uri went ahead to announce us. Dry stalks of sorghum rustled overhead and the hot sun filtered through, and for an hour we waited. Finally, we heard a man approaching, and stood up, but when the sorghum canes parted, Uri emerged alone, to say that Lomotin was with a patient. We all sat down and waited, and after a very long time the canes parted again and into the clearing stepped the gaunt figure of the famous man. His face, beneath the hatbrim, was in deep shadow, and he stood still and looked at us for a long time. Finally, he greeted us in European fashion, shaking hands with poise and very cordially, but after a few words he ignored us to exchange the long, formal Dodoth greeting with Uri. Uri was tense, alert, composed, and most respectful.

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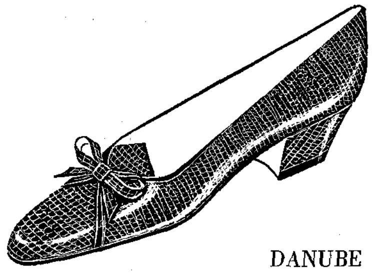

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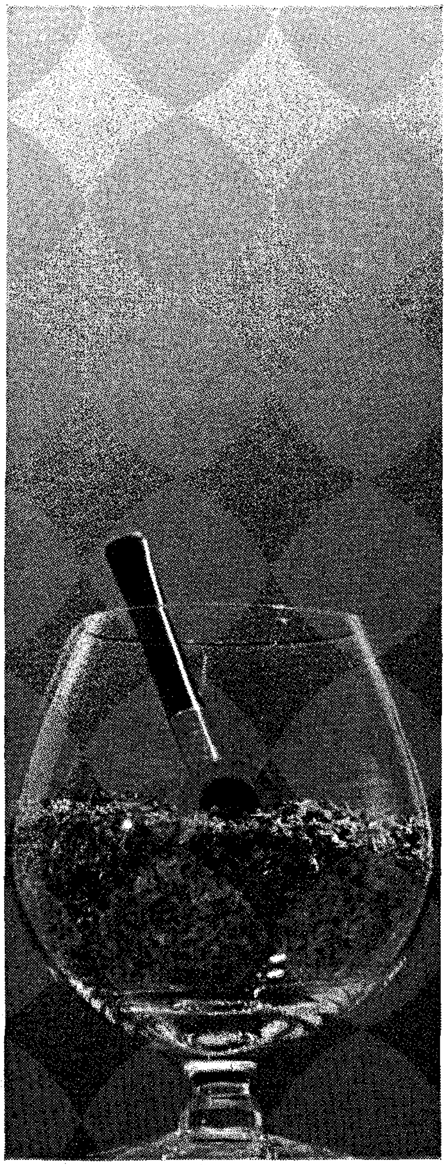

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a shirt, and I gave it to him. An instant later, he tucked his stool under him and sat down, with the shirt forgotten in his lap, to hear Uri tell of the death of an *amuron's* son at the hands of the Turkana a few days before. The young man was wounded while running from the Turkana, and his companions deserted him, whereupon the Turkana overtook him and speared him to death. Lomotin then told Uri that the Turkana had passed his hillside on the same morning that the young man was killed. One Turkana soldier had had a rifle. The rifleman had stood under a nearby tree, the top of which was visible above the sorghum, and had fired at Lomotin but had missed. Lomotin pointed to the tree with a trembling, arthritic finger and said that he tried to turn the Turkana by approaching them from the west, but that when he had heard the bullet whine past him, he had realized he would not be able to turn them alone.

When the two men had exchanged these stories, Lomotin stood up, said goodbye very courteously, and walked off slowly, his back bent, through his field. Many times, afterward, we went to visit him again. He was always polite, always courteous, but never spoke with us more than fifteen minutes. One day, I told him I was very eager to talk with him. I told him that influence like his was not understood everywhere in the world, that ideas about the supernatural varied so widely that his own would be most valuable, and that everyone was suggesting that I try to learn about such matters from him now that it was known I had met him. He asked, "Are there no spirits in your country?" In Dodoth, spirits are called *ngipian*. I said we had no *ngipian*. "We have them here," he said. I asked if he would tell me more. He said that he had been ready to leave on a trip when I arrived, and that he could have gone almost halfway to his destination by now, so I went home.

Shortly after that, something happened that may have made him think of us more favorably—or at least made him think of us, for he was a man who had nothing to do with Europeans. His eldest son came to our camp one morning and sold me the narrow, battle-scarred shield. I bought it because I didn't know whose it was. The son kept a *dhuka* in Kalapata, and may have regarded the selling of the shield as a way of making money. But he was also fond of his father, so he may have felt that it was time for Lomotin to give up the defense of the pass. When Lomotin found out about the shield, he

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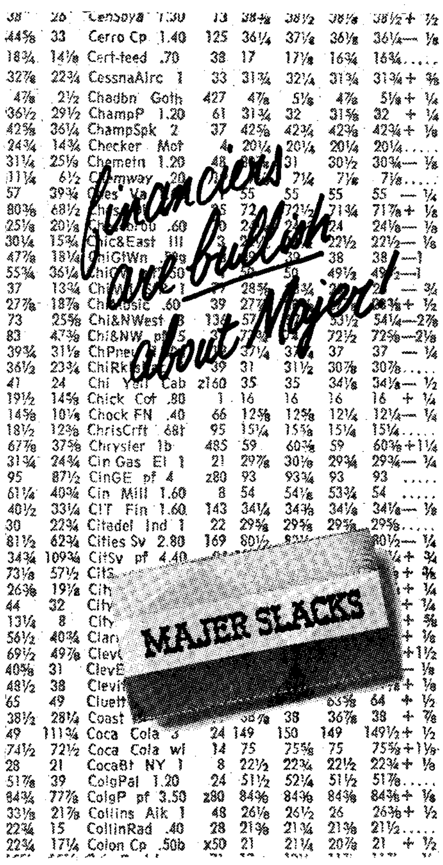

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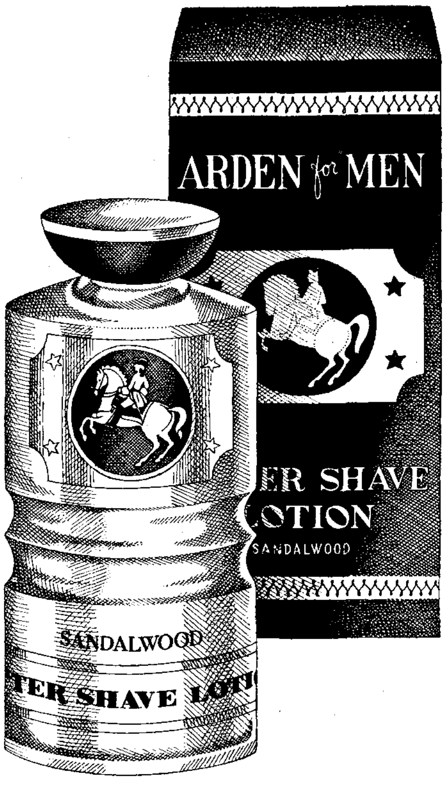

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visited me and said, so softly and so angrily that his voice shook, "That shield was mine. I looked for it this morning and I found that it was gone. I came to see for myself, because I couldn't believe my son would do such a thing." I offered to give back the shield, but he refused it. "You bought it, so it is yours now," he said. "I have another. Perhaps he didn't know that. But I can't think why he did this. He must want me to hide at home when the enemies come. He must think I am a woman."

The next time I visited Lomotin, he thanked me for offering to return the shield. Lopore, a man undaunted even by a famous *emuron*, had come with me, and, pointing out that Lomotin was wearing the shirt I'd given him, he said, "Try asking about the *ngipian*." So I did. Lomotin was thinking of something else and paid no attention, but Lopore, who saw no harm in my learning of the *ngipian*, caught hold of the shirt and said firmly, "You were given that shirt for something, not for nothing. This woman wants to know something for that shirt. She once asked me if I was an *emuron*, and I said no. She has seen that Lomotin is a famous *emuron*, and she wants to learn from him." In his detachment, Lomotin listened gravely to Lopore, then slowly took his leather doctor bag from his shoulder and showed me, object by object, everything within. As he removed each object, he explained it. There were sections of roots used for medicine. There was a special pair of eland-hide sandals. All Dodoth men use sandals for divining—a man on a journey who wants to know what is happening at home will sit down, remove his sandals, and drop them over and over again, learning what he can from the positions in which they fall—and Lomotin used his special sandals only for divining, never for walking. They had no toe straps or arch straps, and had never been worn. Also in his bag was a short stick. It was the shaft of a spear that had killed an enemy, and, stained as it was with death, it had been broken. The blade had been removed, but the wooden shaft and the balancing metal tail were still there, festooned with little bell-like duiker hoofs. Lomotin had seen in a dream that these hoofs would protect him. He used the shaft of the spear to dig medicine roots.

After that visit, Lomotin, having decided to talk to me, told me a great deal. He was as detached and dreamy as any person I have ever met, and, speaking like a person in a trance, he

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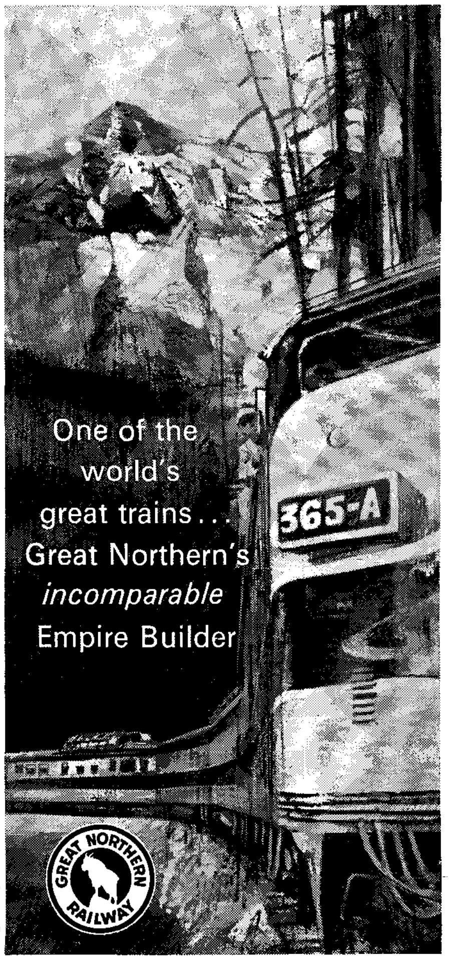
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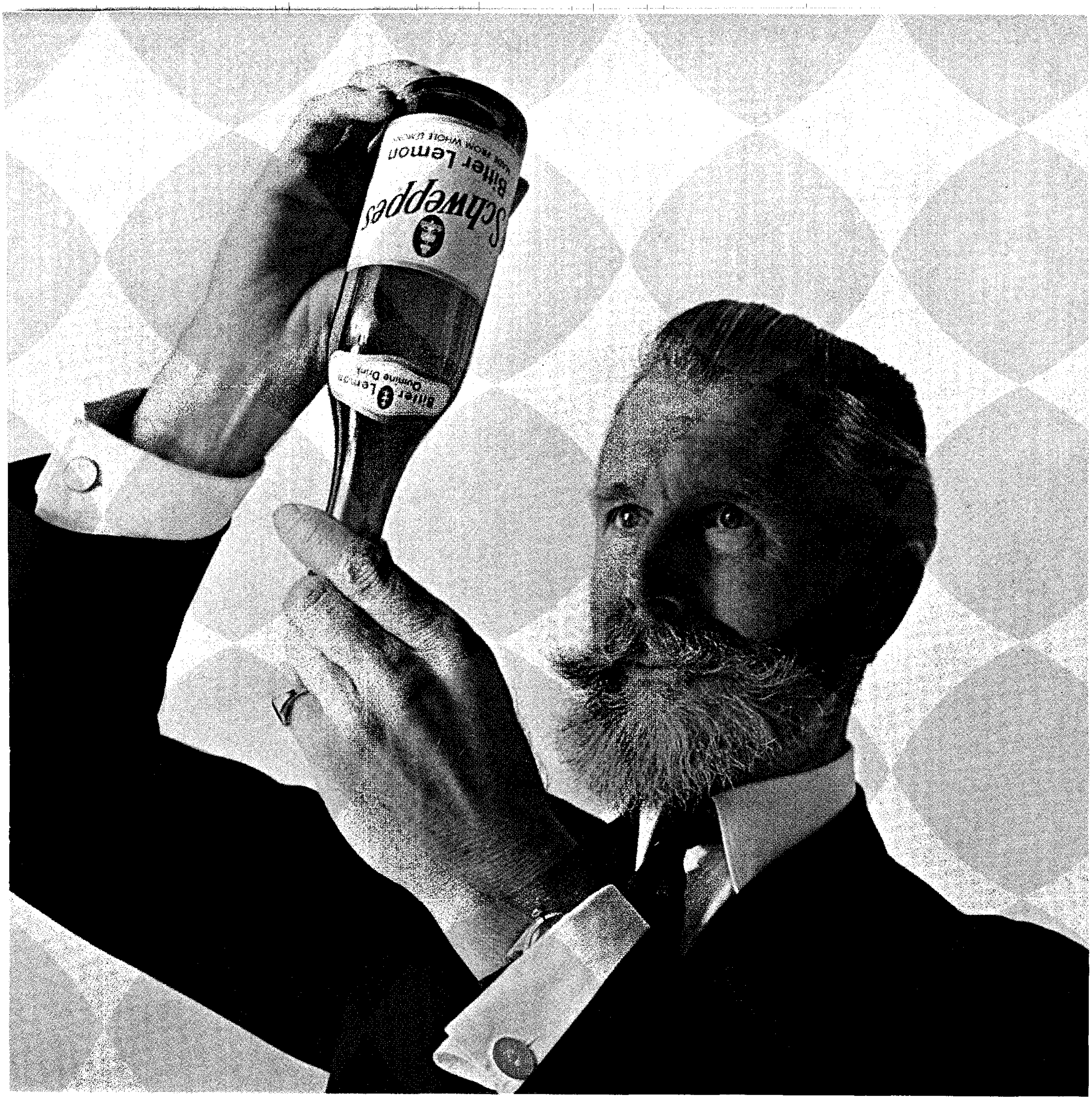

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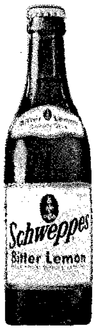

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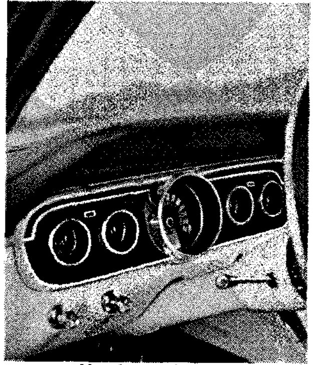
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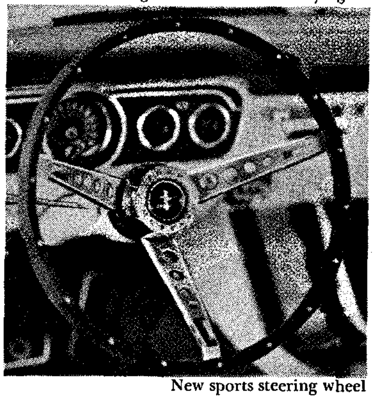
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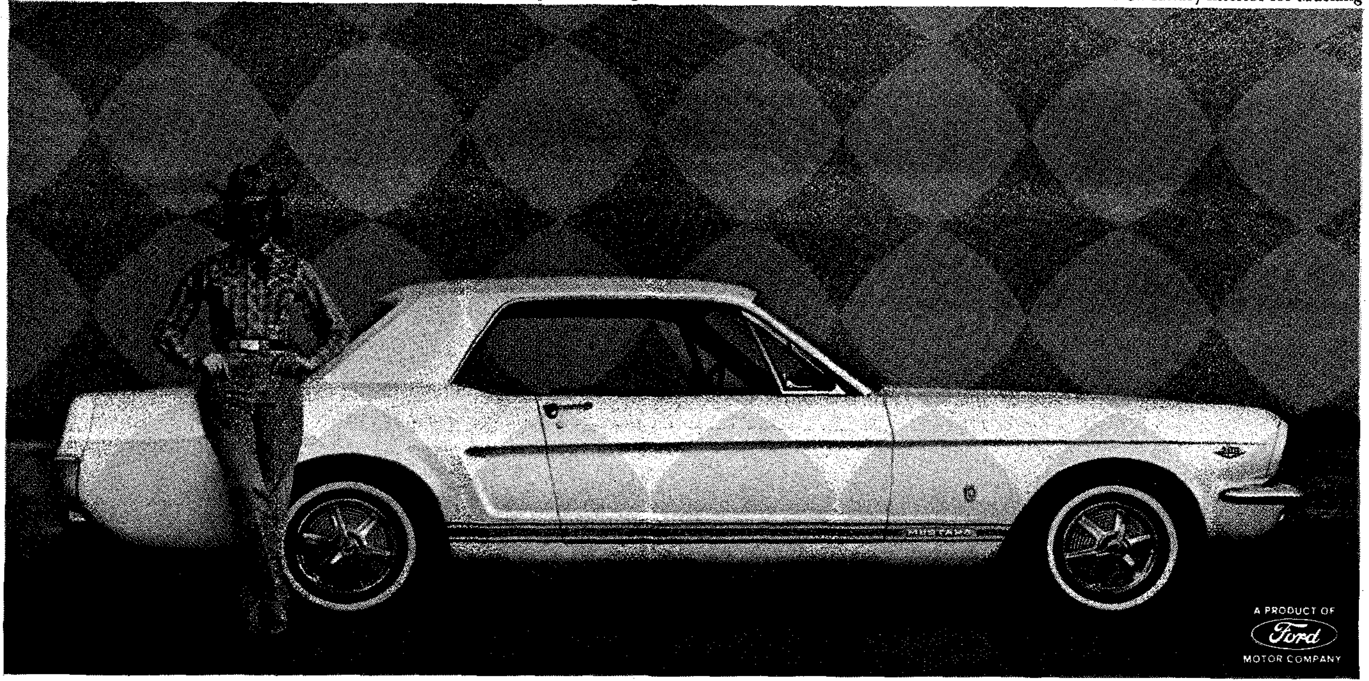

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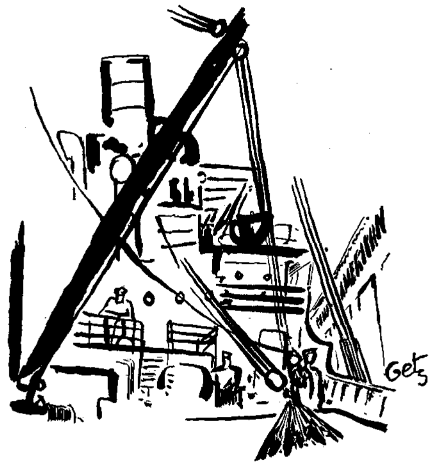
would tell me in his slow voice things he never should have mentioned to a European. Raids, gossip, cattle, *ngipian*, and witches were all one to him, and once, when he began to tell me of a raid that the Dodoth were planning against the Turkana, I stopped him. No one else had ever told me such a thing. No one else I had met was as detached, and a tacit agreement existed between me and the Dodoth whom I knew that only the theory of raiding or specific attacks on the Dodoth themselves would be discussed. It was a sensible arrangement. If I had known of a Dodoth raid, I would have been expected to inform the police about it, but no one can even inadvertently reveal a secret he has never heard. Before Lomotin decided to talk with me, he had refused to tell me even things that were known to everyone, and perhaps his total reversal shows one reason that great *ngimurok* are protected by their people. If other great *ngimurok* are like Lomotin, they are too remote from worldly matters, too deep in their spirituality, to care about themselves.

Like a fanatic, Lomotin was concerned with his work as a prophet and with his protection of Dodoth. He may have taken part in offensive measures, though I never knew of such an episode. But Dodoth raiding parties often consult an *emuron* before setting out to see if conditions are favorable to their plan. The *emuron* then divines. Lomotin may have dreamed a prophetic dream for many a raiding party, which would then set out or stay at home, according to his recommendation. This, however, was a service that any *emuron* might have provided, and it was not in this capacity that Lomotin influenced Dodoth. His influence lay in his supernatural abilities, which, lying below the surface of ordinary affairs, made people weigh his opinions very carefully, try to do as he advised, and show profound respect for him. Even



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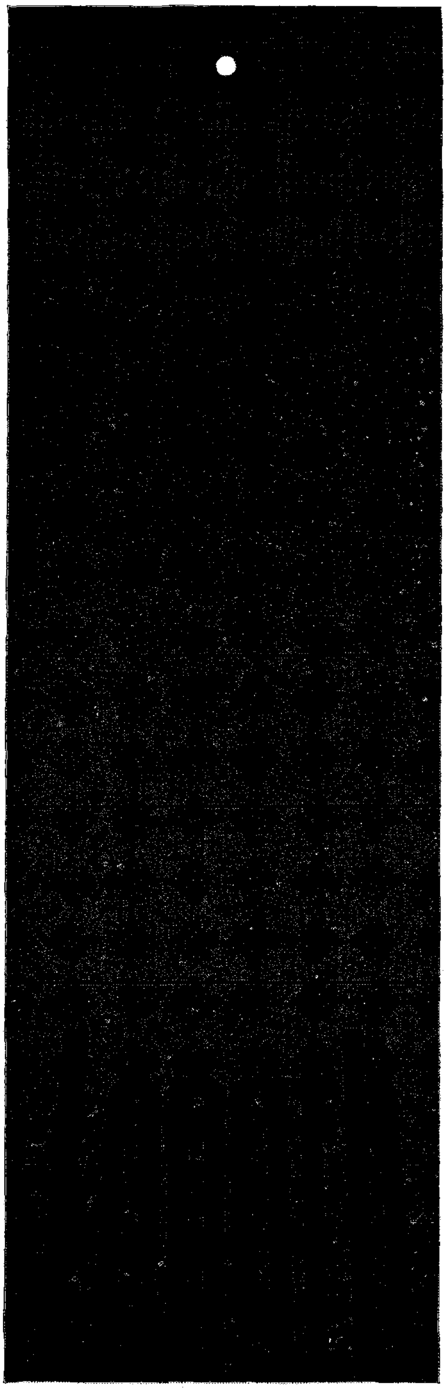

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the enemies respected him—perhaps the enemies most of all. I used to wonder why he was not killed in his efforts to stop the Turkana from coming through the pass. I could only guess that because the Turkana were very like the Dodoth, and were said to have a respect for the Dodoth *ngimurok*, and were said, too, even to consult the Dodoth *ngimurok* in peacetime, they might have purposely spared the fierce old man. Then again, some prophets, such as the Suk Elijah, are said to be impervious to bullets, some prophets are said never to grow old, and some *ngimurok* are said to be not only *ngimurok* but witches, and perhaps the raiders thought these things of Lomotin. Perhaps the raiders would steal by his house in secret, so as not to engage him. Perhaps the thought of his gaunt figure rising from his door and slipping after them made them hurry on.

Lomotin's father and grandfather had been *ngimurok* before him, but not as famous as he. God grants the power to families; it passes from parent to child or from grandparent to grandchild, and a man can inherit it from a woman or a woman from a man. The family will know which young person has inherited the gift when the young person begins to receive God's messages at night—to divine in dreams. The name of God is Akuj. The word for dreams is "*akiruj*." Some dreams are God's messages, and the *ngimurok* receive them. The stool upon which Lomotin sat when he rested by day he used as a pillow by night. It was beautifully carved, and had a special power to make his dreams come. He dreamed of ways to heal the sick, and his cures had a dreamlike quality; he would tell a patient, for instance, to sacrifice an ox, a dog, and a bird. On the stool, he dreamed his prophecies, which, like messages, were literal. He would see it raining in a dream, then see a red ox being sacrificed, and he would know when he awoke that the sacrifice of such an ox would bring the rain. He was uncannily right. Whenever such a prophecy rose from the depths of his mind to form itself into a dream, the result of the dream would leave the world astonished and increase his reputation.

Sometimes, at night, I thought of him in his dwelling on the hill, with the wind stirring the dry canes of his field, and the tiered thatch rooftops within his walls half black, half moonlit, and I thought of him sleeping in his dark house, his dark face frowning, and I wondered what he was dreaming, for in those dreams of his he saw us

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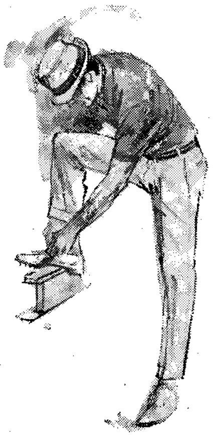

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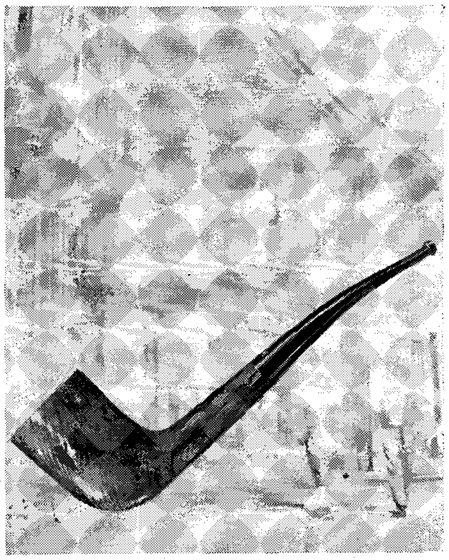

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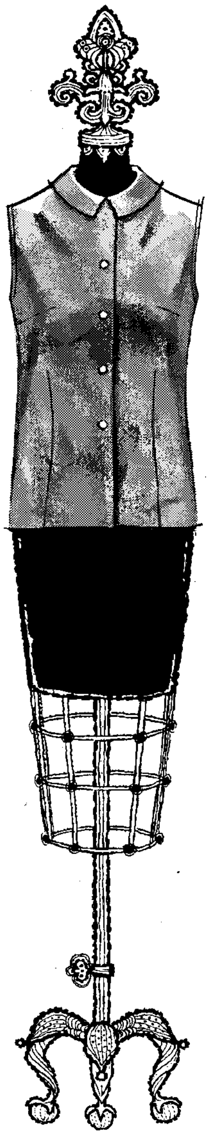

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all. In his sleep, his mind pored over us, and in the morning, when the sky turned gray in his doorway, and his cattle got up and bellowed, he would awaken, and he might then visit someone he had dreamed of. Sometimes we saw him early in the morning: never on the road but always on one of the paths that led through the misty hollows to Morukore or Kailele—a path he would be following slowly, leaning on the dismembered spear. His back would be bent, he would have his leather doctor bag over his shoulder, and his black cape would be tucked up to keep it from the dew. After one of his visits, something in the countryside would change. A woman patient might close her court to visitors or request anyone visiting her to refrain from sitting on a stool. A man might hang a wooden charm above his cattle gate so that the dangling charm could streak each cow's passing back with magic, and thus protect his herd from an impending sickness that Lomotin had foreseen. The change might be no more than a sacrifice held in a courtyard or as much as an entire family's abandoning its home and moving.

One day, he visited my husband and me to bring us a root shaped like a severed thumb. Having learned I had an earache, he told me to boil the root and pour the hot juice into my ear. I asked if he had heard of Nadolupe and the witch's hairs. He raised his eyebrows and asked a question of his own: "Did it help your ear?"

I asked about the sucking cure, because Nadolupe had, after all, been extremely adroit. Lomotin answered this diplomatically, saying that surely Nadolupe was right but that his medicine, the root, would "kill the witch eye where it was," as the drugs at the dispensary killed germs. I offered to pay him, and the payment he took was a tube of a disinfectant ointment that he had seen cure sores. Lomotin did not fear competition from the dispenser, or from anyone else of the West. The gift of being an *emuron* is given a person so that the person can help his nation by any means—by dreams, by root broth, by charms, by the dispensary medicine. All these, except dreams, are called "*eketoi*"—the word for tree or wood, which is the source of physical medicine in Dodoth. But then Lomotin had no competition, for anyone can handle *eketoi* but very few people have important dreams.

Sometimes Lomotin saw witches in his dreams. Witches were associated with hyenas, and when hyenas gave their earsplitting, shuddering cries, like

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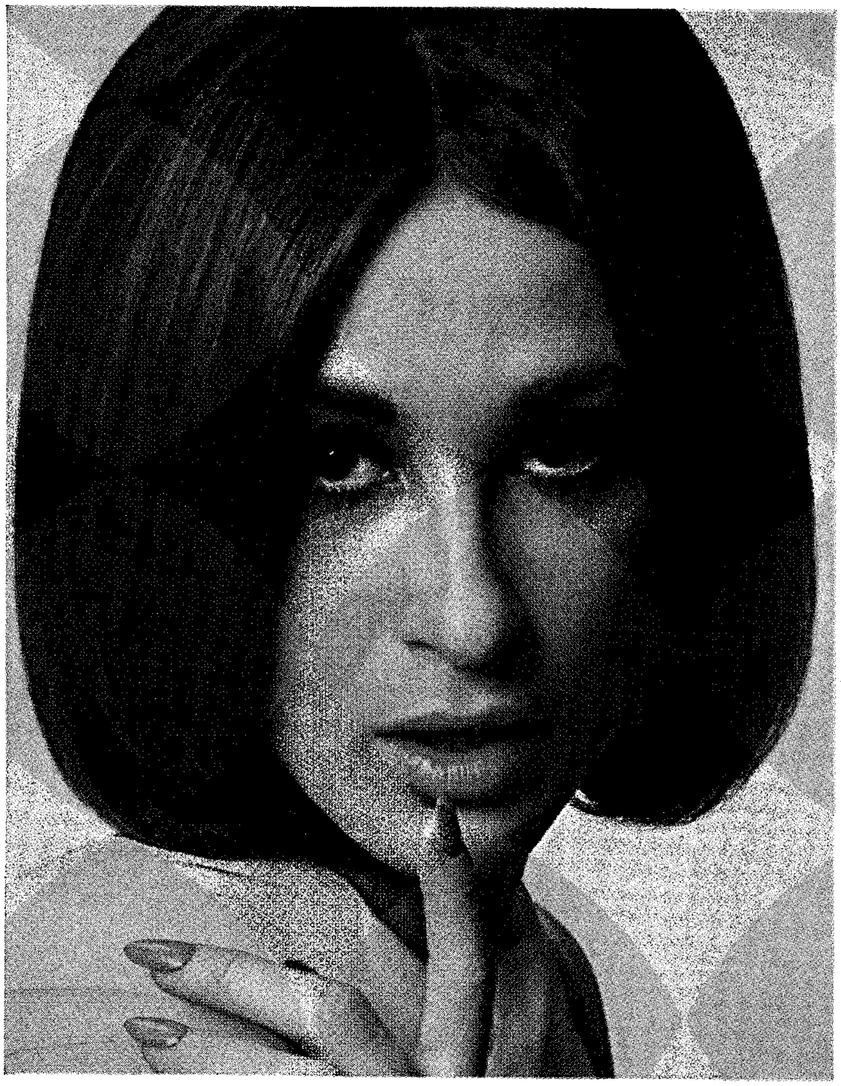

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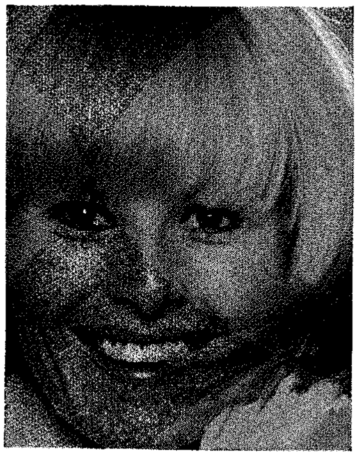

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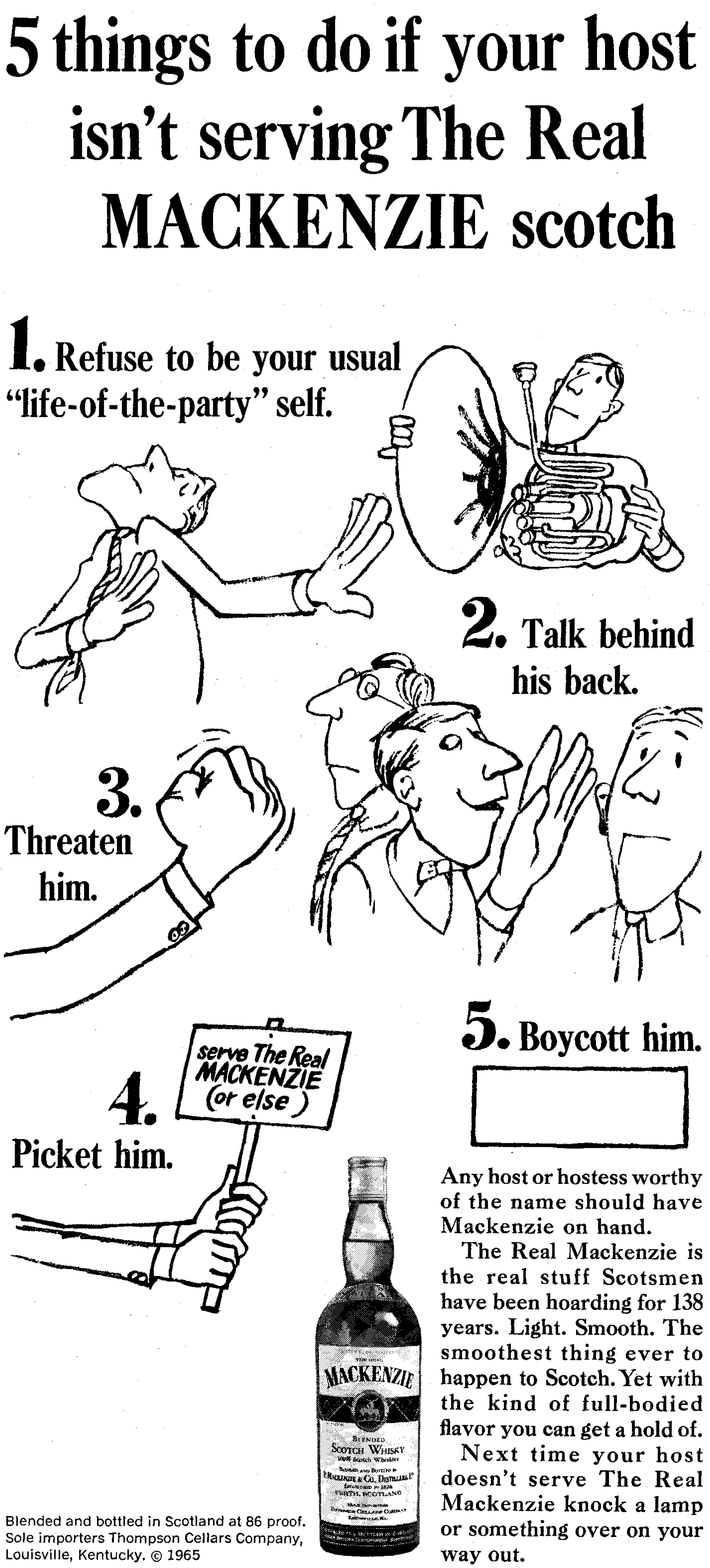
laughter, one could know that witches were bestriding them and were riding to people's dwellings to do harm. If cries like these came from the forest at night, the image of a person might form itself in the sleeping mind of Lomotin, and when he awoke, he would visit his patient to describe, without naming him, the person he had seen in the dream. The patient would then know that the person described was a witch. Because a witch usually intensifies his spell by paying frequent visits to his victim's dwelling, Lomotin might make a protective charm with wood, with which he, too, would encircle the dwelling, casting a spell to transfix the witch when he or she revisited the place, so that the patient could put the witch to death. But if the dwelling was gripped with a very deep spell, causing many people to fall ill or die, Lomotin might advise the people to move. Five years earlier, he had so advised Lopore. Lopore, that volatile man, was a person much troubled by witches, one of whom, I was told, had killed two sons of his daughter Chuchu. When that happened, Lopore and his wives, following the advice that a dream had given Lomotin, carried their dwelling, pole by pole and roof by roof, to a new site, fifty feet away, where it stood when I knew it; nearby, the huge round mark of the spellbound dwelling was still visible on the ground.

Many years ago, Lomotin, young but already supernatural, with his deep eyes and the mystery that hung about him, was courting his second bride-to-be, visiting her at night by her private doorway in her father's wall. One of her brother's children was dying, and while Lomotin was lying asleep in his fiancée's little night house, he dreamed that an old-man witch was making the child ill. Lomotin awoke long before dawn, and when he crawled out through the outer door—quietly, so as not to disturb the family—he saw the old-man witch, a stranger, sitting in the moonlight by the wall. Going quietly toward the stranger, Lomotin took him by the arm and spoke to him—the two supernaturals had a little conversation in soft voices, but Lomotin no longer remembers what they said—and then led him to the bushes, where his cries would not disturb the family, and put him to death. To an outsider visiting Dodoth, it might seem dangerous for a person to have the power to dream the identity of a witch, but even an *emuron* does not harm a witch unless, as in the case of Lomotin and the elderly stranger, the witch is caught where no one belongs—outside



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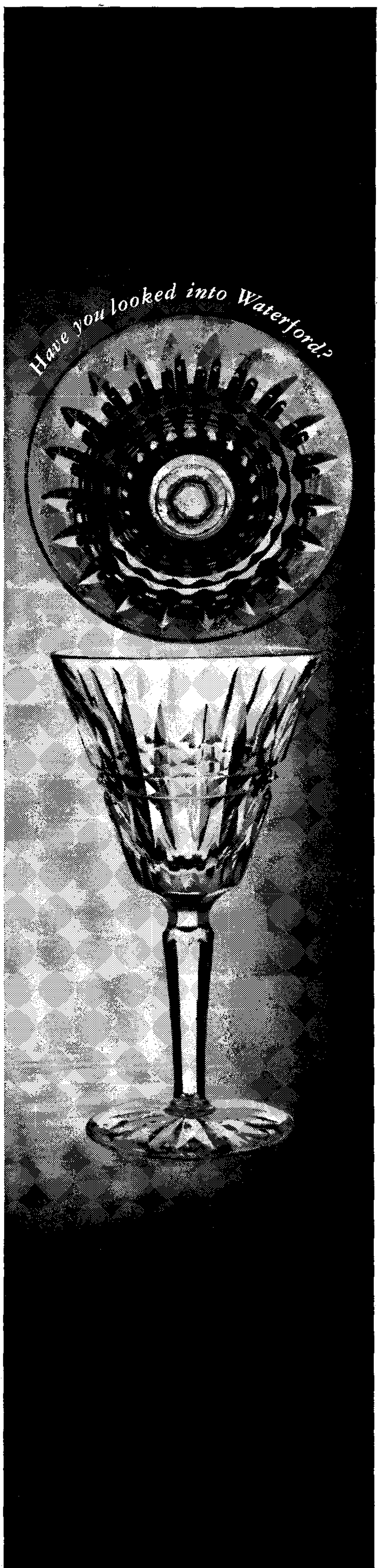

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a wall at night. The Dodoth are very suspicious of witches, who betray themselves by extraordinary behavior, such as fixed staring or prolonged, direct pointing, or by saying shocking things. Even animals can be suspected, such as cows that roll their eyes and wag their tongues strangely, or dogs that drag their hindquarters along paths or over threshing floors, but although cows that behave oddly are put to death, and charms are burned over dogs' drag marks to turn the spells back on the dogs again, people are not deeply concerned with the witchcraft of animals. Moreover, the suspicion that had focussed on a person who acted strangely would soon vanish if the suspicion proved to be a mistake. But it is no mistake and no mere suspicion that certain people know themselves to be witches, and tumble and roll at night around other people's walls to cause illness in their victims, or, eventually, death. Witches are accused of worse than that, if anything can be worse, for they are said to love death, disease, and corpses. It is said that witches sometimes visit the cattle pens of families known to have had recent funerals, to unearth the corpse. People claim to have seen the evidence of this—human footprints, the corpse gone, and a gaping hole. A witch would carry the body in his arms to a remote place, where he would "eat it or play with it," the Dodoth say. While we were in Dodoth, a man was seen in the forest with a body in his arms. Perhaps it is the fear of witches' visits that prevents the Dodoth from burying all but the most important of their dead.

The risk in being a witch is very great, for most practicing witches meet violent ends—bound hand and foot and beaten to death by householders. But the risk may almost be worth it, especially to people nearly consumed by malevolence, for the witches have power almost equal to that of the *ngimurok*. Certain families are known to breed witches. Both because witches are feared and because getting in the bad graces of these families is avoided, a man from a witch family usually has to marry a woman from another, thus intensifying the trait. As with the *ngimurok*, the supernatural quality passes from parent to child or grandparent to grandchild; as far as I know, inherited traits are not otherwise recognized in human beings in Dodoth. On the whole, the witches are not unlike the *ngimurok*. Both groups cast their spells in circles around dwelling walls. Both groups cause supernatural harm. To be sure, witches harm the innocent, while

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the *ngimurok* harm only wrongdoers, casting spells to transfix witches or spells to transfix thieves. But if you brought the leavings of a thief, such as a bit of partly eaten food, to a powerful *emuron*, he could make the thief sick without knowing who the thief was. In the same way, he could make anyone sick—any wrongdoer, anyone whom he considered a wrongdoer, or any personal enemy of his. Lomotin would perhaps never do such a thing, but the fact is that if he wanted to, he could.

One could not help comparing the mystery of Lomotin and the cheerful influence of Lokorimoe, with his family and cattle and neighborhood all increasing around him, his implacable personality so greatly respected, and his vast holdings envied. When Lokorimoe was in a cordial mood, just to visit him in his *etem* on Kailele Hill, and see at your feet the great house, with its thirty or forty roofs and ten or fifteen doors, gave you a sense of confidence. But when you went to visit Lomotin and waited outside his broken wall, upon which vines and moss were growing, you might feel uneasy. He was never indoors by day. He might emerge from a field where he had been helping one of his wives with the harvesting, and chat with you briefly before taking up his bag and spear to be on with his affairs. He was twenty minutes by foot from his nearest neighbors, and when he was gone the poles of his house and the millet stalks in his fields would creak and rustle in the silence. His wives were shy and seldom appeared.

I was not the only person made uneasy by Lomotin. When I went to visit him, I usually went with someone of the neighborhood, with whom he would become engrossed in the subject of the Turkana. No one would ever try to change the subject, I noticed, and no matter what he said, very few people would ever openly disagree with him. Perhaps some people were made uneasy by his warrior's righteousness. When he spoke of the Turkana, a surprising harsh and puritanical anger sounded in his voice, which would shake with hatred. Perhaps others were made uneasy by the supernatural, witchlike power that lay in his deep eyes, for as he listened to his visitors he would swing his head to look around him slowly and intently. If his eyes met yours, your eyes would drop. Lopore was not made uneasy by Lomotin. Even the famous *ngimurok* must have friends, and Lopore and Lomotin were cronies. Now and then, Lomotin would

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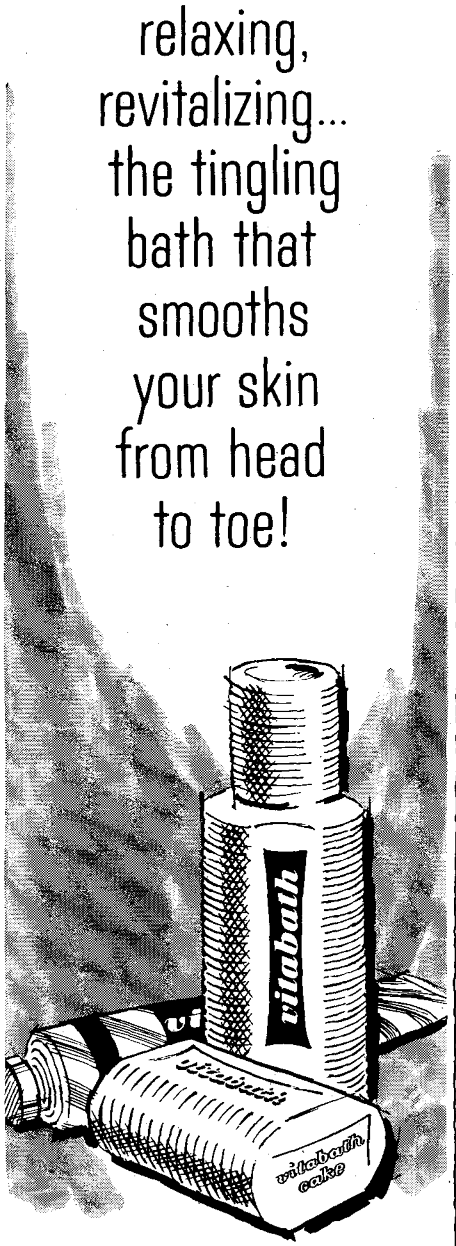
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stay overnight at Lopore's, and Lopore would evict one of his wives so that he and Lomotin could share the night house. Before they retired, though, they would drink beer together beside Lopore's fire and talk about raids and cattle far into the night. Sometimes Lomotin would tell Lopore of a dream, and Lopore would count himself honored. Many times, Lopore told me of good works done by Lomotin. He even told me of a time that Lomotin dreamed of Lopore on Mount Morunyang, where Lopore was then living. In the dream, Lomotin saw Lopore moving to Morukore, where he escaped a raid that came to Morunyang, escaped other raids, and became rich. When Lomotin told Lopore of the dream, Lopore accepted the prophecy and moved. Lomotin told the other people on Morunyang to hold a sacrifice for protection. They did not take the advice, and when the raid came the prophecy was fulfilled; many people on Morunyang were killed by the raiders but Lopore was safe on Morukore, where he lives today, richer than he was on Morunyang.

It was Lopore who told me of Lomotin's relationship with the third group of supernaturals who live in Dodoth—the *ngipian*, who are water spirits. Water is so important in a pastoral country that it is no wonder spirits are associated with it. The *ngipian* are associated with water through the masculine singular of their name, which is "*ekipi*." If there were a feminine singular, it would be "*akipi*," which has no meaning, but the feminine plural, "*ngakipi*," means "water." And as Lopore described the spirits, they seemed like water, for he said they were transparent, iridescent creatures, human in form, with billowing, many-colored hair. "They have hair like Europeans," Lopore once told me. "Like that," he added, pointing to a rust-colored caterpillar that was making its way, its long hair flowing, across a threshing floor. The *ngipian* are seen in lightning and appear like mist below the clouds, for the *ngipian* can float in the air. Sometimes they roam the earth, following the rivers, and appear above wet places early in the morning, like wraiths. They keep their cattle under the rivers, and let the herds come to the surface at night to walk in the grass. When you hear the spirit cowbells ringing in the darkness, the Dodoth say, you know that the little magic cattle are grazing near. In their homes below the rivers, the *ngipian* have spirit wives, who bear them children, and the children grow up, grow old, and die as people

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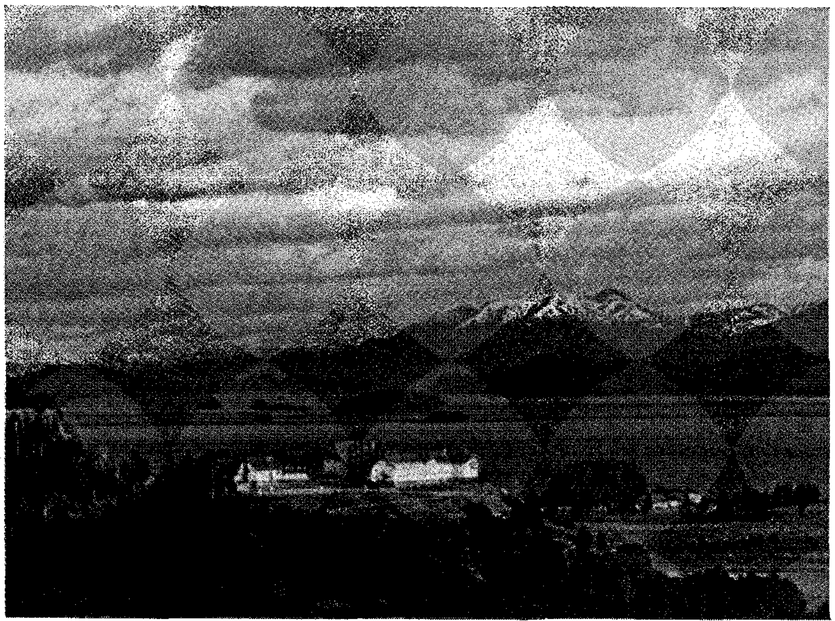
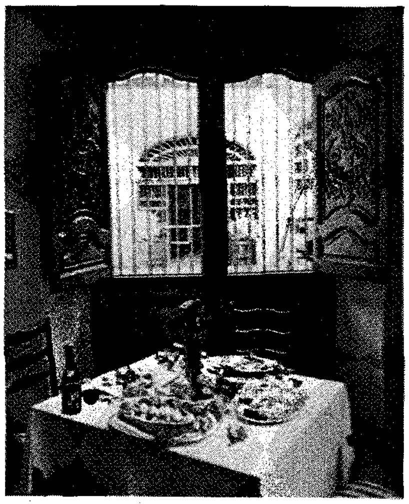
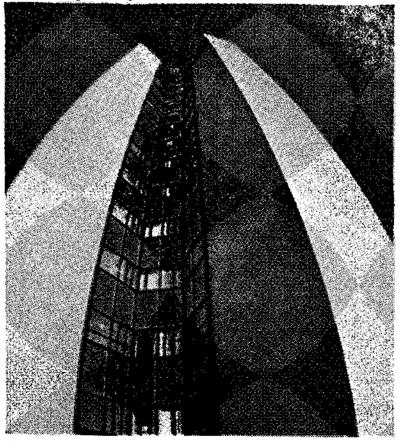


Start in the tranquil lake country of the Chilean-Argentine border. Here, you can stay in bed 'til lunch—or fish a mountain stream at daybreak. Ride horses, play golf . . . or simply play possum, in the peaceful luxury of your hotel.

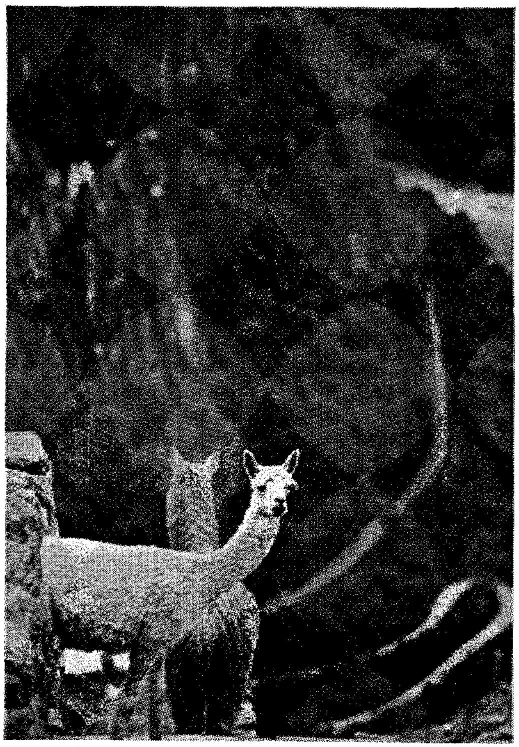


Eat Corvina a la Huancaina—delicious local fish, in a spicy cheese and egg sauce. It's a specialty of Lima's swank Trece Monedas.



Believe it or not, this is an apartment building—South American style! And when you're in Viña del Mar, you'll also discover beautiful hotels, lovely beaches . . . even a casino. And peaceful Viña is only two hours away from the bright lights and bustle of Santiago, Chile's capital.

Discover sun-warmed peace in the courtyard of Quito's San Francisco monastery. In the middle of town, this museum of priceless religious art includes works by Caspicara—an Indian convert who lived four centuries ago.



Watch the Alpacas grazing as they did hundreds of years ago on Machu Picchu—sacred citadel of the Incas. As you climb its walls, explore its watchtowers, you'll discover the special excitement that *is* South America!

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do. When an *ekipi* dies, the *ngipian* family abandons its pool and moves elsewhere, and the pool goes dry. The *ngipian* control the rain, the rainbows, the mist, the clouds, and the water level in the pools, and must be treated with respect. If you displease them, they can make your cows stick in the mud or can catch you in a whirlwind that will drive you mad. If you throw stones in the water, the *ngipian* will think you are stoning them and will want you to die. To please the *ngipian*, you can throw the chyme of a goat in the water. It also pleases the *ngipian* to see the lips of cattle drinking far above them at the surface of the pool, and to see calabashes dipping as people fill their jars with water. But, just as a great and witchlike *emuron* can cast a spell on whosoever displeases him, an angry *ekipi* can come like a wind to possess you. The *ekipi* will occupy your body, and will eventually kill you unless an *emuron* paints you with clay in stripes like the stripes of a rainbow, then persuades the *ekipi* to enter a goat, leads the goat around the tree, so that the *ekipi* will climb the tree, and kills the goat.

As the *ngimurok* are in one way like the witches, they are in another way like the *ngipian*. As Lomotin could cast a damaging spell in the manner of a sorcerer, so could he, in his affinity with God, mollify an *ekipi* with chyme and sacrifice. The *ngipian* are very close to God, and great *ngimurok*, such as Lomotin, are their relations. The people said that Lomotin could visit the *ngipian* in their pools. Now and then, the people said, he would be welcomed by the *ngipian* in their deep homes down under the water, where he would talk and rest and chat and drink milk from the little spirit cows.

—ELIZABETH MARSHALL THOMAS

(*This is the third of a series of four articles.*)

•

Single Leg Balance. Standing balanced on the right leg, raise the other one to the side as high as you can, grasp the instep with the right hand and extend the other leg, raising the opposite hand with palm up in a graceful position.—"*Physical Education for College Women*," *by Vannier and Poindexter.*

Forget being graceful. Just do it.

•

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[*From Public Relations News*]

There's plenty of publicity value in a good obituary. Doubt it? Consider, then, the readership pattern of the typical newspaper.

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EACH IS DIFFERENT AND DISTINCT, but there are certain delights that all provide. Whether yours is a private cottage for two or for family, or a room at the inn, your vista will be of shining waters, and your terrace will be a bower of semi-tropical beauty.

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THE THEATRE

THE WINGFIELDS REVISITED

HAVING seen and been entranced by assorted interpretations of Tennessee Williams' "The Glass Menagerie," which the playwright created a couple of decades ago, I went to its revival at the Brooks Atkinson the other evening with high hopes that it would kindle in me a similar glow. Unfortunately, it didn't. Mr. Williams, in this rueful, poetic drama, is attempting to explain the sad predicament of a family (the Wingfields) in St. Louis during the depression, when it was hard to determine in what direction we were moving, either economically or emotionally. He presents us with a mother abandoned by her husband and far gone in fantasies of the days when she was a belle in the South of Hollywood's dreams; a crippled daughter too shy to devote herself to anything more responsive than a collection of glass knickknacks; and a son full of notions about getting away from his home base and his job as a shoe-factory worker, and going forth adventuring in the merchant marine. This trio, as has been demonstrated before, can be a fascinating group as it drifts through the realm of its fancies. The rub here is that Maureen Stapleton, who portrays the mother, seems too utterly down to earth to be the cloud-dweller that I think Mr. Williams intended to describe, and both George Grizzard and Piper Laurie, as the son and the daughter, attack their roles with a stark simple-mindedness that, it seems to me, tears the gossamer web of the play to tatters. Oddly, Pat Hingle, playing the Gentleman Caller, who—so the author informs us through Mr. Grizzard, his interlocutor—represents the reality that the bemused mother, daughter, and son are never quite able to cope with, emerges in this production as the most touching member of the cast. He's supposed to be an extrovert, but, in his childish quest to become a leader of men by taking a night-school course in public speaking, he struck me as the most appealing dreamer of them all.

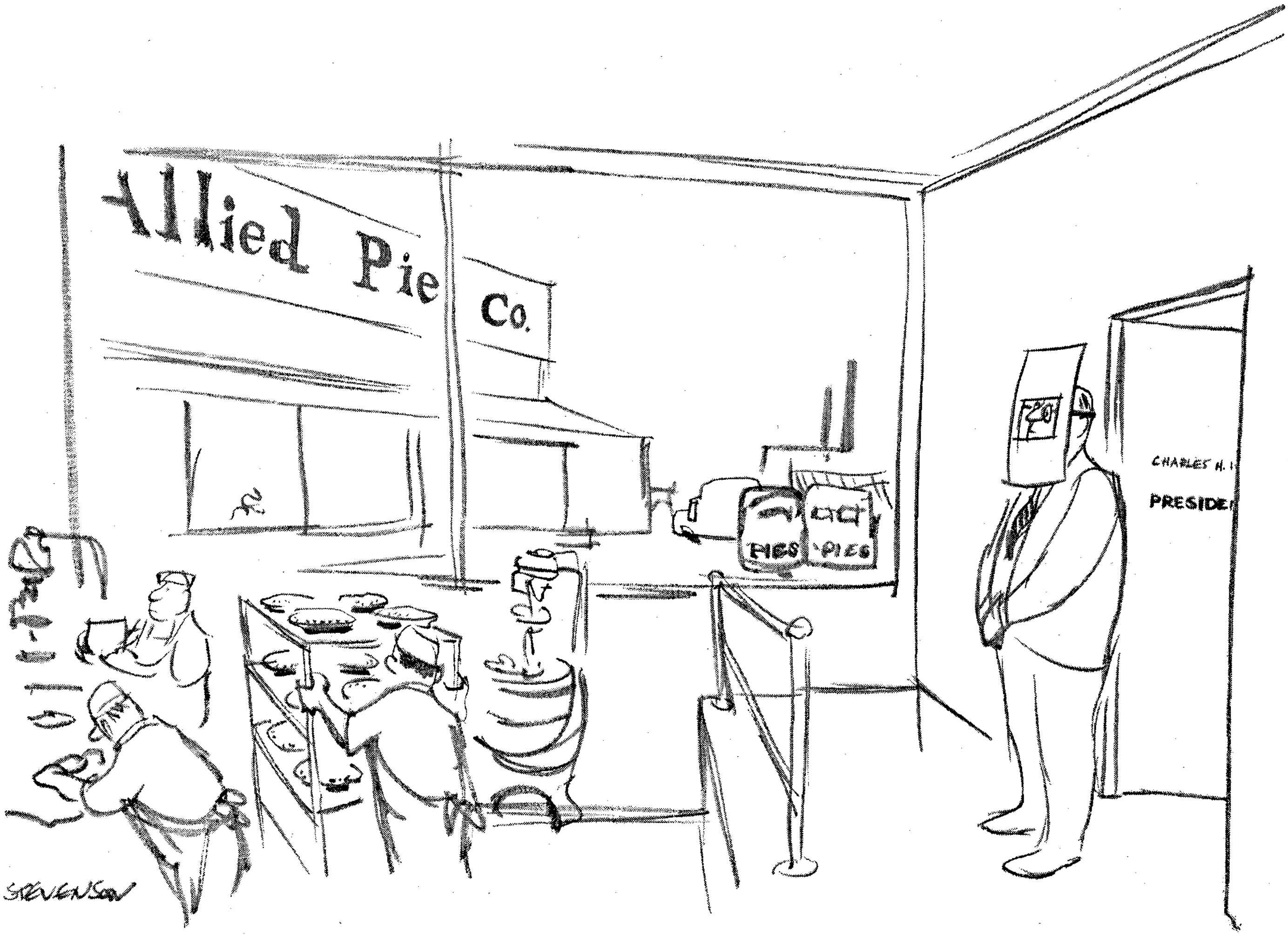
This revival was directed by George Keathley and has sets by James A. Taylor and Robert T. Williams. The sets are serviceable; I'm sorry I can't say the same for Mr. Keathley's direction.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Brecht Beginning

BERTOLT BRECHT'S "Baal," which has been alternating with "Othello" at the Martinique since March, opened officially last week. According to a program note, "Brecht wrote 'Baal' from his heart in response to a play by Hanns Johst, which over-romanticized the poet-visionary victimized by an evil world." Well, Baal, Brecht's poet, is anything but a victim. A low-class fellow who is a non-stop brandy drinker and irresistible to women, he spends the first part of the play wenching around, deflowering a couple of virgins and driving one of them—the fiancée of a friend of his—to suicide, and even going to bed with two girls at the same time. Shortly after the first intermission, he experiences a change of



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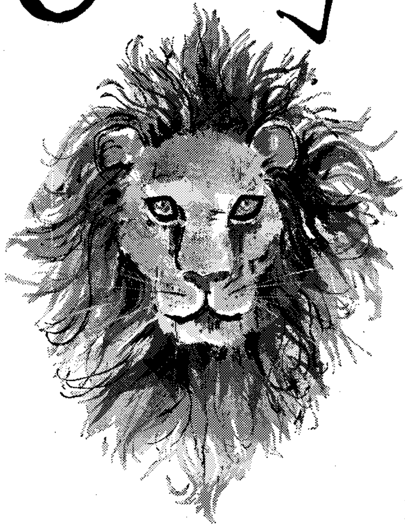
inclination, or whatever, and takes up with a homosexual named Ekart, a knapsack type much given to such tough-to-answer questions as "Why do you run away from the plum trees like an elephant?" Together they go off on an alcoholic and sexual binge of an extremely varied nature that lasts for years and ends with the murder of Ekart by Baal. Finally, Baal dies, too, alone and unmourned, especially by me.

Although this play was Brecht's first effort, written in 1918, when he was only twenty, it has many hints of his extraordinary theatrical inventiveness to come—in scenes of working-class life, in some of the stage business, and in a number of songs (under Will Holt's direction) that are dotted here and there. Even so, I found it, as a whole, an arty, cliché-ridden bore. It is a period piece that, for all its surface swagger, is as romantic and sentimental about wickedness as was any Victorian melodrama about virtue. Before the Brecht Aria Society starts breaking down the door (from its heart), let me say quickly that though I think the play would be kind of a washout under the best of circumstances, the circumstances at the Martinique could hardly be worse. The production, for the most part, is dim and flatfooted, lacking the razzmatazz that is absolutely essential. Except for Bette Henritze (the fine Emilia of "Othello"), who brings the proper Brechtian harshness and/or wit to the roles of several rough-tongued middle-aged women and to an ecstatic, ankle-twisting poetry buff, and Kathleen Sullivan, sweet and comical and sad as the doomed maiden, the individual performances are almost consistently weak. The Baal of Mitchell Ryan (the Iago of "Othello") and the Ekart of James Earl Jones (Othello himself) are just plain inadequate.

"HARRY, NOON AND NIGHT," which had a run earlier this season for a private subscription audience, was briefly on public display at the Pocket. The play, set in occupied Munich in 1955, had many of the squalid and disgusting elements that we are numbly getting used to Off Broadway (it could be considered a compendium of literally dirty tricks), but there was also some evidence of talent and originality on the part of the playwright, Ronald Ribman, and a white-hot scorn—even, it seemed, for the audience—that was all his own. The pranksters were an American art student and his German roommate (who spent considerable time in a lav-



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ender kimono), and separately they subjected a pfc. from Tennessee and an Air Force veteran and, finally, each other to a merciless, deadpan ragging, combined with some odious practical jokes. Through it all ran a strain of moral arrogance that, in its way, was the nastiest element of all. The only performance worth mentioning was that of Gerald S. O'Loughlin, as the ex-flier, who somehow made a stooge part into a character. —EDITH OLIVER

•

POESY DEPARTMENT
(FAR EASTERN DIVISION)

[*From the Taipei (Taiwan) China Today*]

PARKER FIFTY-ONE
Grace Foo

Parker Fifty-one! Parker Fifty-one!
You were a gift from my beloved person,
I've been using you for years more than ten.
You are more convenient than the brush-pen;
Because you have something been put in.
So your first name is fountain.

Parker Fifty-one! Parker Fifty-one!
You have written many letters for me
To whom I've been longing.
You look like a bridge
Which is unseen;
But Why? seemed in vain!

Parker Fifty-one! Parker Fifty-one!
I treat you as an intimate friend,
I hope you to be my good comrade,
You know deeply about my passion;
You know what my heart is feeling.
Try to make me to be his favorite one.

Parker Fifty-one! Parker Fifty-one!
Bring him back to me again,
Tell him I am lonely;
Tell him I am sorry;
I have no more requirement
Except his real understanding.

Parker Fifty-one! Parker Fifty-one!
You can widely be used by the human being,
Some people use you to give others a good suggestion.
You can also attack something happened without reason;
Because you were born in the democratic country.
Aren't you a really useful instrument?

•

Fernando Romero, chief of one of Mexico City's secret police corps was attacked by a demented opponent in a hall near his office late Friday night. The attacker raised a razor against Romero when the latter opened the door to the hall. Romero immediately closed the door and called for his aides. The man was disarmed and brought to Romero who, realizing the man was insane, admonished him and sent him home.—*Mexico (D.F.) News.*

No point cluttering up an asylum with a lot of nuts.

On deck: The Cape Codder jacket

Welcome aboard this trim new sport coat. Just in time to greet summer's social events. The yacht club dance can't wilt this airy blend of Dacron* and wool. We call it the Cape Codder...it stands firm and cool against heat and humidity. Tailored by Hart Schaffner & Marx in natural shoulder Racquet Club styling. Complete the cool picture with slacks of distinguished Khyber Cloth in a compatible color. The jacket, about $60.00. The slacks, about $26.00.

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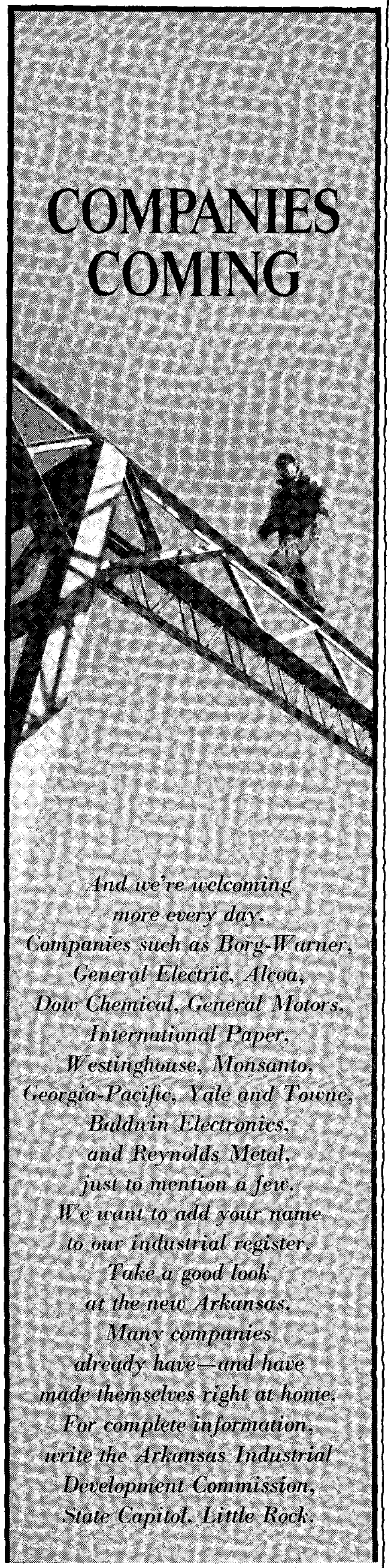
*Reg. T. M. for DuPont's polyester fiber



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ARKANSAS

THE RACE TRACK

Speedball

I'M in something of a dither over Flag Raiser. Not often this season have I been as impressed as I was by his performance in the Withers Stakes at Aqueduct last Saturday. Leading all the way, he ran the mile in the lickety-split time of 1:34⅕ to win by eight lengths from Gallant Lad. Record Dash was third, a length and a half farther back, and the six other three-year-olds were down the course. The race followed the pattern of Flag Raiser's victories in the Bay Shore, the Gotham, and the Wood Memorial, but this time he won with more authority. In the paddock parade, though, the chief object of interest was Ambernash, a big, powerfully built bright-chestnut colt by Nashua out of Parlo, the champion of her sex in 1954. Ambernash came to the races for the first time only a few weeks ago, but he won twice in such smashing style that he had almost as big a following as Flag Raiser. Still, I only had eyes for Flag Raiser; I'd never seen him in such marvellous condition. Looking him over, I found it hard to believe this was his thirty-third start, and his twelfth this season. He was in high gear from the beginning of the Withers, stepping the first quarter in 0:22⅘, the half mile in 0:44⅕, and six furlongs in 1:08⅕. After that, it was Kitty bar the door for the others, but Ussery, taking no chances, rode him out sharply in the stretch. Long before that, Ambernash had tired of chasing him. Ambernash finished last.

I EXPECT that Flag Raiser and Lucky Debonair will make the running in the Preakness at Pimlico this weekend, just as they did in the Kentucky Derby. However, since the distance is a sixteenth of a mile shorter, the come-from-behind horses—Dapper Dan, Tom Rolfe, Native Charger, and Hail to All—are going to be ridden closer to the pace than they were at Churchill Downs. Beyond that, I hesitate to hazard a guess. Jacinto's mishap upset me and my calculations; shortly before the Preakness Prep, he rapped the ankle he'd injured a month before, and was declared out of it and the big race. Also, as you've probably heard,

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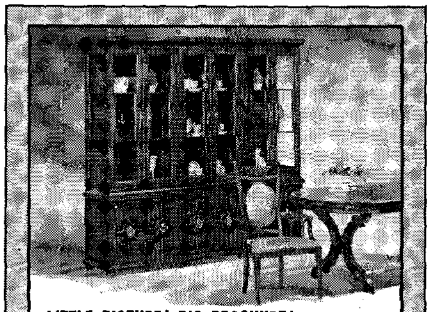

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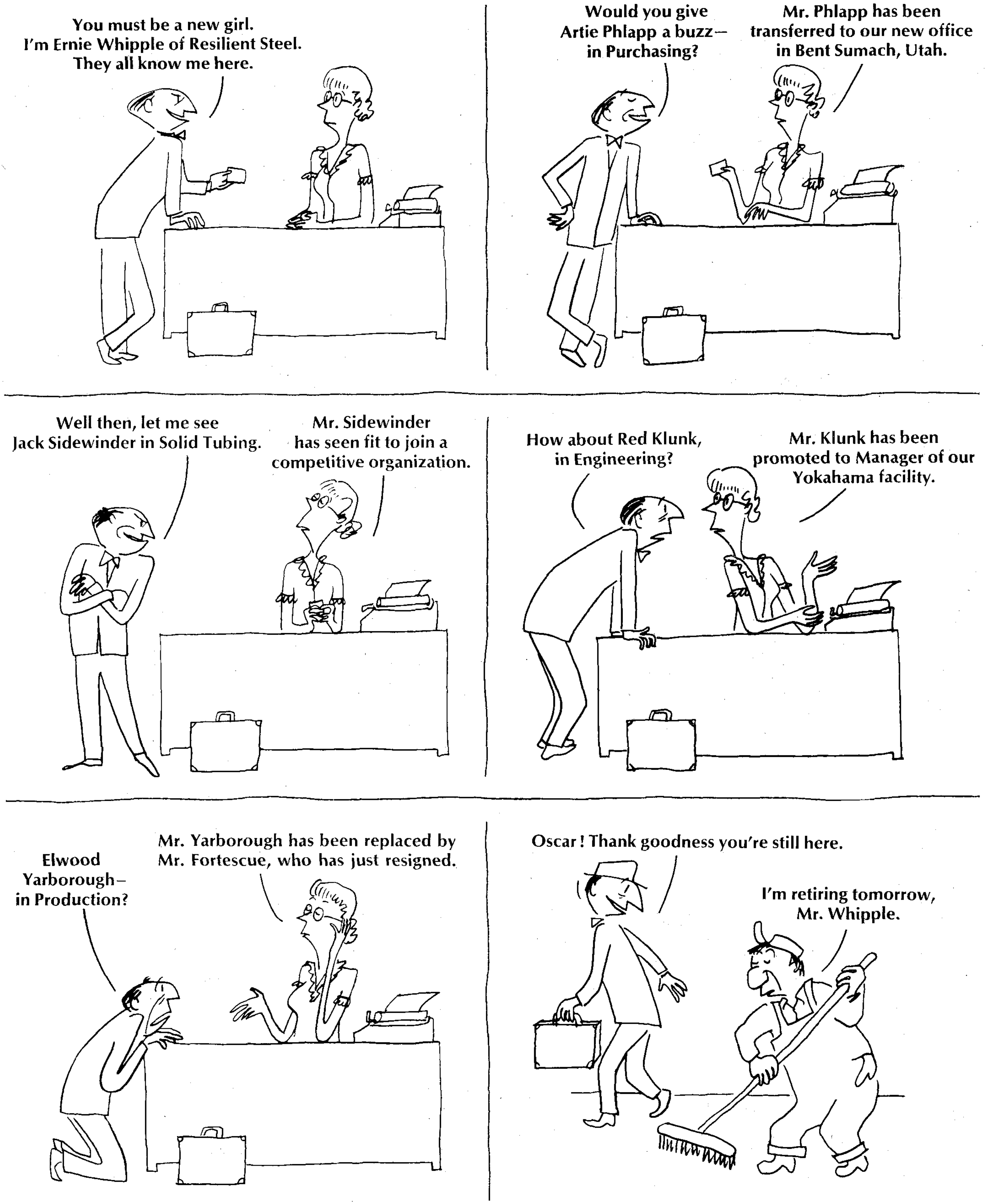
You must be a new girl.
I'm Ernie Whipple of Resilient Steel.
They all know me here.
Would you give Artie Phlapp a buzz—in Purchasing?
Mr. Phlapp has been transferred to our new office in Bent Sumach, Utah.
Well then, let me see Jack Sidewinder in Solid Tubing.
Mr. Sidewinder has seen fit to join a competitive organization.
How about Red Klunk, in Engineering?
Mr. Klunk has been promoted to Manager of our Yokahama facility.
Elwood Yarborough—in Production?
Mr. Yarborough has been replaced by Mr. Fortescue, who has just resigned.
Oscar! Thank goodness you're still here.
I'm retiring tomorrow, Mr. Whipple.

Where'd they go? What happened to those important men in industry who knew your salesmen, your company, your products? They grew older. They were transferred, promoted, retired. And a new generation of buyers took their places.

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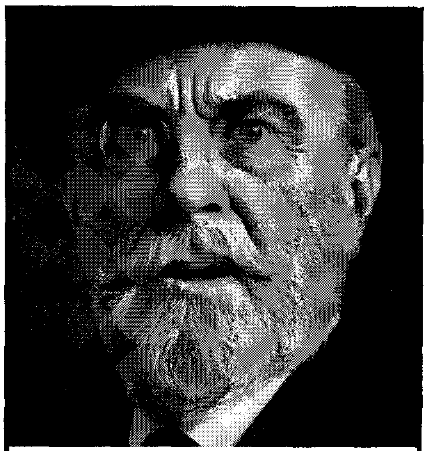

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Bold Lad is out of the Preakness and the Belmont Stakes. Instead, he may go for the Jersey Derby, which is at a mile and a furlong, at Garden State Park on May 31st. It seems that the reason for his fadeout in the Kentucky Derby was knee trouble caused by calcium deposits—a state of affairs that almost everybody except your correspondent seems to have known about months ago. Curiously, nothing was said about those calcium deposits after he was beaten in the Wood Memorial, and they didn't keep him from running the Derby Trial mile in remarkably fast time. Anyhow, it's a pleasure to report that he's doing light work again.

BY the way, Bold Lad is one of the four hundred and twenty-two three-year-olds who have been nominated for the New Hampshire Sweepstakes, to which Lou Smith's Rockingham Park is adding a purse of $250,000. The race, on September 4th, is the one for which the prizes will be drawn in the State of New Hampshire's lottery. And while we're on the subject, it's still 50–1 in my book against the legalization of off-course betting in New York.

STEEPLECHASING is with us again, and it may be better than it has been for several years. Certainly its devotees are trying to make it so. Which reminds me that the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association has founded the F. Ambrose Clark Award for the individual who has done most within the year to promote, improve, and encourage the growth and welfare of the sport. In recognition of her efforts in the past, Mrs. Marion du Pont Scott received the first award. There were four races through the field at Aqueduct last week—two over brush and two over hurdles. The best was the Aqueduct Spring Steeplechase, in which eight of the nine starters finished the two-mile course, Gramatan winning by a neck from Mako, with Navy Blue third.

JUST FOR THE RECORD: Aqueduct's first stakes race for two-year-olds, the Youthful, was won by Timely Move. Flame Tree was second and Bandera Beau third. —AUDAX MINOR

•

Recessional Hymn.................576
Postlude: "Ave Maristella"......Grieg
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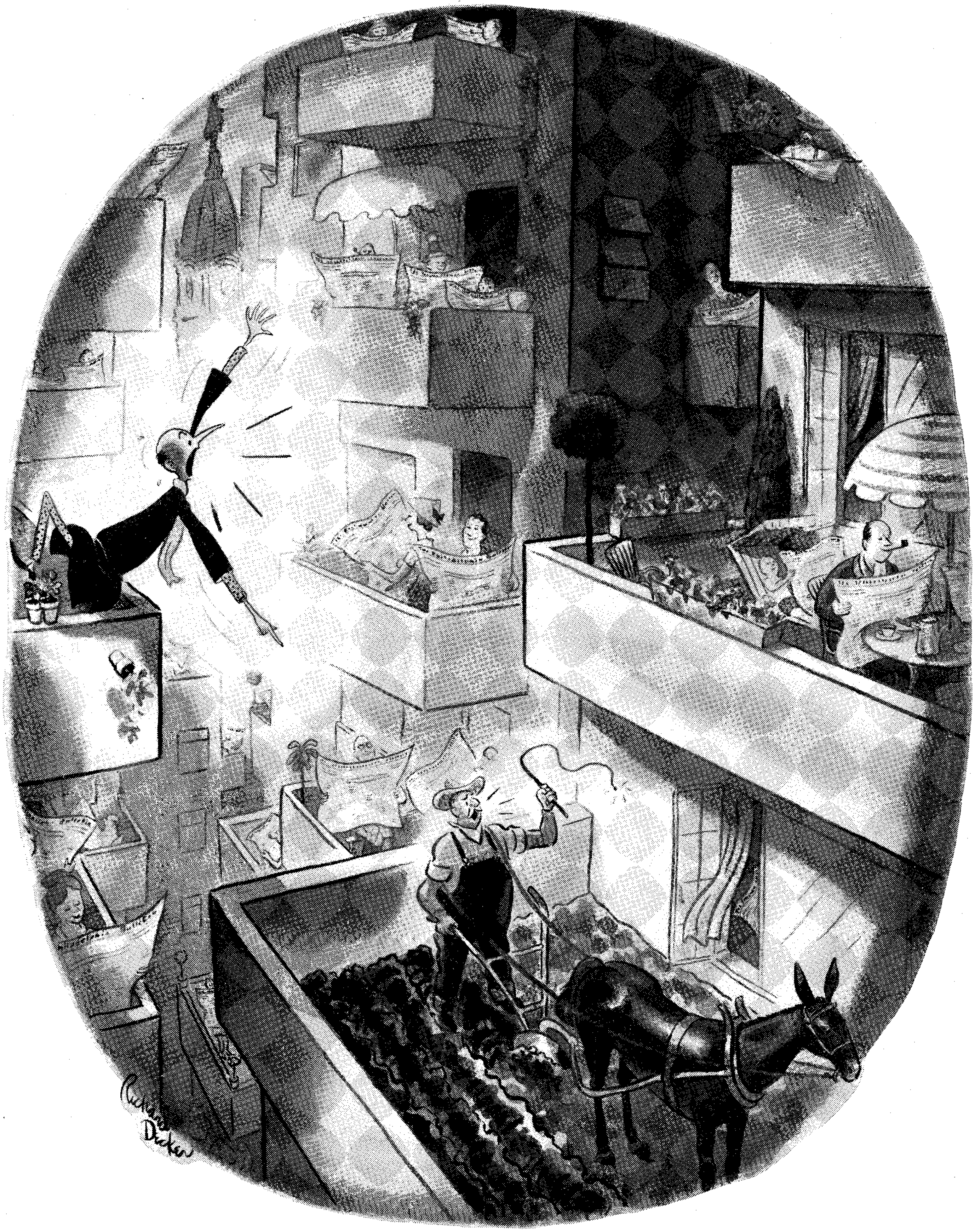
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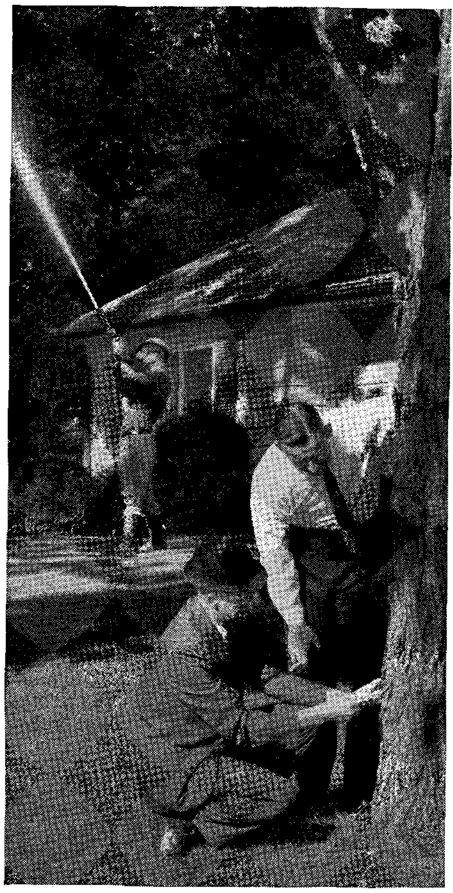

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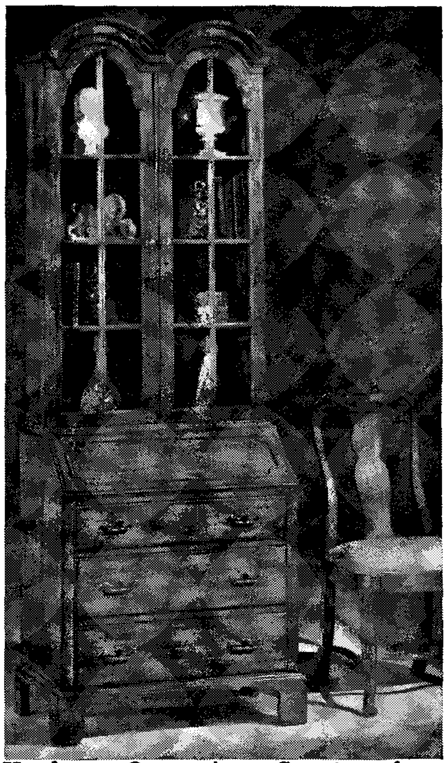
LETTER FROM PARIS

May 6

A FEW days before President de Gaulle made his recent address to the nation on television, his Premier, Georges Pompidou, informed certain parliamentarians that "we can hope, think, and believe" that the General will be a candidate for reëlection in December, and that the Tuesday-evening broadcast "could be considered in a sense the starting signal of the campaign, given by the chief of state himself." Yet in all his seventeen-minute memorized monologue, "there was not a word that even in veiled or allusive terms evoked the Presidential election," as *Le Monde* commented in vexed perplexity, and went on to say, "Some people think the conclusion to be drawn is that the General's plans are impenetrable to everyone, no matter who—even to his own Premier. But why then did he make a speech? Was it out of consideration for his own half-yearly rite of making a declaration? If not, why did he judge it necessary to offer an anthology of the traditional themes of Gaullist foreign policy, without adding anything new? The President of the Republic's discourse has given major dissatisfaction insofar as it seems the expression of a nostalgic dream"—his oneiric notion of France's supreme independence in and of the world—"unincarnated in the realities today of international politics." Minuscule Paul Reynaud, one of the oldest and most experienced republican politicians, and originally the General's devoted admirer, denounced the "sacred egotism" manifest in the political thinking in de Gaulle's speech. One leading editorialist wrote bluntly, "Our national independence, which it pleases de Gaulle to consider his personal creation—and one wonders what it would be like today if the Allied armies had not so powerfully contributed to it—is the motor that animates his politics." The ordinary French populace, which merely talks political comment without writing it, took alarm at the old spectre of isolationism, with France left standing alone proudly "drinking out of her own glass," according to the General. His several disobliging references to the United States being made on the eve of France's fervent celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the end of the



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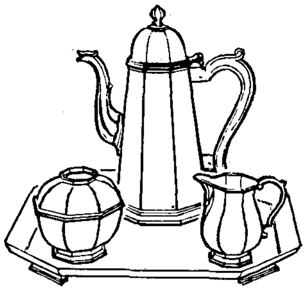

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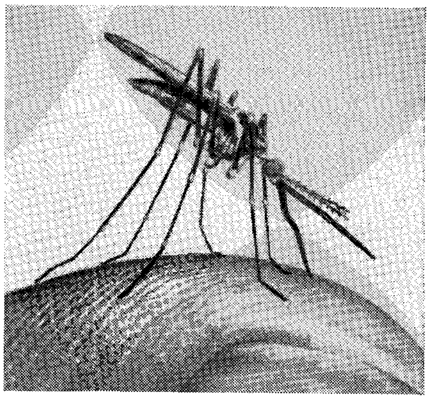

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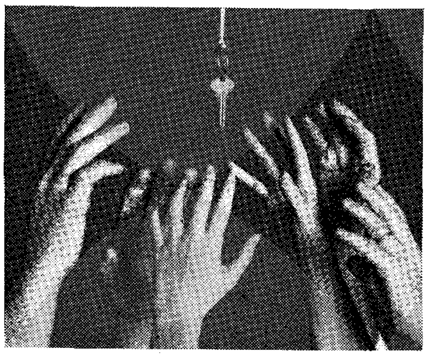

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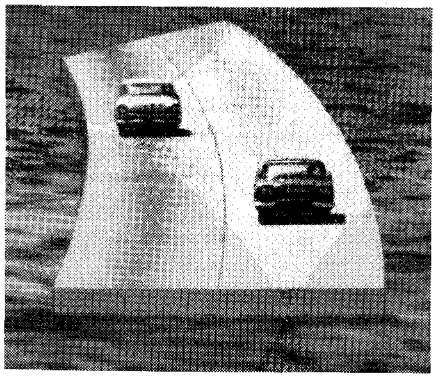

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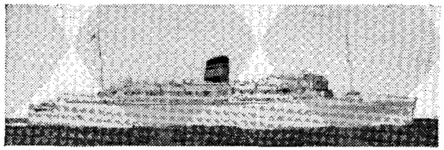
war, and at a time when the Soviet Minister of Foreign Affairs chanced to be the only visiting foreign guest, was politically interpreted as "an anti-American festival offered to M. Gromyko" by Sirius, editor-in-chief of *Le Monde*, in one of his rare, puissant columns of comment in his own newspaper.

There was at least one light touch, though—one of the humorous little "*cavalier-seul*," or "lone-rider," comments that often brighten *Figaro's* front page. Its writer found it impossible to believe that President Johnson had really said that he thought de Gaulle's speech was "good" when so many French political chiefs thought it was bad even before de Gaulle made it. "This is a *good speech* from the American viewpoint?" the paragrapher inquired. "Is President Johnson so dissatisfied with his own policies that he, in his turn, is succumbing to thoughtless anti-Americanism? The idea is unthinkable, as serious thinkers would say; however, if it turns out to be the case, I hope that there are enough pro-American French voices here to bring him to his senses."

THE world première of Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps" was offered to Paris by Sergei Diaghilev at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées in the spring of 1913—a celebrated date in the history of unappreciated musical chefs-d'œuvre. The music caused a riot of hate. The choreography, by Waslaw Nijinsky, was regarded as painful. In 1920, "Le Sacre" was given at the Champs-Élysées with milder choreography by Massine, less suited to the music. It was given in Paris again in 1960, in the Théâtre des Nations season, as a Belgian production, with choreography by Maurice Béjart, of Brussels' Théâtre de la Monnaie. It was criticized as offensively erotic and gross. Two weeks ago, in an extraordinary, humanized refinement of Béjart's original orgiastic presentation, "Le Sacre" finally triumphed at the Opéra as a great, memorable, and probably incomparable twentieth-century ballet—the one suitable at last, after fifty-two years of delay, as the perfect corporeal accompaniment to Stravinsky's earthy, Panic masterpiece. On opening night here, the audience stood for half an hour applauding, shouting, and cheering.

Béjart's ballet depicts primordial man in a pale, remote Darwinian dawn, hopping toadlike with his fellows to the rhythm of spring; lolling with them in groups shaped like starfish on the barren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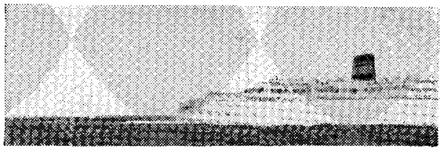
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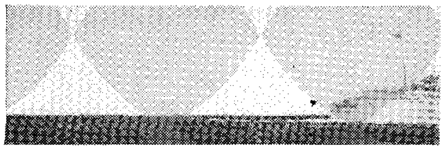
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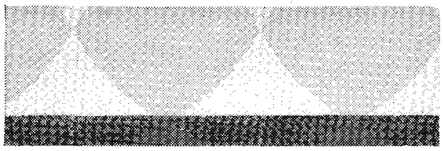
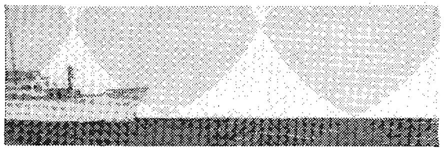
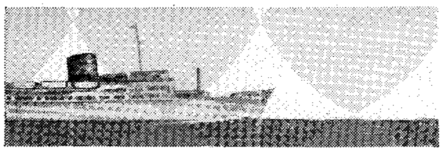
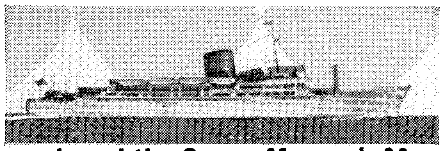

You must lead an empty life."

"Not at all. I sailed off

on a really great cruise

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strand; then rising, as if on wings, when the offstage sun draws them in a great rhythmic rushing flight toward its maturing rays. United with light, they thereupon pursue the liturgical patterns of their expanding primitive dance, violent in its discipline, its shocks, its aligned leaping bodies with crowds of arms held aloft embracing the empty spring air, with symmetries like cave frescoes. The male dancers wear tights, most of them colored like sunburn but some of them bronzed like the bodies of red men, or nearly black, like Negroes. The women wear conventional flesh-colored leotards, and with their appearance the choreography becomes more amazingly inventive, at an increased, feverish tempo. After the arrival of the two Elective Affinities (Les Élus), dressed in marble-white fleshing, so that they look like nude deities, the ballet reaches its climax, in their prolonged recumbent, static embrace—the crowning act of spring. As the *chef d'orchestre*, vigorous and with a certain amount of poetry, Pierre Boulez, France's leading dodecaphonic composer, was masterly, conducting with the security of complete musical knowledge and musicianly rhythm.

The other portions of the Opéra's Stravinsky ballet gala (it was given only four evenings in succession, and will be given this way again in June) were far less interesting. "Les Noces" was rather like a huge semi-Russian divertissement, with semi-traditional Cossack choreography and with splendid black-and-white costumes and imposing furnishings, perhaps somewhat in the Kremlin style, including two gigantic jewelled icons on the wall. It was followed by "Renard," based on the legend of the fox and the cock, which was originally given here by Diaghilev with the dancers dressed as barnyard creatures. In seeking gaiety, Béjart unfortunately chose to treat it as Pop Art of the Dada period. The reduced orchestra was stationed midstage on a platform supported by old automobile tires, and the quartet of dancers, attired in bathing suits, made their entry in a vintage sports car. It was difficult to hear the Stravinsky music, and it was not worthwhile to watch the dancers, of whom the fox was turned into the character of a beach vamp and the cock into a lifeguard. The backdrop demanded attention but was not rewarding. It was modern Pop Art, which included a rebus consisting of a picture of a hammer followed by a picture of a hundred-lira banknote followed by the printed word "maître." Unscrambled, this added up to "Marteau sans

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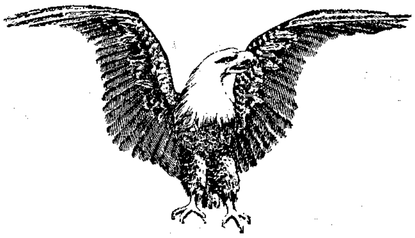

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Maître," the title of a Boulez composition based on a poem of that name by René Char. Adjoining the rebus was a copy of the noted early Picasso front-face portrait sketch of Stravinsky, and also the anonymous painting of a red rose that apparently is Béjart's ideogram.

Béjart is the ubiquitous, dominating, and often scandalizing new figure in European ballet. He is now thirty-eight years old—a violent-looking man with pale-blue eyes, a large, intelligent head with a pointed chin like Colette's, and a strong dancer's body. He is French, born in Marseille, where his father, Gaston Berger (the son changed the name somewhat to dance under), was director of higher education and wrote books on philosophy. His son majored in philosophy at the university and then, altering his direction, danced first with Roland Petit and afterward for two years in England with the International Ballet. In one place or another in his dancing career, he says, he danced the role of the Prince in "Le Lac des Cygnes" a hundred and thirty times. Since 1959, he has been *maître de ballet* at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, where he founded his Ballet du 20ème Siècle. As a producer of spectacles, he made his début at the Opéra last year with his much discussed production of the Berlioz opera "The Damnation of Faust"—aesthetically uneven, occasionally coarse, and very astonishing. In it he introduced his curious theory of doubling the personalities of the major characters, using two Fausts and two Marguerites—one pair danced as human beings, the other pair danced as their accompanying purer psychic selves. After that, he put on a spectacle with Salvador Dali to Scarlatti music at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, which included sadistic scenes of paralytics and other horrors, causing the spectators to shout for their money back. His Brussels production of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, reportedly greatly appreciated by the King and Queen of the Belgians as well as by the Belgian populace, who are very proud of the fuss made over their Béjart, featured dancers of various races accompanying the singers in the hymn of joy—a Chinese, a Haitian, and some other Negroes—to give the impression of universality, one of his intellectual tics. At this month's Mai Musical, in Bordeaux, Béjart will present his newest ballet, "Wagner, ou l'Amour Fou." "Le Sacre" as given here at the Opéra has to date been his greatest triumph. Béjart says that what he hates above all is economy in anything. As an eccentric, creative artist,

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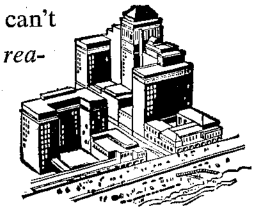

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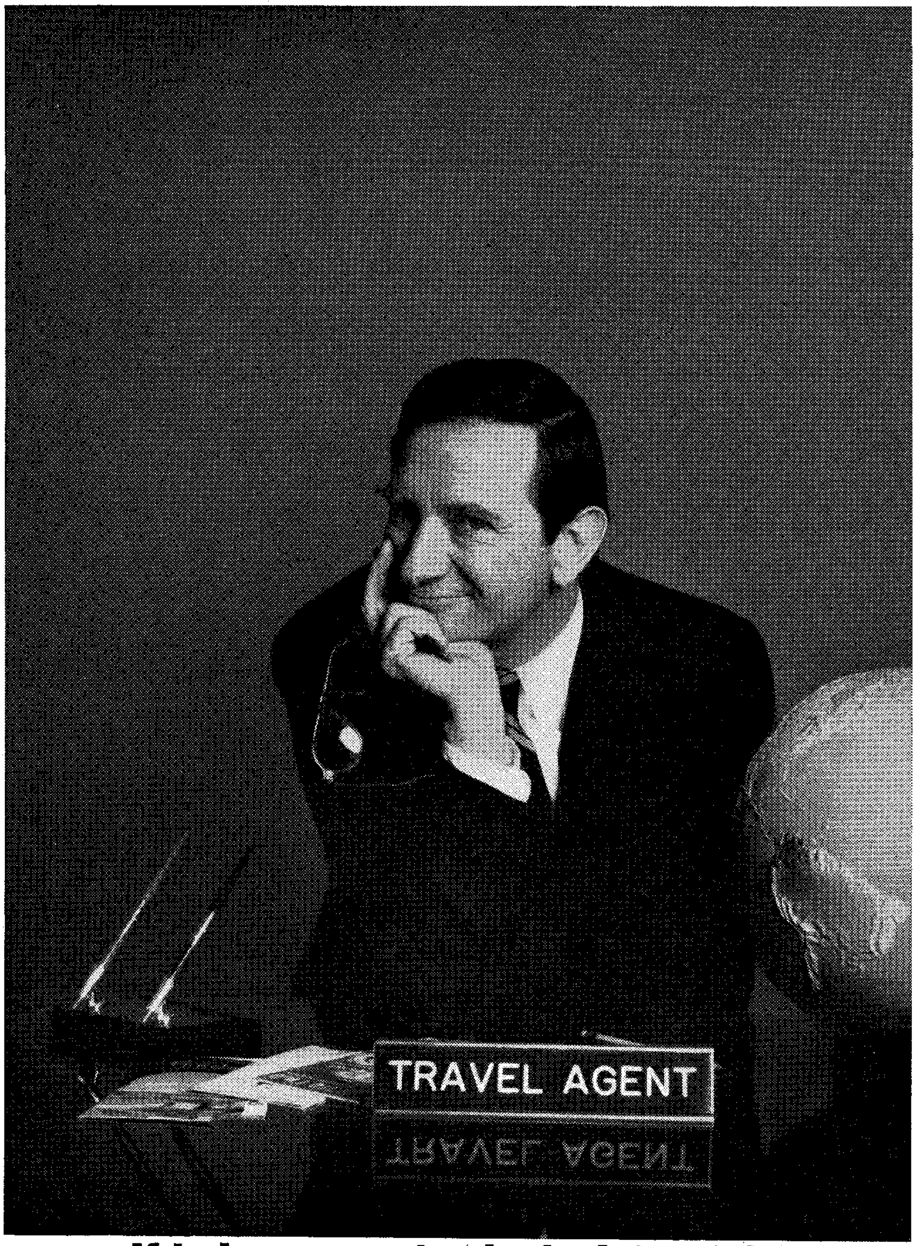
he has certainly been prodigal of his own talent.

HORROR films are never shown on French television, which is state-owned and strict. Even merely unpleasant televised movies about the seamy side of life are marked on the weekly printed government program as "*Reservé aux adultes*." When fed onto the TV screen for the family drama hour at 9 P.M., they are further branded with a warning white square in the upper right-hand corner, above the title, which means "*Déconseillé aux enfants*" and is tantamount to a signal ordering all good children to clear off to bed. To satisfy the recent virulent craze, mostly among Left Bank intellectuals, for old horror films, a kind of unrestricted popular horror center has been set up in the movie theatre Le Dragon, in the Rue du Dragon, around the corner from the Brasserie Lipp, in Saint-Germain des Prés, where a fresh old horror is being featured daily in a series oddly called Le Premier Congrès International de l'Abominable. Over the past fortnight, the abominable classics shown have included "Le Masque du Démon," "Le Baiser du Vampire," "Le Cauchemar de Dracula," "Le Spectre du Chat," and dear old "Frankenstein." "King Kong," made to attract hard cash in 1933, is now appreciated here as pure Surrealist fantasy. The increasingly popular murderous Bette Davis is starring in three movie houses in "Chut . . . Chut, Chère Charlotte." In Montmartre, there is a small horror-film house called Cinéchoc; at the Midi-Minuit movie house on the Boulevard Poissonnière—the old stamping ground for pre-Nazi German films of *Schrecklichkeit*—there is a French-dubbed Italian film, "Danza Macabra," about a haunted château, which must be a honey, since it is forbidden to horror fans under the age of thirteen.

Superior to anything else being shown is a brand-new French terror film, "Le Vampire de Düsseldorf," acted in and directed by an actor-director who has hitherto always been second-rate at each job singly—Robert Hossein. This time, he has hit the double jackpot by his careful study and use of historical documents on the complex, compulsive homicidal monster Peter Kurten, who in 1930 terrorized the Düsseldorf red-light district. As a prelude, Hossein intelligently signals the violent social ambience of the period and its brutal political climate by citing newspaper headlines and newsreels of the Nazi bullies already busy with their



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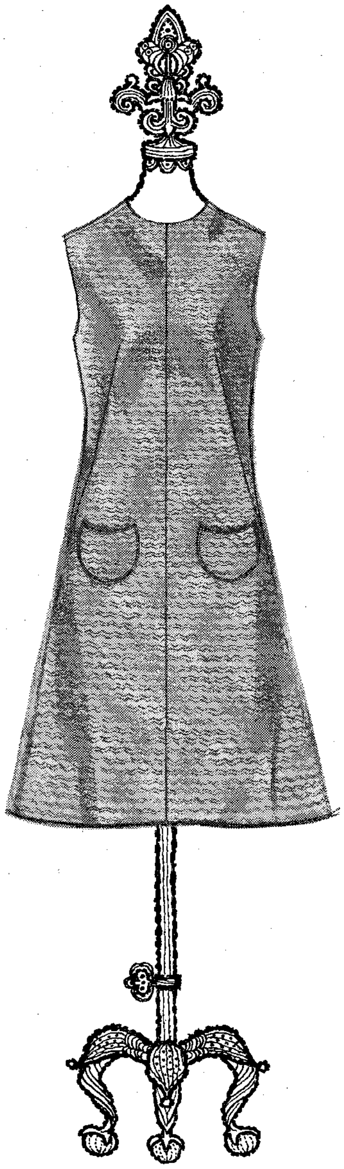

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dementia, bombing Jewish shops, beating Communists to death, and organizing autos-da-fé of books. By using only small, occasional groups of extras and a mere handful of actors, and by repeatedly using the same locale—the same shabby night club for Kurten's sombre social pleasure, the same deserted park for his seductions and murders, and the same empty midnight streets, where he hurries along before the impoverished dark apartment houses in which sometimes an attic light still burns (is there a girl up there alone?)—M. Hossein achieves a remarkable concentration on, and even amplification of, the brutalized Germanic taint of the city, essential to this film's sinister atmosphere of general criminal alienation and terror. It is almost a silent film, and is thus free for moments at a time to demonstrate what the French admiringly call *le cinéma pur*—those brief, unique scenes of intimate camera drama, which the clumsier theatre cannot capture. There is one such where Kurten, vainly pursued by the police, slips into a church and sits there faintly smiling at the altar. There are special night-club scenes achieved by his peering through the window at the pretty little harlot singer whom he really loves, since he does not kill her, and who loves him. Above all, there are the transformation scenes, when, alone in his decent rented room before his mirror, he dresses each time for his crime—a clean, quiet workingman turning himself into a fastidious dandy, with a high wing collar and with a smart gray hat perched over his immobile face and its attentive bloodhound eyes.

IT has been a chill, depressing, dispiriting spring. In the first week of March, the meteorological bureau reported as much rain as was normal for the whole month. From then on, it has rained pretty continuously for forty-one or forty-two days, by private count, or a bit more than on Noah. But in suburban gardens the primroses have held up splendidly, the tulips have taller stems than they ever had in decent dry, sunny weather, and the wisteria heads are turning amethyst on the vine despite the inclemency. —GENÊT

•

> Following a wedding trip to New Orleans, La., the couple are sorted and marked by volunteers throughout the year and stored until Fair time.
> —*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

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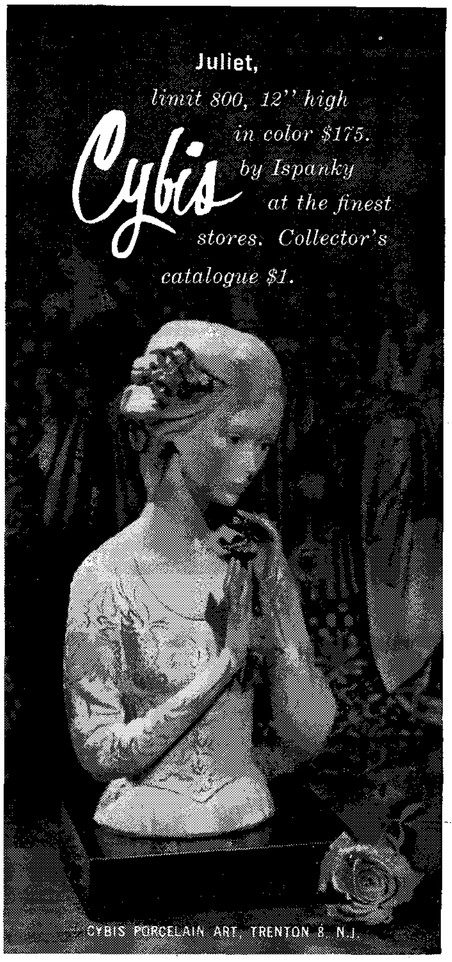

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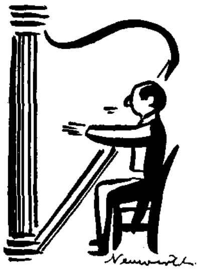

OCCASIONALLY, I pause to marvel at the advanced age of the avant-garde, and I had reason to do so again at Friday evening's concert by the B.B.C. Symphony, under Pierre Boulez, in Carnegie Hall. The works presented included Stravinsky's Symphonies of Wind Instruments and "Four Studies," Bartók's First Piano Concerto, Webern's Variations for Orchestra, Opus 30, and Schoenberg's Five Orchestral Pieces, Opus 16 (in a revised edition). The B.B.C. Symphony had an audience of respectable proportions, and it was, like most avant-garde audiences, made up of individuals one almost never sees at regular symphony or opera performances. It consisted largely of young people, ranging in type from beatnik to *jeunesse dorée*, and it also included a scattering of contemporary composers and certain literary people who like to imagine that they understand music. The thing that struck me most forcibly, however, was that this predominantly youthful audience was listening to a program largely made up of music of the generation of its grandfathers. This music was all of a type that greatly excited progressive audiences in the early nineteen-twenties and that has not proved to be immensely popular since. But here was an audience of obviously adventurous young people devoting itself—with great enthusiasm, too—to a kind of music that was shocking the conservatives before the outbreak of the First World War. Obviously, some of the theories that I had held needed revision. One of these theories was that the avant-garde composition of today becomes the classic of tomorrow. It's just not so. Avant-garde music remains avant-garde music. It parallels the more conventional types of music listened to with pleasure by more conventional types of concertgoers, and thus we have the curious spectacle of two entirely different currents of music that have been flowing since about 1909, each appealing to a wholly different audience. Avant-garde music, whether it was composed yesterday or nearly sixty years ago, obviously has a particular hold on rebellious youth, and thus undoubtedly fulfills a function of

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some sort. The other kind of music is of interest to the average adult concertgoer. And don't let anybody imagine that there isn't plenty of "the other kind of music" being written. Richard Strauss, a figure comparable to Beethoven or Mozart, has been dead only a few years. Poulenc ditto. Prokofieff ditto. Shostakovich, Carl Orff, Karl Amadeus Hartmann, and Hans Werner Henze (who exemplifies the more conventional current in his later work), among others, are still at it. Many have fallen by the wayside. But, curiously, the avant-garde current has its "greats," too, and *its* numerous lesser figures who have fallen by the wayside. Nobody hears much of Scriabin any more. The futurist Luigi Russolo is forgotten. So is Leo Ornstein, the *enfant terrible* of the twenties. So is George Antheil, the composer of the once celebrated "Ballet Mécanique." So is Alois Hába, the Czech who proclaimed the gospel of quarter-tone music more than a generation ago.

As for me, I found Friday night's program to consist of superficial music superbly performed. But I must say that when one listens to an evening of avant-garde music like this one, with no competition in the way of classical works, one notices differences in quality that otherwise might have escaped one. Bartók's First Piano Concerto, for example, stood out as a masterpiece in comparison with the precious little Stravinsky and Schoenberg items and the harmless but tiresome tootling of Webern. Its solo part was magnificently done by John Ogdon, a bearlike bearded man who is obviously capable of impressive virtuosity in more than one type of music. And the Bartók concerto, I noticed, had something that was lacking in all the other works of the evening—strong rhythmic pulsation, and an attendant sense of getting somewhere. Throughout the program, the B.B.C. Symphony showed itself to be an altogether superior orchestra, and Mr. Boulez had the precision of beat required in this sort of music.

LAST Thursday night's Philharmonic concert in Philharmonic Hall, under William Steinberg, started out avant-garde but soon faltered. A "Study for Orchestra" by the young American Julia Perry opened the program. It is, on the whole, a fairly pleasing work, which gives an impression of great gifts laboring under the weight of fashionable Coplandisms. Stravinsky's "The Song of the Nightingale" got a stolid performance. Next we got a full string-orchestra performance of

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Verdi's seldom played Quartet for Strings in E Minor. This is far from being a masterpiece, as Verdi himself noted. But it has a delightful innocence and sincerity about it that one seldom encounters in avant-garde music. There is no striving for effect, no gimmickry, no intention of turning any process of composition upside down. There is just unabashed talent expressing itself humbly and naturally. The enjoyable melodies and skilled counterpoint of this work would have seemed clearer, and a good deal of scrubbing in the inner parts would have been eliminated, had the orchestra and Mr. Steinberg paid more attention to niceties of intonation. The concert concluded with Beethoven's Fourth Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, with Van Cliburn as soloist. Mr. Cliburn started off in a perfunctory manner but improved as the first movement progressed.

On Wednesday evening of last week, I went to the State Theatre to see the New York City Ballet, and was reminded that by no means all the fine ballet in New York at the moment is to be found at the Metropolitan Opera House. One of the advantages of being an intermittent ballet critic is that I nearly always find myself confronted with something that is new to me, and this was the case with Jacques d'Amboise's "Irish Fantasy" (by far the most successful thing of his that I have seen thus far), Balanchine's "Tarantella," and a work choreographed by John Taras called "Piège de Lumière." The last-named, which has been in the repertoire of the de Cuevas company in Europe, offered an agreeable contrast, for the moment, to Balanchine's more abstract style, being a narrative ballet with a fairly literal scenario about escaped convicts (from Devil's Island, presumably) and tropical butterflies. Prominent in an engaging production were Anthony Blum, as a butterfly named Iphias, and Patricia McBride and Arthur Mitchell, who did a brilliant duet toward the end. "Tarantella," a short pas de deux that employed Suki Schorer and Edward Villella, is pure, sparkling fireworks.

—Winthrop Sargeant

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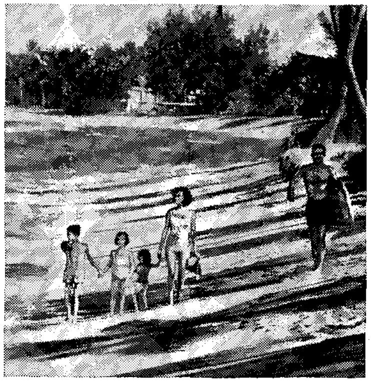

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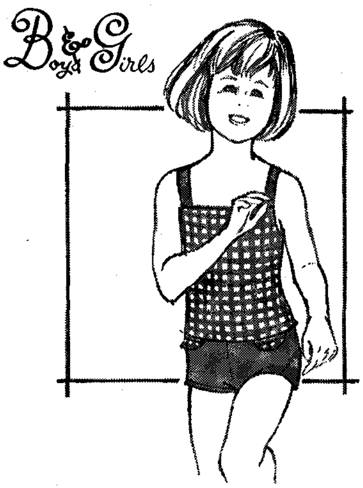
emerged in the mid-twenties in Chicago and New York, and consisted of Louis Armstrong, Earl Hines, Bix Beiderbecke, Pee Wee Russell, Zutty Singleton, and Sidney Bechet. Unlike the bebop and new-thing musicians, these men formed no particular school; they were floating iconoclasts who blossomed at about the same time. Armstrong influenced every trumpeter in his generation and many in the succeeding generation, and his effect can still be spotted; echoes of Hines and Singleton are still heard. Beiderbecke immediately attracted a host of white imitators, of whom only Bobby Hackett has cast any shadow, but Negro musicians listened to him, too, and he continues to surface in such odd places as a recent Roy Eldridge record and an occasional Miles Davis phrase. Russell and Bechet, though, became one-man movements. Russell is inimitable, and perhaps only Thelonious Monk has evolved a similarly restless, inner, Gothic vision. Bechet was not quite inimitable—he shaped Johnny Hodges, who taught Ben Webster, who has long had *his* own school—but he was, in a broader fashion, unique. For over thirty-five years (he died in 1959), he compressed more pure, unashamed emotion into his playing than any other musician, past or present. He made it possible for jazz musicians to moan and dance and exult through their instruments, and in his greatest moments he moved the music toward the majesty of opera. But the emotions in jazz have recently—in the hands of the new-thing musicians—become almost savage, and it is a cooling and peaceful experience to return to Bechet. This can be done in a new Victor reissue, "Bechet of New Orleans" (LPV-510), which includes sixteen selections made between 1932 and 1941.

Few jazz musicians have been able to avoid the sink of commercialism. Billie Holiday and Lester Young and Sidney Catlett and Frankie Newton are some who did, and Bechet is another. (He spent the last decade of his life as a celebrated vaudeville figure in France, but his playing remained unchanged.) He devoted his life to pursuing those conditions and musicians most congenial to him, and this single-mindedness took him all over the globe. He was born in 1897 in New Orleans, where he studied with the clarinettist George Baquet and heard and worked with Armstrong and King Oliver and Bunk Johnson. In his teens, he travelled through the Southwest, and in 1919 performed in London, where he was applauded by the renowned Swiss



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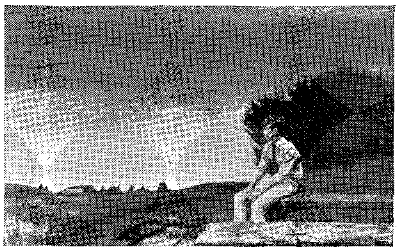

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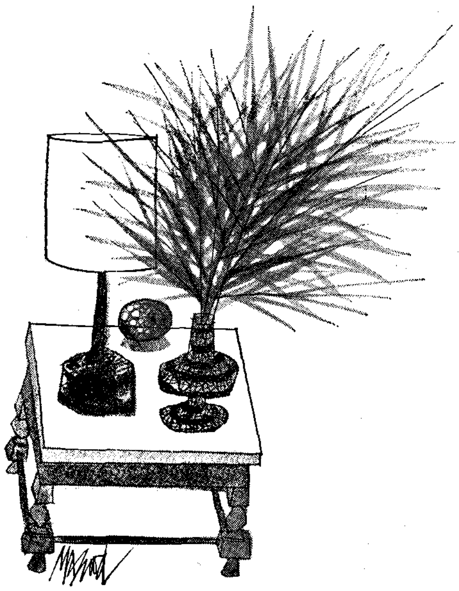
conductor Ernest Ansermet, who wrote, with astonishing vision:

> There is in the Southern Syncopated Orchestra an extraordinary clarinet virtuoso who is, so it seems, the first of his race to have composed perfectly formed blues on the clarinet. I've heard two of them which he elaborated at great length. They are admirable equally for their richness of invention, their force of accent, and their daring novelty and unexpected turns. These solos already show the germ of a new style. Their form is gripping, abrupt, harsh, with a brusque and pitiless ending like that of Bach's Second Brandenburg Concerto. I wish to set down the name of this artist of genius; as for myself, I shall never forget it—it is Sidney Bechet. When one has tried so often to find in the past one of those figures to whom we owe the creation of our art as we know it today—those men of the 17th and 18th centuries, for example, who wrote the expressive works of dance airs which cleared the way for Haydn and Mozart—what a moving thing it is to meet this black, fat boy with white teeth and narrow forehead, who is very glad one likes what he does, but can say nothing of his art, except that he follows his "own way"—and then one considers that perhaps his "own way" is the highway along which the whole world will swing tomorrow.

Not long after, Bechet was with Bessie Smith in New York, and by the mid-twenties he had recorded with Louis Armstrong and worked with James P. Johnson and Duke Ellington. Then he was off to Paris with Josephine Baker, and in 1925 he went to Moscow with the trumpeter Tommy Ladnier. During the next decade, he was with Noble Sissle in America and Europe, led his own group at the Savoy Ballroom, and for a while (1938) ran a small tailor shop in Harlem. He appeared at Nick's in 1938 and then made a series of celebrated recordings with such men as Red Allen, J. C. Higginbotham, Charlie Shavers, Sandy



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Williams, Sidney De Paris, and Sid Catlett. In the early forties, he was apt to turn up at the Savoy in Boston or at one of Eddie Condon's Town Hall concerts, and once I stumbled on him in an out-of-the-way basement club in Washington, D.C. Three or four years later, he emigrated to France, leaving behind a devout following, which never—perhaps because of his ceaseless skating about—reached the size or fervor of Armstrong's or Beiderbecke's or Hines'.

But this didn't matter, for Bechet's style seemed to celebrate itself. This was particularly true when he used the soprano saxophone, which he favored over the clarinet and which he learned in the early twenties. Bechet was a superb primitive and he had a huge, matronly tone, which drowned any ensemble he played in. It was not a big, fake tone, like Chu Berry's or Charlie Shavers', but a solid, impenetrable mass. It was kept in the air by its vibrato, which moved through a series of linked "u"s that gave the effect of being played in an echo chamber. Bechet's solos were highly melodic and largely legato. He would sometimes start a phrase with a couple of staccato notes (a device often used by Charlie Parker, who certainly knew Bechet's work), but it would end in a long-held note that gradually shimmied into a vibrato, or in a descending glissando that might shatter into rooting growls. His playing at fast tempos occasionally gave the impression of a fat man hurrying—and enjoying it—and at slow tempos, where he had the room, he constructed a succession of soaring phrases, large intervals, sudden halts, double-time sprints, and stately behind-the-beat figures that made him sound processional. But no matter what his tempo or materials, his passion never faltered; the meanest blues got the same throne-room treatment as "Summertime." This outflow of emotion was so effortless that at times it appeared almost complacent. It also occasionally came perilously close to the romantic—an area that jazz has always avoided. His clarinet was simply a lesser though equally poignant version of his soprano. The tone was sharper, the vibrato bumpier, the sweeps and glides were closer to the ground. It didn't dominate its surroundings; it sliced through them. Its lyricism matched his soprano's in the way a small Rembrandt matches a large one.

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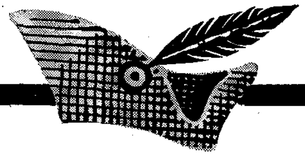

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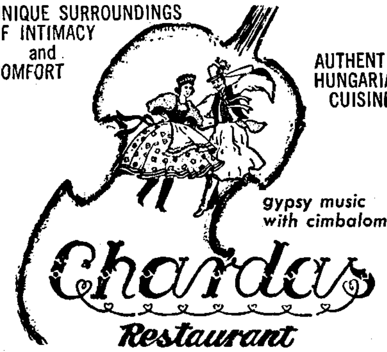

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ing one-man-band job) are gimmicks, and three ("I Ain't Gonna Give Nobody None of My Jelly Roll," "Georgia Cabin," and "Twelfth Street Rag") are second-rate. The remaining ones are often marvellous, and are notable for Bechet's easy, mourning clarinet breaks in "Wild Man Blues," for the steady sotto-voce flow of "Egyptian Fantasy," for the gracious ensembles in "Wild Man Blues" and "Shake It and Break It," for Jelly Roll Morton's sad vocal in "I Thought I Heard Buddy Bolden Say," and for Bechet's classic declaiming soprano-saxophone solo—to say nothing of Earl Hines' equally classic statement—in "Save It, Pretty Mama." Victor has promised a second set of Bechet reissues, but the damage has been done. The good selections on the present L.P. are drawn from six memorable sessions, but no more than two of the four sides made at each session are included. Why not reissue such valuable material complete session by complete session? Dark are the ways of a.-and-r. men. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

My hearth-loving Siamese, wary of spring and the cessation of fires, wakes and stirs uneasily on her pillow. Accomplice in my solitude, in my beautiful and selfish peace, what nightmare, what prospective dearth of frozen mice has slit the azure of her eyes? "I forgot to tell you," my husband exclaims over his tea, "that your tarragon has survived the winter!" "And I forgot to tell you," I answer, "that I have seen your rhubarb and your peonies thrusting their first, red, terrible shoots through the thawing ground!" I stretch my limbs in unison with the cat, as if to shed the snail-like shell of my winter's hibernation, and welcome the beloved tyrannies of summer, not with the lyric optimism of my first country years, but with a more savage, warlike joy. —*Francine du Plessix Gray in Vogue.*

If you and that cat would stir your stumps, we could all have a rhubarb pie.

•

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[*Letter brought home from school by a child in Peekskill*]

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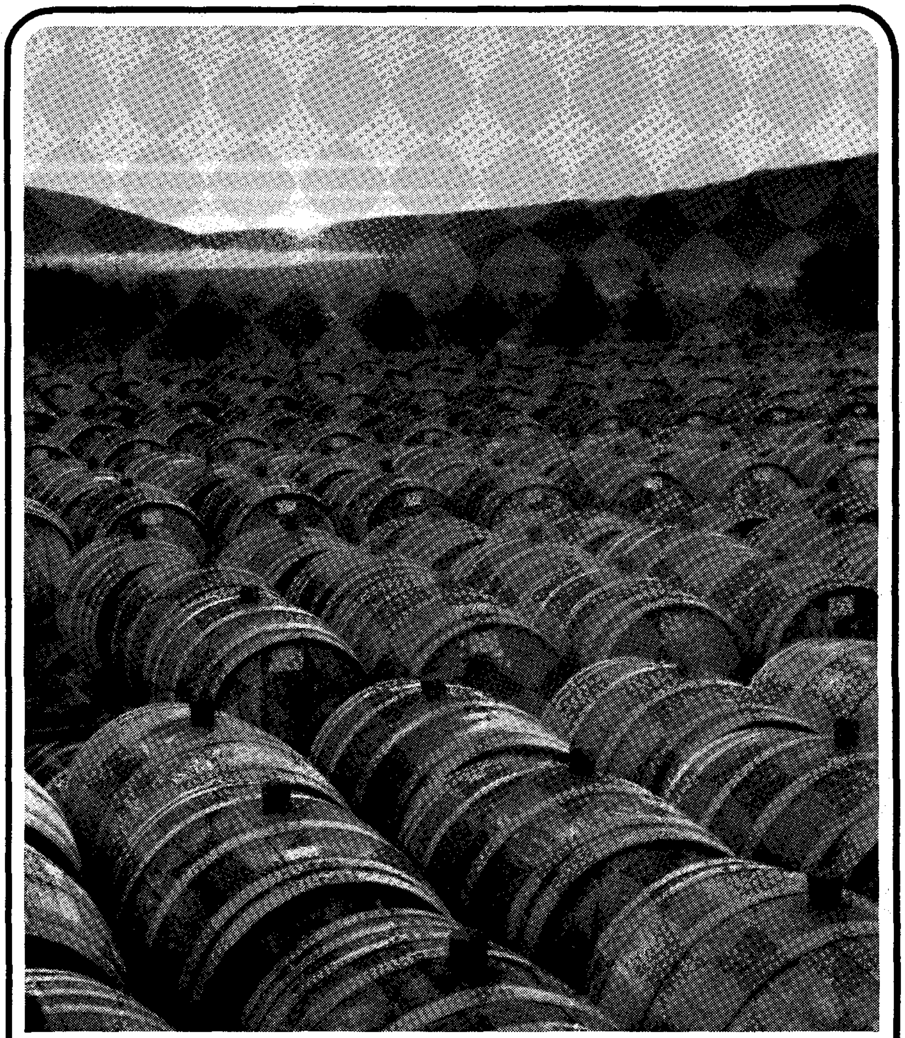

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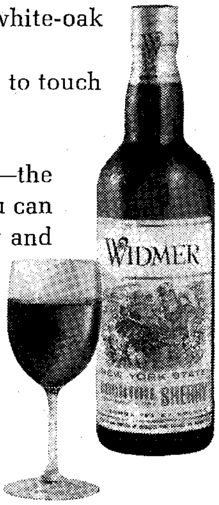


ANNALS OF MEDICINE

SOMETHING A LITTLE UNUSUAL

AROUND noon on October 28, 1963, five people—two men, two women, and a child—sat down to midday dinner in the kitchen of a house they shared on a tobacco farm in the Caney Valley hills of Hawkins County, Tennessee, about fifteen miles southwest of Kingsport. They were (I'll say) Homer Mason and his wife, Louise; the latter's sister and her husband, Grace and Leroy Smart; and the Smarts' son, a boy of three called Buddy. Mason and the two women had spent the morning in the barn stripping and bundling cured tobacco leaves for the market. Smart had had other work to do, and it was he who prepared the meal. It consisted of split-pea soup, spaghetti with meat sauce, sliced tomatoes, sweet milk, and corn bread. Mason was the first to finish eating. He told his wife and Mrs. Smart that he would meet them down at the barn. He was going to stop by the cowshed for a look at an ailing calf. He left the house and crossed the yard, and suddenly began to stagger. He lurched against a tree. The barnyard tilted and the sky reeled. For a moment, Mason clung to the tree, and then it, too, began to sway. He turned and staggered back across the pitching barnyard toward the house. He stopped and blinked and shook his head. Something was happening to his eyes. The house was hardly fifty yards away, but he could only just make it out. He seemed to be going blind.

So did Mrs. Smart. When Mason stumbled into the kitchen, she was sitting there at the table with her head in her hands and moaning. Her husband stood beside her. Mrs. Mason stood on the other side of the table with Buddy in her arms. He was staring at his mother and whimpering. Mason dropped into a chair, and Mrs. Smart raised her head. "Homer, I can't hardly see," she said. "I think I'm going blind."

"Me, too," Mason said.

"And I'm dizzy," she said. "I tried to stand up a few minutes ago and everything was just spinning. I felt like a drunk man."

"She like to fell," Smart said. "I had to catch her."

"Same here," Mason said. "I feel the same way."

"Then it isn't just me," Mrs. Smart said. "I thought it was just me. Because Leroy feels all right, and so do Louise and Buddy."

"You'll be all right, honey," Smart said. "Everything's going to be all right."

"I don't feel as good as I did," Mrs. Mason said, and abruptly sat down. "There's something funny in my head. I feel kind of goofy."

Mrs. Smart gave a little wail. "Oh, my gosh!" she said. "I even feel sick to my stomach! What is it, Homer? What's the matter?"

"I don't know," Mason said. "Maybe we've been poisoned. There's three of us don't feel right—you and me and Louise. And there was only just the three of us working down in the barn this morning." He stopped and licked his lips. They felt stiff and cracked, and his mouth was dry. "Maybe we've got tobacco poisoning," he said. "We've all of us got the nicotine stain on our hands. Some of it maybe come off in our food."

"I never heard of tobacco poisoning," Smart said.

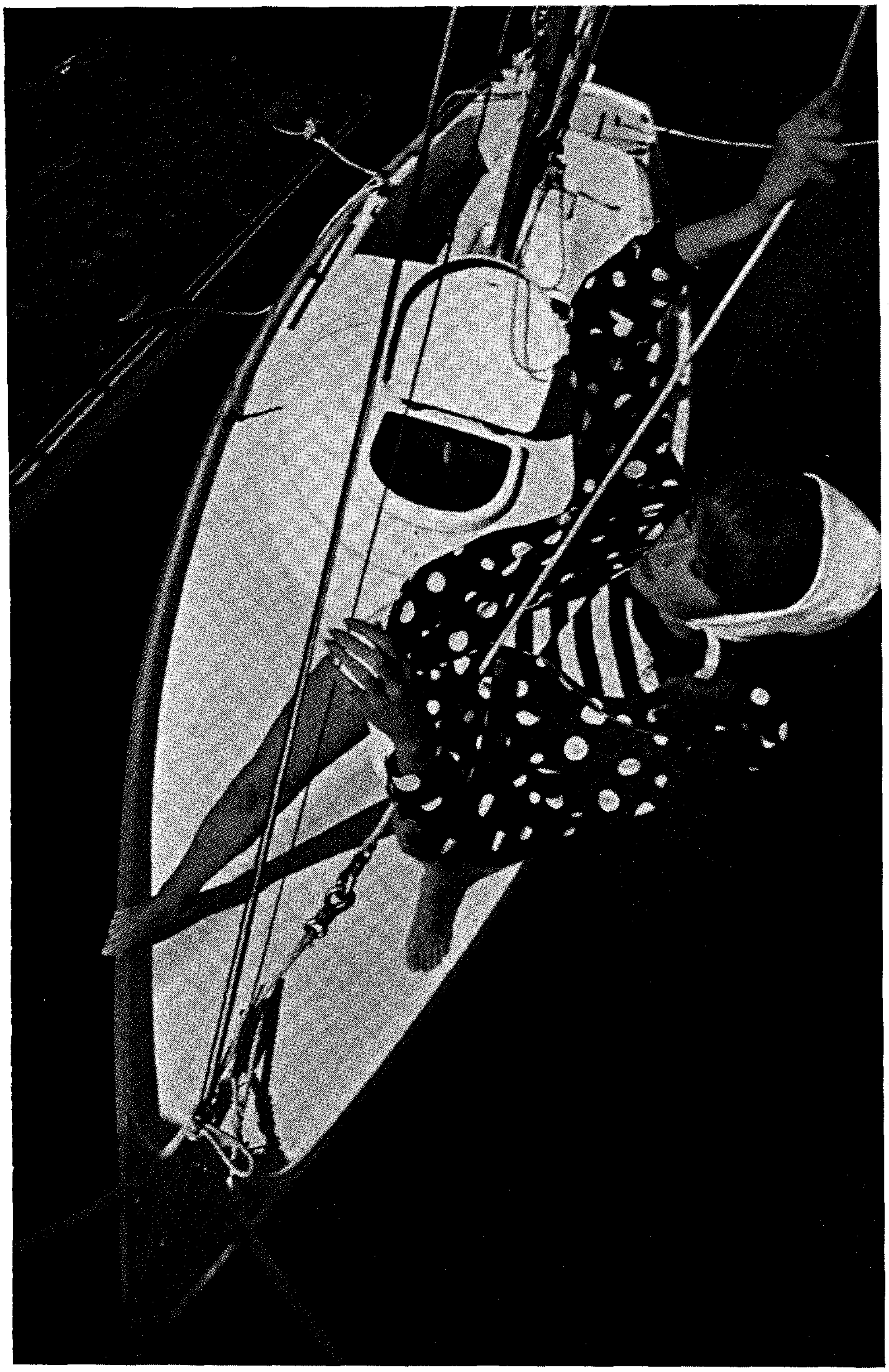
"I have," Mrs. Smart said. "Oh, my gosh, Homer. What are we going to do?"

Mason looked at Smart. He could see him, but his features were out of focus, and there was something moving just above his head. It was like a play of light and shadow—or a cloud of smoke. It became a swarm of bees. They swarmed silently around and around and around. "Leroy," Mason said, "I think you better drive us in to the doctor."

"Just not having a television doesn't automatically make them intellectuals."

THE medical needs of Caney Valley residents are served by a middle-aged general practitioner whom I'll call Francis Craig and a young associate whom I'll call Henry Rathbone. These two physicians operate a clinic at Church Hill, a roadside village about midway between Kingsport and the Mason farm, and it was there that Smart drove his wife and son and the Masons. They arrived at the clinic at two o'clock.

"I was alone that afternoon," Dr. Rathbone says. "Dr. Craig was in Kingsport at the hospital—the Holston Valley Community Hospital—making rounds. Lucy, our nurse, called me on the interoffice phone and said that five people had just come in from Caney Valley. Three of them, she said, were acting



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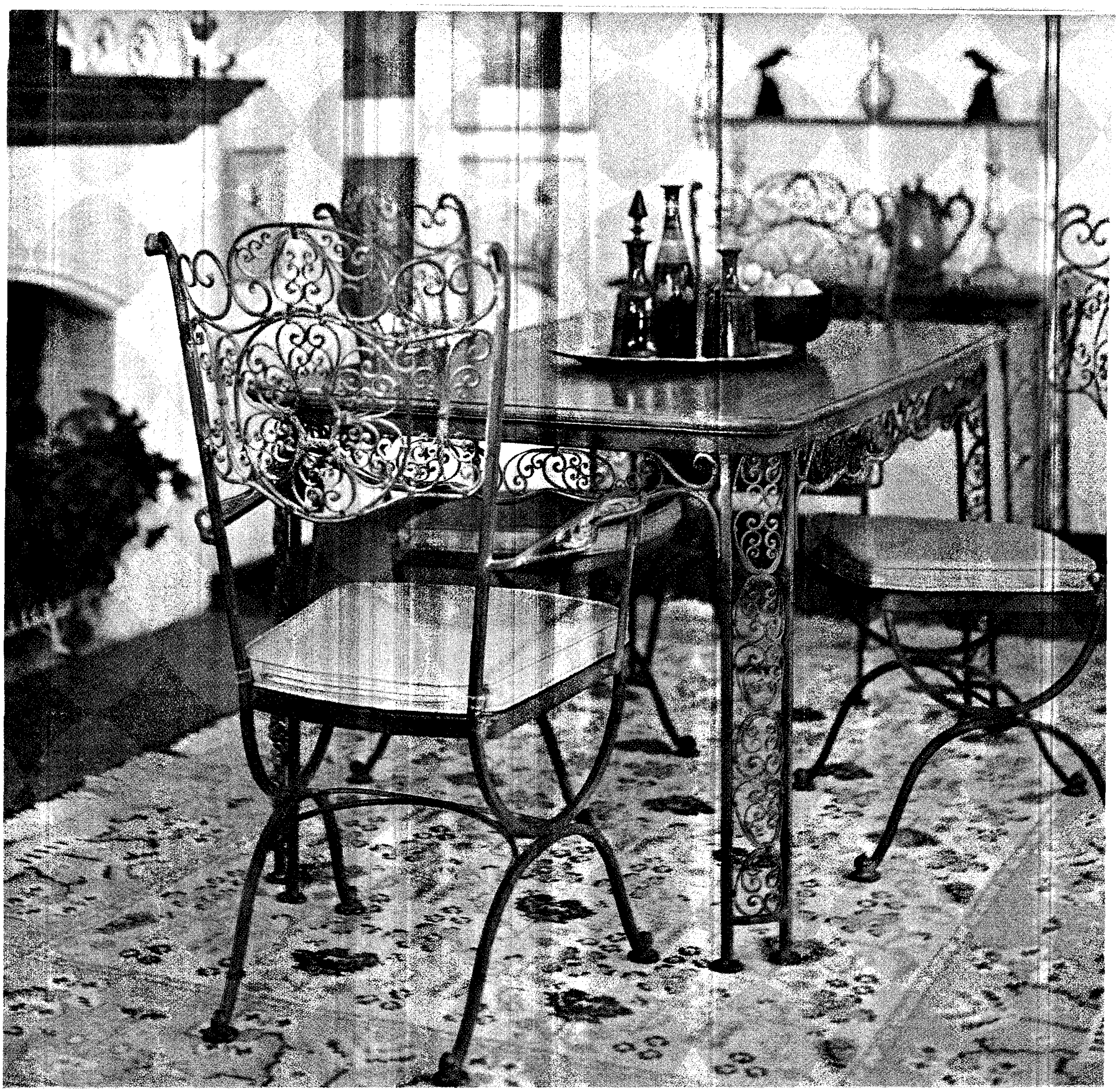

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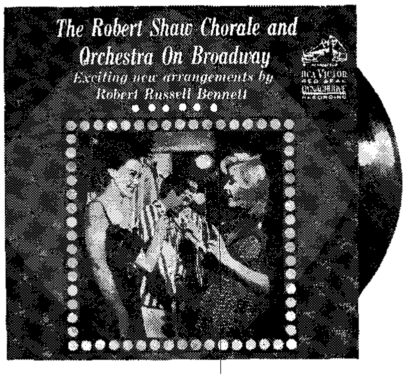
very strange. She sounded rather agitated. I was with a patient, but I finished up as quickly as I could. Lucy isn't a flighty girl. I went out to the waiting room—and she was entirely correct. They were acting very strange indeed. The women were twitching and jerking and moaning, and one of the men—Mason, it turned out to be—was waving his arms and talking a wild blue streak of gibberish. I thought for a minute that he was simply scared. But then I looked again. He was peering into space and making grabs at the air, and I realized that scared wasn't it at all. He was hallucinating. The other man, the man named Smart, came up and introduced himself and told me what he could about the matter. I gathered that his wife and Mason had been taken right after eating. Then, a little later, Mrs. Mason took sick. Smart and his little boy, however, were perfectly all right. The symptoms, as I made them out, were vertigo, blurred vision, dry mouth, generalized weakness, nausea, and—in Mason's case, at any rate—hallucinations. Smart added that his wife and the Masons had spent the morning stripping tobacco. He wondered if the tobacco could in some way have poisoned them. I told him no on that. Tobacco poisoning could be only nicotine poisoning, and that couldn't happen from that kind of superficial contact. But they had almost certainly been poisoned. My guess was food poisoning—food intoxication. And, to judge from those clearly central-nervous-system symptoms, it was something pretty serious.

"Smart helped me get his wife and the Masons into the examining room. Mason really needed help. He couldn't even stand alone. We got him stretched out on a cot and as comfortable as possible, and settled the two women in chairs. The blurred vision they all complained of was easy to understand. They all had widely dilated pupils—very glassy-looking. The immediate problem as far as Mason and Mrs. Smart were concerned was nausea. They were sick as dogs, and, to make matters worse, they both had an insatiable thirst. I gave them each an intramuscular injection of trimethobenzamide hydrochloride. That seemed to help the nausea a bit, but it was obvious that they were getting sicker by the minute. Mason was so wild it was hard to keep him from falling off the cot. He kept reaching for imaginary doorknobs, as if he wanted to get out of the room. Sometimes he would be fighting off a swarm of bugs. Then at times he seemed to calm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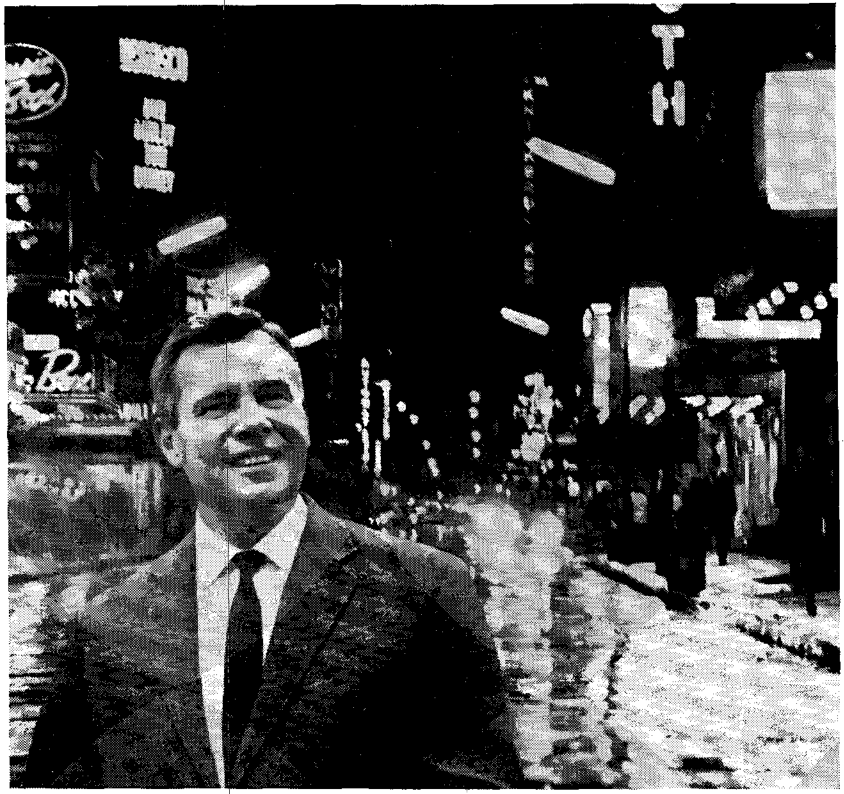

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down, and he would point across the room or up at the ceiling and say something about all the beautiful flowers. But most of the time nothing he said made any kind of sense. And Mrs. Smart was almost as bad. She was beginning to hallucinate, too, and raving and thrashing around in her chair. It was unnerving. I really didn't know what to think. Or, rather, there was only one thing I could think of, and that possibility was almost too frightening to contemplate. I mean botulism. Botulism, as you probably know, is the most dangerous of the bacterial food poisonings. It has a mortality rate of about sixty-five per cent. It is also, of course, a pretty rare bird. But it happens. As a matter of fact, it had happened right here in eastern Tennessee—in Knoxville—only a couple of weeks before. You probably read about it in the paper. There were seven cases in the outbreak, and two of them were fatal. So botulism was more or less on my mind. I didn't have far to reach. I thought of it the minute I saw those central-nervous-system symptoms.

"I don't mean to say I was certain. Not at all. There were several points that didn't quite fit a diagnosis of botulism. The onset, for one thing, seemed a little too sudden. And the symptoms were not exactly right. The central-nervous-system symptoms that Mrs. Smart and Mason had were more pronounced—more violent—than the central-nervous-system symptoms that are classically characteristic of botulism. But they were close enough. They were certainly too close to ignore. Botulism can be treated, you know. There's an antitoxin, and if it's given in time it can make all the difference. Dr. Craig agreed with me. I called him at the hospital and gave him the facts and asked him what he thought, and he wasn't for taking any chances, either. He proposed that I call the ambulance service and get them right into the hospital. I was glad to take his advice."

MASON and Mrs. Smart were carried into the emergency room of the Holston Valley Community Hospital in Kingsport at five minutes after four. Mrs. Mason arrived at four-fifteen with Smart and his little boy. They were received by Dr. Craig and (such was his aversion to taking any chances) three hurriedly recruited consultants—a neurosurgeon; the hospital pathologist, Dr. William Harrison; and an internist whom I'll call Richard Johnson. Both Mason and Mrs. Smart were now wildly delirious and almost totally

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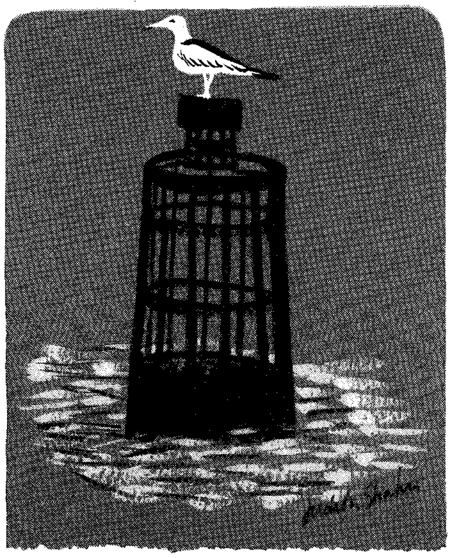
helpless. They were also deeply flushed, dry of mouth, and tormented by an unquenchable thirst, and Mason was shaken by frequent muscle spasms. Mrs. Mason, however, was still only weak, dry-mouthed, and vertiginous. The emergency-room examination was diagnostically uninstructive. Mason's pulse rate was a hundred, or about thirty beats faster than normal for a man, and Mrs. Smart's was eighty-eight, or only slightly faster than normal for a woman, and both had a temperature of ninety-nine degrees. Mrs. Mason had no fever, and her pulse rate was normal. All three had widely dilated pupils that reacted sluggishly to light. The results of the other routine tests—blood pressure, blood count, urinalysis—were normal in all three cases.

"I think we were all inclined to accept Dr. Rathbone's first impression," Dr. Johnson, the internist, says. "The trouble was obviously some kind of poisoning. What kind was hard to say. It looked like botulism, and yet it didn't. Hallucinations and disorientation very seldom occur in botulism, and when they do, they tend to be rather late-developing symptoms. Still, it wasn't a possibility that any of us were willing to rule out of the picture entirely. Even a hint of botulism is unsettling. We were standing there in the emergency room and feeling very unsettled when Smart got up from where he was sitting with his son and came over. He said his little boy was complaining about his eyes. Everything looked funny, Buddy said. That sounded like what had happened to his wife and the others, so he thought we ought to know. Also, Smart said, he wasn't feeling too good himself. His eyes were all right, but he had a cramping pain in his stomach, and he was beginning to feel a little nauseated. Well, that decided us. Botulism anti-



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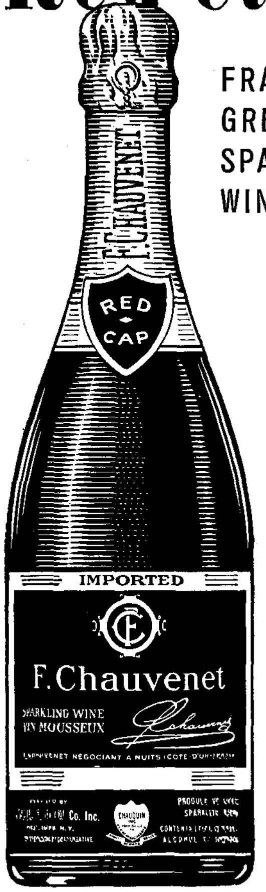

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toxin isn't something you can get at any drugstore. Or at any hospital, for that matter. There isn't that much demand for it. The nearest possible source we could think of was the Poison Control Center at the University of Tennessee Memorial Hospital, in Knoxville. Robert Lash, the director of the Center, had laid in a supply of antitoxin during the botulism outbreak they had over there earlier in the month, and maybe some of it was left. I went to the phone and gave Dr. Lash a ring, and we were in luck. He still had several hundred thousand units on hand. He said he would get it off at once by a special highway-patrol messenger. It was now about a quarter to five. We should have it by seven o'clock."

IT took Dr. Lash about ten minutes to arrange with his dispensary and the Tennessee highway patrol for the dispatch of some five hundred thousand units of polyvalent botulinus antitoxin to the Holston Valley Community Hospital. He then returned to his desk and put in a call to Nashville—to Cecil B. Tucker, director of the Division of Preventable Diseases of the Tennessee State Department of Public Health, in the Cordell Hull State Office Building there. Botulism is a communicable disease, and consequently a notifiable one. In Tennessee, as in all other states, its appearance (proved or suspected) must be reported to the state health authorities for prompt investigation. When Dr. Tucker came on the line, Dr. Lash gave him the required report.

"I wasn't as startled as I might have been by that call from Dr. Lash," Dr. Tucker says. "Botulism was no great novelty in Tennessee that month, you know. My only thought was something like 'Here we go again.' I thanked him and hung up and put in a call to Kingsport—to Dr. Johnson. I wanted a few more facts before sending an investigator up there. But I had Dan Jones standing by. Dr. Jones is an Epidemic Intelligence Service officer assigned to us by the U.S. Public Health Service through its Communicable Disease Center, in Atlanta. I got Dr. Johnson, and he described the cases. He gave me the clinical picture and what he could of the epidemiology, and I began to have my doubts. It just didn't sound like botulism. But that, of course, was only an opinion. Botulism was still a possibility, so we had to go and see. I told Dr. Johnson that Dr. Jones would be up there in the morning, and started to say goodbye. And Dr. Johnson said, 'Wait a minute.' I waited. Then Dr. John-

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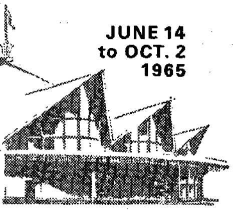

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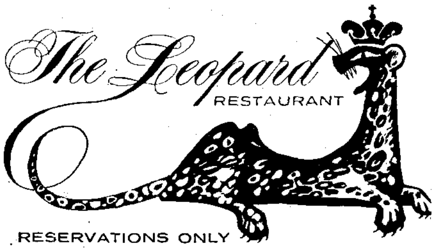

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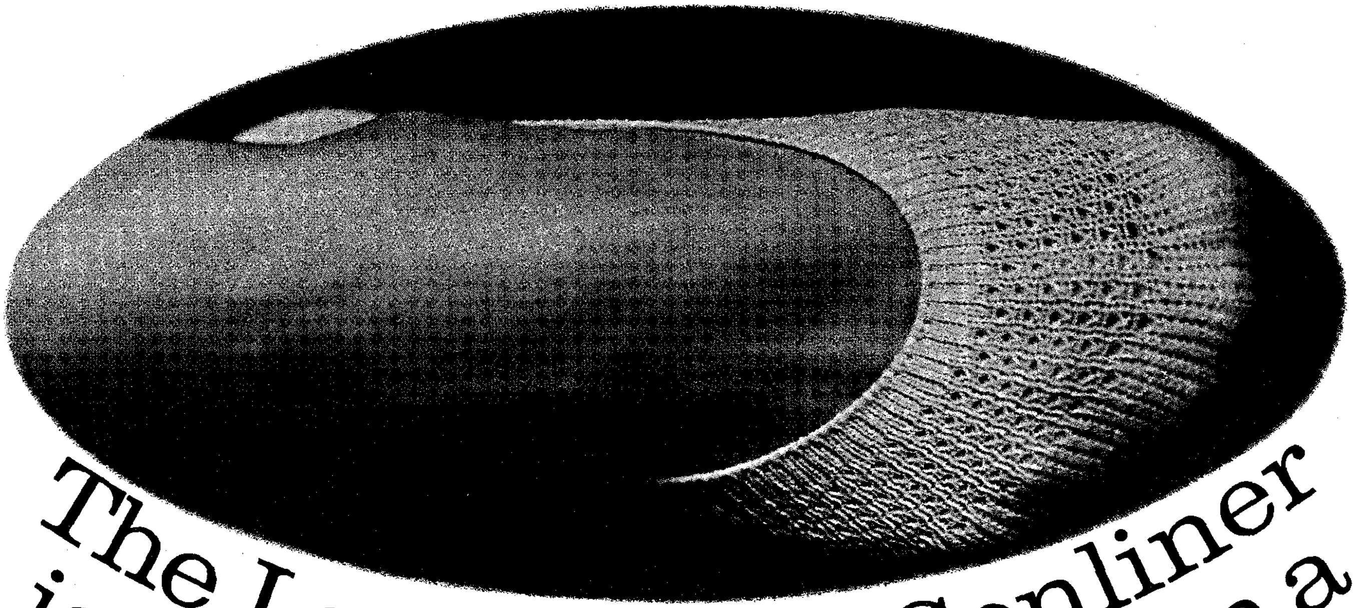

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Nuweave is a division of May Hosiery Mills, P. O. Box 1207, Nashville, Tenn. Sonliner, Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. No. 3,059,458 son came back on. 'By the way,' he said. 'One of the doctors here has been talking to one of the patients, and he says he just mentioned something about eating Jimson weed.' I don't remember what I said to that. Except that I would call him back.

"Dr. Jones had heard what I heard. He was listening in on an extension. We lit out down the hall and up the stairs to the chemical lab. That's where we keep our file on poisons. I pulled out the card on Jimson-weed poisoning, and no wonder I'd had my doubts. I'll read you what it says under 'Symptoms and Findings': 'Pupils dilated, dry burning sensation of mouth, thirst, difficulty in swallowing, fever, generalized flushing, headache, nausea, excitement, confusion, delirium, rapid pulse and respiration, urinary retention, convulsions.' It was almost word for word the clinical picture that Dr. Johnson had given me on the two patients more seriously stricken. We went back downstairs to my office. I got Dr. Johnson on the phone again and told him what we had found. I said it very much looked to me as though Jimson-weed poisoning was the answer to his problem. Dr. Johnson said he thought I was right. They had done some checking themselves, he said, and they had come to that same conclusion."

JIMSON weed (or stinkweed, or thorn apple, or devil's-trumpet) is a big, hardy, cosmopolitan annual of Asian origin. It is known to science as *Datura stramonium* and is a member of the large and generally noxious Solanaceae, or nightshade, family of plants. Other members of this family include tobacco, horse nettle, henbane, belladonna, the petunia, the tomato, and the Irish potato. All these plants, including the tomato and the potato, are at least in some respects pernicious. Jimson weed is entirely so. Its leaves, its seeds, its flowers, and its roots all contain a toxic alkaloid called hyoscyamine. Hyoscyamine is closely related to atropine and is, if anything, more toxic. Jimson weed is distributed throughout most of the United States. It made its first appearance here in the early seventeenth century, possibly as early as 1607. Some authorities think it may have been introduced in ballast and other rubbish discharged from the ships that landed Captain John Smith and his fellow Virginia colonists at Jamestown in that year. In any event, it seems reasonably certain that it entered this country there. Early records indicate that the Powhatan Indians of coastal Virginia

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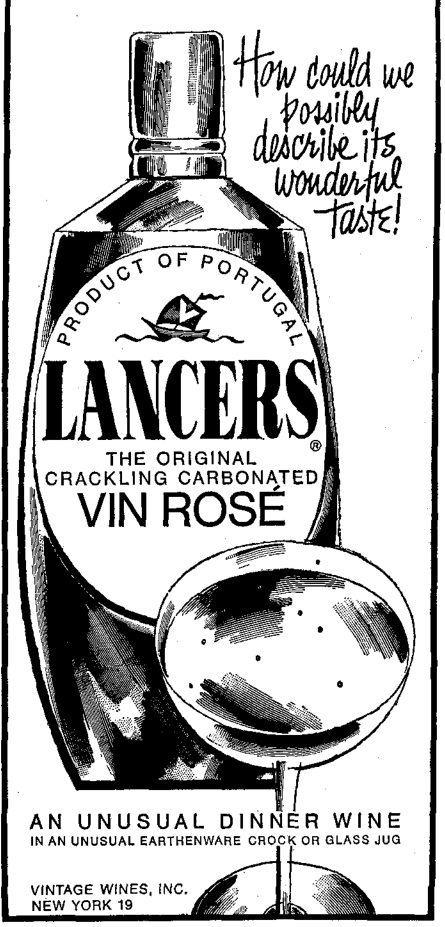
called it the "white man's weed." The white colonists of Virginia and elsewhere, on the other hand, called it "Jamestown weed." Robert Beverly refers to it as Jamestown weed in his "History and Present State of Virginia," of 1705, and gives a recognizable, if somewhat excessive, depiction of its hallucinatory powers:

> This being an early Plant, was gather'd very young for a boil'd salad by some of the Soldiers . . . and some of them ate plentifully of it, the Effect of which was a very pleasant Comedy; for they turn'd natural Fools upon it for several Days. One would blow a Feather in the Air; another would dart Straws at it with much Fury; and another stark naked was sitting up in a Corner, like a Monkey grinning and making Mows at them; a Fourth would fondly kiss and paw his Companions, and snear in their Faces, with a Countenance more antik than any in a Dutch Droll. In this frantik Condition they were confined, lest they in their Folly should destroy themselves; though it was observed that all their Actions were full of Innocence and Good Nature. Indeed, they were not very cleanly; for they would have wallow'd in their own Excrements, if they had not been prevented. A Thousand such simple Tricks they play'd, and after Eleven Days, return'd themselves again, not remembering anything that had pass'd.

The other names by which Jimson weed—which is, of course, a corruption of "Jamestown weed"—is sometimes known are more conventionally descriptive. They call attention to one or another of its several notable characteristics. The plant gives off a fetid smell; its fruit, or seed pod, is barbed with thorns, like a chestnut bur; and its poisonous flowers—milky white and sometimes streaked with purple—are trumpet-shaped. Jimson weed is in every sense a weed. Like beggar's-lice and tumbleweed and the cocklebur, it flourishes almost everywhere and is everywhere detested. It sprouts early (as Beverly noted), it grows fast, and it blooms until late in the fall. Its size, for an annual, is considerable. It often reaches a height of six feet, and it averages around four. Like most other successful weeds, Jimson weed can exist on even the poorest land, but its existence there is no more than dogged survival. It does well only in fertile soil, and when it finds itself so placed it feeds voraciously—as voraciously, and as destructively, as corn or cotton. It is also, however, among the easiest of weeds to control. A couple of swipes with a scythe or a hoe before the seeds are formed will clear the most firmly established Jimson-weed jungle. Its presence on cropland or in pasture is thus traditionally taken as a sign of in-



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different farming. Mark Twain was aware of its reputation, and in "Tom Sawyer" he turned it to effective atmospheric use: "She [Aunt Polly] went to the open door and stood in it and looked out among the tomato vines and 'jimpson' weeds that constituted the garden." Livestock are repelled by its smell, which is so rank that only animals addled by hunger are rash enough to ignore it. Jimson-weed poisoning in livestock is almost entirely limited to the ingestion of hay or ensilage accidentally contaminated with Jimson-weed seeds or leaves, and such cases are relatively few. Man is less instinctively prudent. Most people find the smell of Jimson weed repellent, but it frequently fails to repel them. Jimson-weed poisoning in man, though hardly commonplace, is anything but rare. "During the past five years at the University of Virginia Hospital, which services a large southern rural area, *Datura* has accounted for approximately four per cent of pediatric patients admitted because of ingestion of a toxic substance," Joe E. Mitchell and Fred N. Mitchell, both members of the Department of Pediatrics of the University of Virginia School of Medicine, reported to the *Journal of Pediatrics* in 1955. "Although distinctly less frequent than kerosene or salicylate intoxication, *Datura* has had about the same incidence as lead, barbiturates, alcohol, rodenticides, and insecticides as a source of poisoning." Jimson-weed poisoning in children can usually be laid to innocence. The seeds are mistaken for nuts, or are used in play as "pills." Its adult victims are more variously poisoned. Some of them are victims of homespun credulity (folk medicine recommends a tea of Jimson-weed leaves for the relief of asthma, constipation, and certain other ills), and some are victims of a credulous sophistication (the street-corner pharmacopoeia recommends Jimson-weed seeds for a liberating hallucinatory experience). A few of them—including, as it turned out, Homer Mason and his family—are victims of simple ignorance.

THE doctor to whom one of the patients in the emergency room of the Holston Valley Community Hospital that October afternoon in 1963 said "something about eating Jimson weed" was William Harrison, the hospital pathologist, and the patient was Leroy Smart. That wasn't, however, exactly what he said.

"I'd been talking to Smart about the meal he had fixed that noon," Dr.

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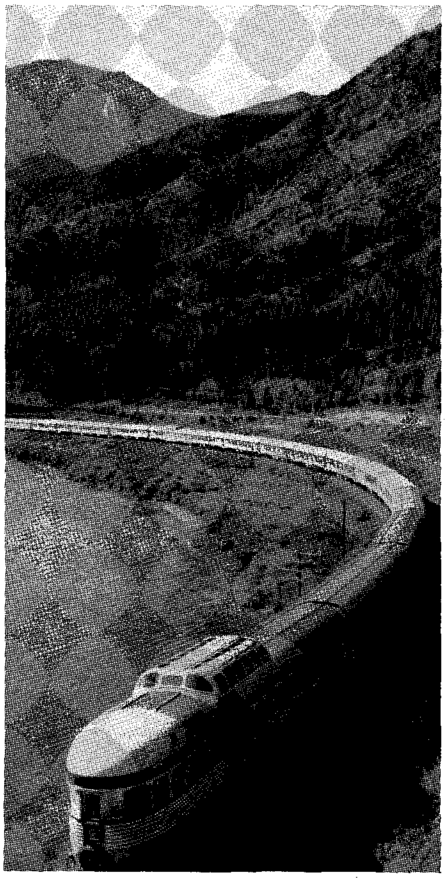

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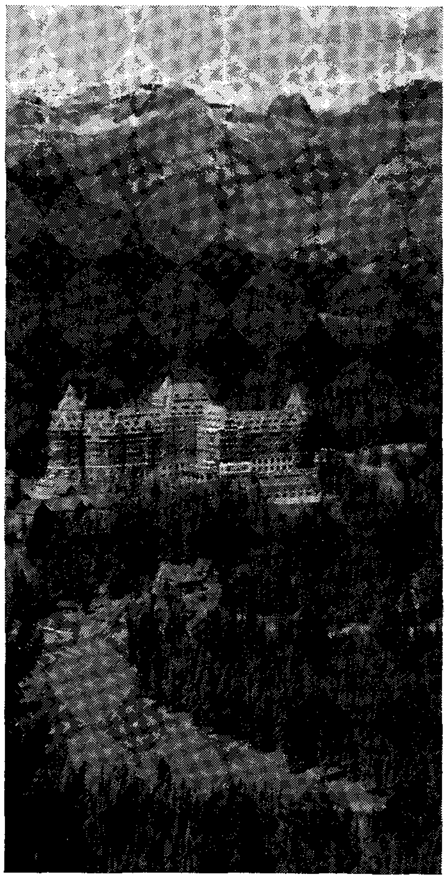

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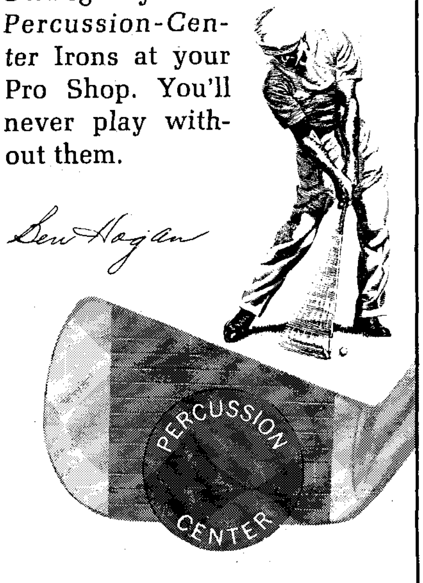

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Harrison says. "I wanted to know just what had been eaten and just how it had been prepared. It bothered me. I don't mean I had any ideas. It was only that Mason and Mrs. Smart had taken sick almost immediately after eating. That was a little suspicious. Either that or a rather odd coincidence. But the trouble was, of course, that ordinary bacterial food poisoning doesn't act that way. It doesn't come on that fast. It takes hours, and even days. The same is true of most other kinds of food poisoning. About the only poisons that hit in a matter of minutes are chemical poisons, like antimony and sodium fluoride, and the symptoms they produce are nothing like those we had here. So I was simply floundering. But something I said must have struck a chord in Smart. His whole expression changed. Come to think of it, he said, there was something he hadn't thought to mention about that meal—something a little unusual. The tomatoes they'd had weren't ordinary tomatoes. They were grafts. They were grown on a tomato stalk that Mason had grafted onto a Jimson-weed plant. He wondered if that might have had anything to do with the trouble.

"That was when I spoke to Dr. Johnson. I knew he was talking to Nashville, and I thought they ought to know. The way he heard it was a little confused. Or maybe I was a little confusing. I probably was. I mean, I knew without any question that Jimson weed was the answer. It answered all our questions—the central-nervous-system symptoms, the sudden onset after eating, everything. But the whole thing was so fantastic. It was also such a relief. Jimson-weed poisoning can be extremely serious. It can be fatal. Still, almost anything is preferable to botulism. And not only that. It relieved our minds about Smart and his little boy. The late onset of their symptoms suggested a mild exposure. The same was largely true in the case of Mrs. Mason. Her symptoms were somewhat delayed, and they were also relatively mild. In fact, in the end we didn't even admit those three to the hospital. It was different, of course, with Mason and Mrs. Smart. They were really sick. They didn't seem to be in critical condition, but they certainly needed hospitalization. We put them to bed and started them on a course of oral pilocarpine, a nerve stimulant that would serve to counteract the action of the toxin on their vision by stimulating the parasympathetic nerves. But that was about all we could do for them. There is no specific treatment for Jimson-weed poisoning.

"I had another talk with Smart just

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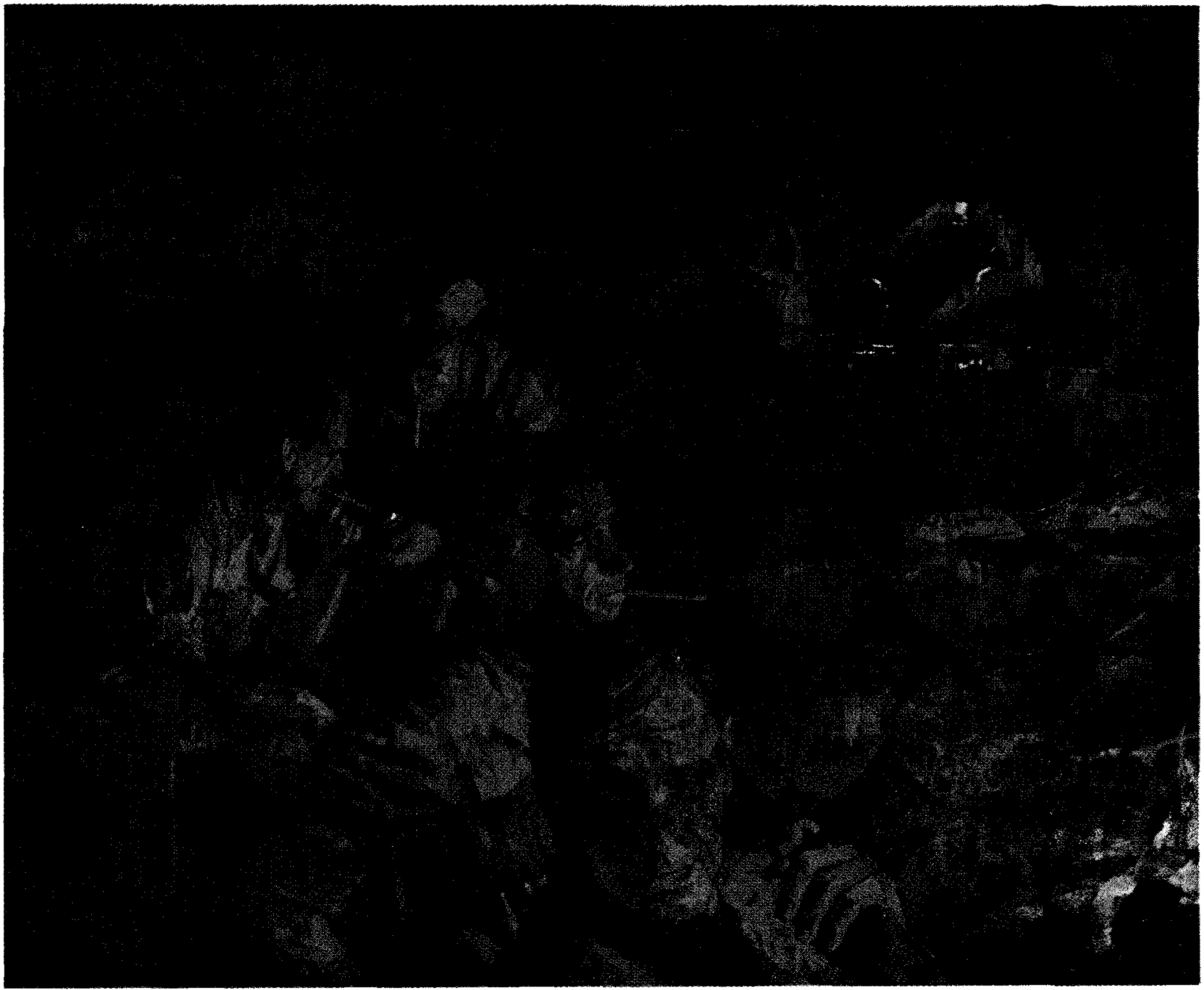

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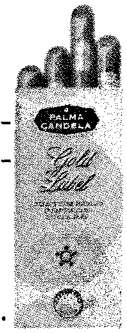

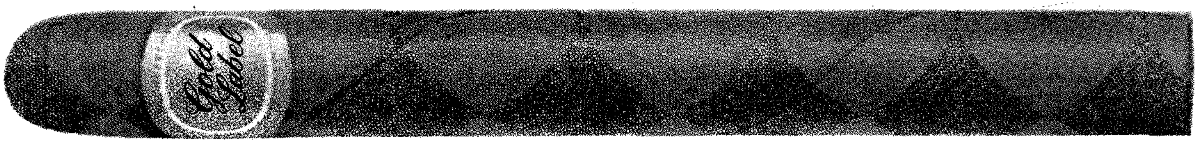

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before he left the hospital. I had no real connection with the case, of course, but I was interested—intensely interested. Smart was with his son and Mrs. Mason. Dr. Craig had given her ten milligrams of pilocarpine for symptomatic relief, and she seemed to be in pretty good shape. I was particularly interested in the nature of the tomato graft. Smart couldn't help me on that. He said I'd have to talk to Mason, since Mason did all the gardening. He was able to tell me the why of it, though. It was really a bright idea. Mistaken, to be sure, but most ingenious. Mason wanted a hardy, frost-resistant tomato—one that would ripen late in the fall. And he knew that Jimson weed was a hardy, frost-resistant plant that flourished until well into November. So he put the two together. He was right, too. The graft was completely successful. As a matter of fact, Smart said, that tomato they ate at dinner was the very first fruit of the experiment. It had only that morning turned ripe enough to pick. It was a good-sized, good-looking tomato, he said, and it had a good flavor. It tasted like any good home-grown, vine-ripened tomato. He had eaten one slice, and so had his wife and Mrs. Mason. It was possible that his wife's slice had been one of the big center slices. His own had been an end slice, and Buddy's had been only a sliver. Mason, on the other hand, had eaten three or four slices.

"I looked in on Mason the following morning. He was still sick, still flat on his back, but he seemed to be perfectly rational. Except, I should say, on the subject of his tomatoes. He knew what had happened. Somebody on the staff had already told him the cause of the family outbreak. But he didn't quite believe it. He had never heard of Jimson-weed poisoning. Jimson weed was a weed like any other weed to him. I didn't argue with him. We just talked, and I finally got him around to telling me about his grafting technique. The Jimson-weed plant he had used was growing in a fence row not far from his house. He made the graft at the first fork of a secondary branch,

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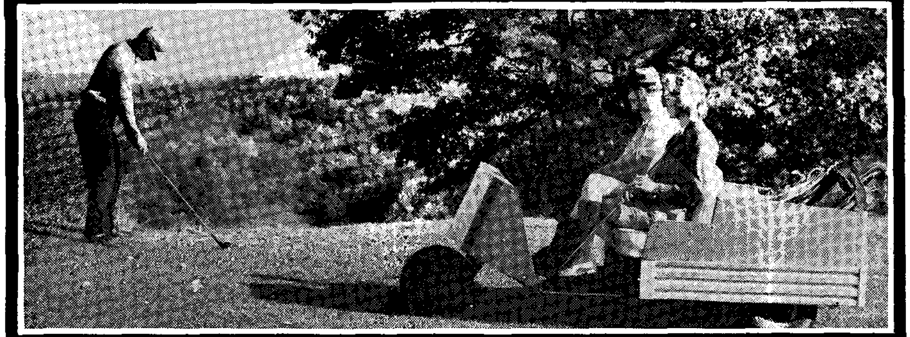

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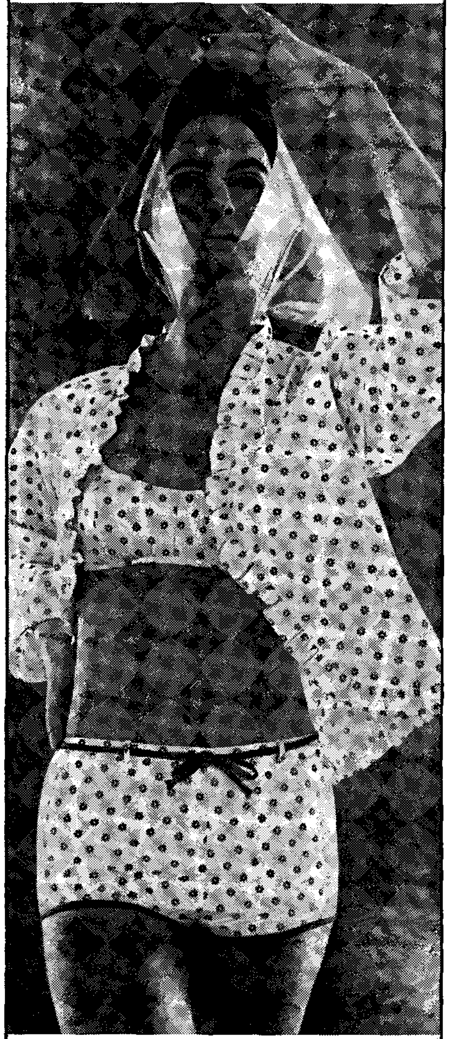

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snipping off the branch and inserting the sharpened stem of a tomato plant into the pithy center of the stump. Then he fastened the parts together with a clothespin until the union healed. And that was all there was to it. It was simplicity itself. I was really quite impressed, and I told him so. I asked him how he happened to get the idea. He looked a little surprised. What idea? The idea of grafting tomatoes? Why, that wasn't his idea. He got it from a friend—a fellow over in the next valley. I'll give him the name of Clayton. Clayton had been growing tomatoes on Jimson-weed grafts for years. He was always fooling around with plants.

"Well, that was an interesting piece of news. It was flabbergasting. And it raised some flabbergasting questions. Why hadn't we heard of this before? Or had Clayton never been poisoned? And if he hadn't been poisoned, why not? And so on. It was some little time before we got any answers. By 'we' I mean the State Health Department, the Hawkins County Health Department, and the interested doctors here at the hospital. The first step was one that would have been taken in any case. Somebody from the county went out to Mason's farm and got a sample Jimson-weed tomato and sent it in to Nashville for analysis. Then Clayton was interviewed. He confirmed what Mason had said. He and his family had been growing and eating Jimson-weed tomatoes for years—since 1958, to be exact. No, he never sold any. There were only enough for home use. They ate them raw, they ate them stewed, and they ate them canned. And without any ill effects. The very idea that they might be poisonous astonished him. He, too, had never heard of Jimson-weed poisoning. As it happened, he hadn't yet sampled this year's crop of Jimson-weed tomatoes, but he was glad to give the investigator a couple for analysis.

"We got the report from the laboratory sometime the following week. It made rather curious reading. It raised as many questions as it answered. It fully confirmed the cause of the Mason family's outbreak. They were victims of Jimson-weed poisoning. There are no exact data on the toxicity of hyoscyamine, the principal stramonium alkaloid. It is known, however, that hyoscyamine is somewhat more toxic than atropine, and that as little as two milligrams of atropine will produce such symptoms as rapid pulse, dryness of the mouth, pupil dilation, and blurred vision. Well, the Mason tomato yielded 4.2 milligrams of stramonium alka-

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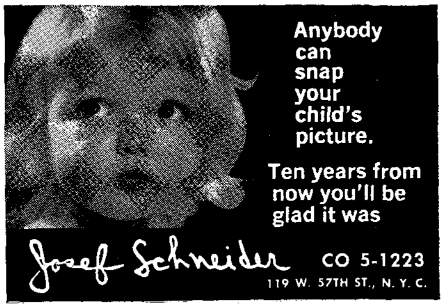

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loid per hundred grams of tomato. That worked out to 6.36 milligrams of alkaloid for the whole tomato. In other words, it was very definitely toxic. But the Clayton tomatoes were different. They averaged just 1.9 milligrams per hundred grams of tomato. Or a scant three milligrams for the whole. I couldn't understand it. None of us could. Why should Mason's Jimson-weed tomatoes be twice as toxic as Clayton's? Why should there be any difference at all? That was one question. And how was it that the Claytons could eat their tomatoes with impunity? That was another question. The toxic content of the Clayton tomatoes wasn't very high, but it was far from negligible. There must surely have been times when Clayton and his wife each ate a whole tomato, and three milligrams of hyoscyamine is quite enough to cause trouble.

"I think I can say that we found the answer to one of those questions. I can also say, I think, that I helped to find it, although I certainly didn't realize it at the time. I picked up a piece of information, but I didn't know what it meant. It had to do with grafting. A few days after the laboratory report came in, I had another talk with Mason. I drove down to his farm. Both he and Mrs. Smart were home by then and fully recovered, and he took me out and showed me his Jimson-weed tomato plant. It was quite a sight—a tomato plant growing out of a big, bushy Jimson weed. I even took some pictures of it. On the way home, I dropped in on Clayton. I introduced myself and told him of my interest in the case, and we discussed it for a while. Then he showed me *his* Jimson-weed tomato patch. It didn't look much like Mason's. It seemed to be all tomato plants. They were growing out of Jimson-weed stock, but the Jimson-weed branches were practically bare. Only the tomato plants were lush and leafy. I spoke to Clayton about that, and told him how Mason's plants looked. Clayton shrugged. This was the way he did it, he said. He liked to keep the Jimson weed pretty well pruned of leaves in order to concentrate the growth in the tomato plant. He didn't know why Mason didn't do the same.

"I thought that was an interesting point. As I say, I didn't know what it meant. I didn't know if it had any significance at all. But I passed the information on to Dan Jones at the State Health Department in Nashville. He was handling the case at that end, and he was as fascinated, and as puz-

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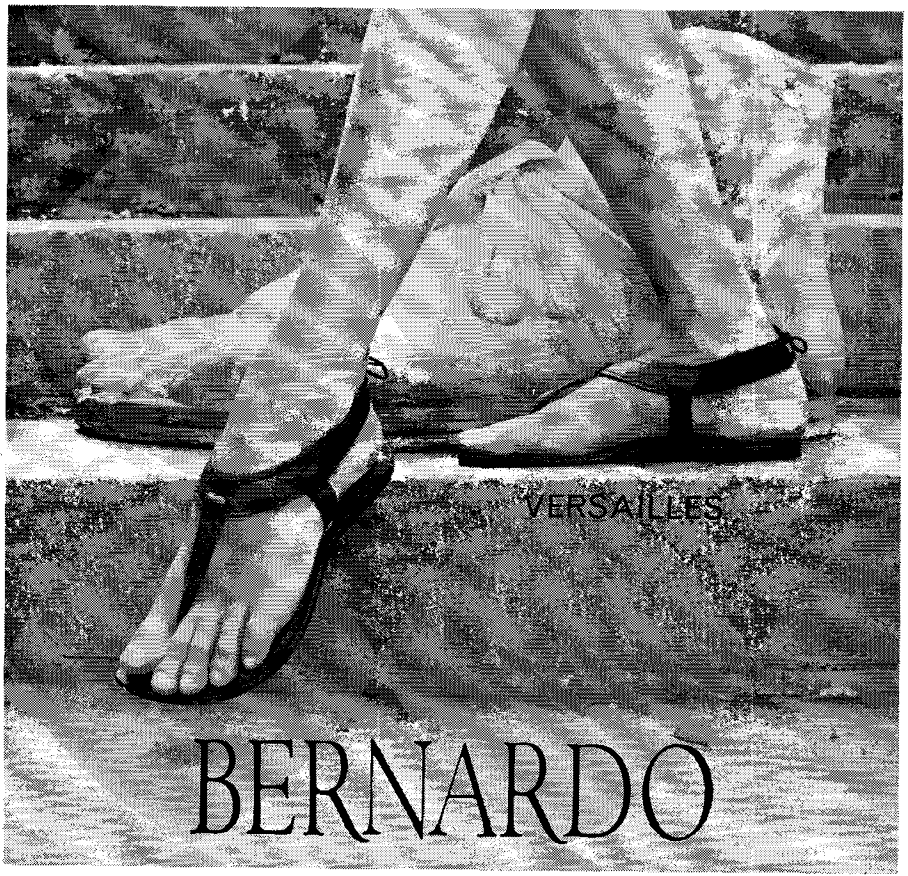

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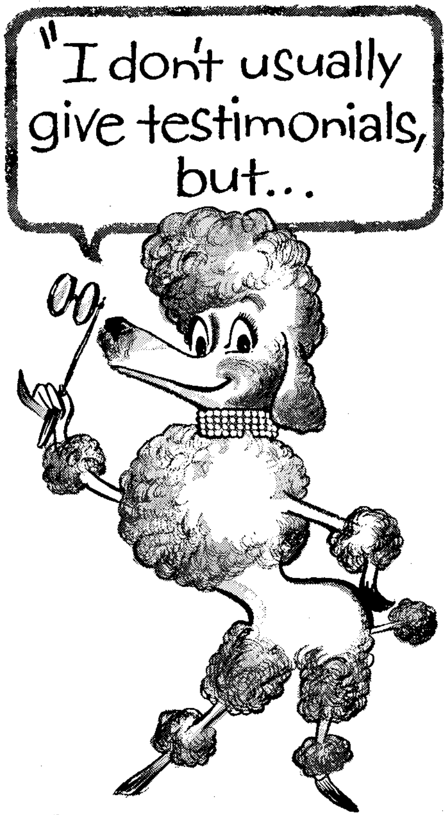
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zled, by it as I was. And that was as far as my contribution went. Dr. Jones took it from there. I understand he read everything he could find on Jimson weed in the hope of making some sense out of the case. Finally, he wrote to an expert on *Datura stramonium*—a professor of botany at Columbia University named Ray F. Dawson. Dr. Jones and I had both been under the impression that the alkaloid in Jimson weed was produced only in the roots of the plant and then distributed to the stem, the leaves, and the fruit. Dr. Dawson straightened us out on that. That was his contribution. The way he explained it to Dr. Jones, Clayton's pruning trick made a considerable difference. Hyoscyamine is synthesized also in the *leaves* of a Jimson-weed *plant. So Mason could hardly have* grown a more toxic tomato if that had been his aim.

"The other question is still unanswered. We don't know how Clayton could have eaten his tomatoes with impunity, and I doubt if we ever will. There are certain facts that may have some bearing on the matter. Different Jimson-weed plants produce somewhat different amounts of stramonium alkaloid. It depends on where and how they grow. And people differ somewhat in their sensitivity to the alkaloid. But that doesn't take us very far. I'm afraid it doesn't take us anywhere at all."

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

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Groh formerly was a group leader in research and development at the company's Whiting plant.

An employee of American Oil since 1947, Groh has a bachelor's degree in chemical engineering from Johns Hopkins university.—*Chicago Tribune.*

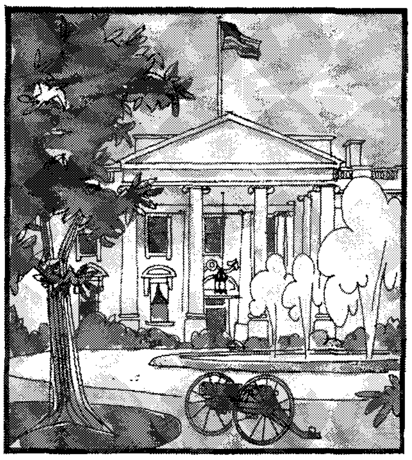
Let's see that diploma.

•

RIO DE JANEIRO—The Guanabara traffic department yesterday announced a postponement, for technical reasons, of traffic innovations scheduled to become effective today in the area of Botafogo.

Meanwhile, traffic police yesterday continued to empty the tires of cars parked in no-parking areas. The measures will be extended to the suburbs, a spokesman said who also announced a plan to annoy violators of parking rules by submitting them to psychological tests.—*Brazil Herald, Rio de Janeiro.*

And tickling the soles of their feet.



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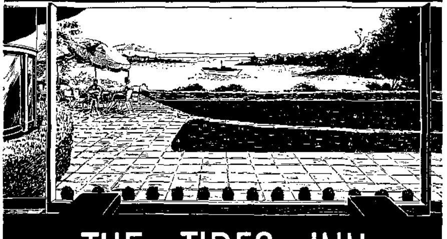

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HOW TO TURN BARTÓK INTO A FRUIT BOWL

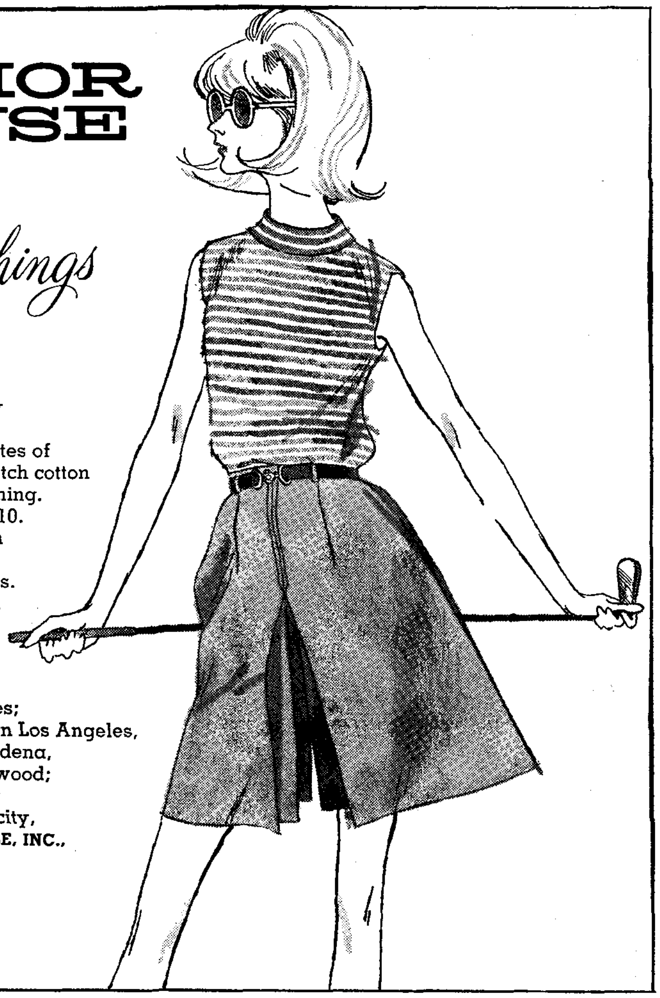
SINCE the advent of long-playing phonograph records, many of us have found ourselves with large quantities of old 78-r.p.m. records on hand, and the problem is: What to do with them? The solution is: Make them into fruit bowls!

"Fruit bowls, from old phonograph records?" you ask, looking at me as if I might be slightly "off my turntable."

Yes, indeed. And the process is so simple that you'll wonder why you hadn't thought of it yourself. (Most of us, I fear, fail to practice regularly the art of thinking of simple things.) To make fruit bowls, first select your records. You will require one record for each bowl. Only the regular 78s will do; those very old, very thick records that came out right after the Edison cylinders won't do, unless you care for imitation Etruscan pottery shards. (Besides, if you go back that far, you are probably on puréed fruits and have no need for fruit bowls.) Next, preheat your oven to two hundred degrees. Then take a clean tin can from which you have removed the lid and the label. Set the can, open side down, on the lower rack of the oven. (The larger the can, the roomier the bowl.) Now place the record on the can, with the record label exactly in the center. In ten to fifteen minutes (check it occasionally by peeking in), the record will have begun to melt slightly, and the sides of it will have drooped down in graceful, wavy folds toward the sides of the can. The longer you leave it in the oven, the deeper your bowl. When you think it has drooped sufficiently, remove can and record and set your new bowl aside to cool.

Smaller bowls, suitable for nuts or bonbons, or fudge, for that matter, may be similarly fashioned from those tiny, toy-sized records of "The Dance of the Sugar-Plum Fairy" and "The Farmer in the Dell" that your children have discarded in favor of Joan Baez. For these, use frozen-juice cans.

Any of these bowls are sure to become conversation pieces when placed about your living room. People will admire and discuss your "Guy Lombardo Bowls," your "Kay Kyser Bowls," your "Beethoven Bowls," or your "Bartók Bowls." It may be up to you to lead off the discussion, opening perhaps with the question "Oranges, anyone?" or, less obliquely, "Does anyone here



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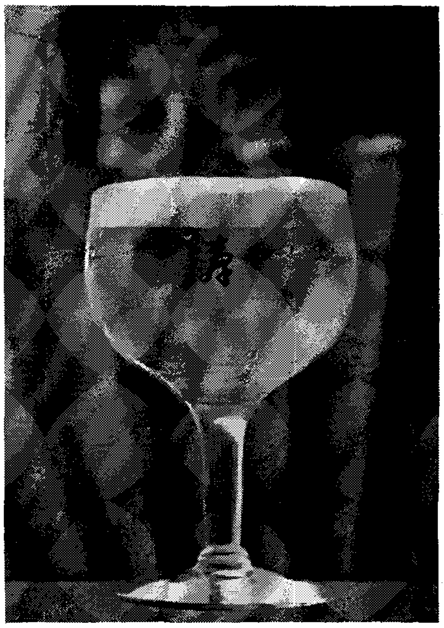
feel like talking about these conversation pieces?"

Each bowl, you will find, has a character of its own—a kind of veiled, pre-oven, musical personality. One clever hostess I know has caused a mild sensation by melting an old Rose Bampton record; she now invites friends over to see her "Rose Bowl"—a witty pun she has created by using only the first name of the famous singer! There are limitless possibilities for such subtle effects. For example, you could fashion bowls from Nelson Eddy-Jeanette MacDonald records, or Flagstad-Melchior records if you're classically inclined. Could anything be more suitable for pears?

Since friends will inevitably inspect each of your bowls to see what the record is (or was), it is advisable to use only pleasant, "happy" records. Imagine the inappropriate melancholy when someone gleefully removes all the jolly oranges, apples, pears, and bananas from a lovely bowl and spies "In the Baggage Coach Ahead," "Old Pal, Why Don't You Answer Me?," "Hello, Central, Give Me Heaven," or that downbeat composition inspired by the death of Valentino, "There's a New Star in Heaven Tonight." One of the saddest bowls I have seen is a rather baroque, heavily fluted affair, highly suitable, I am forced to admit, for grapes or cherries, but when the fruit is gone, there is John McCormack singing "Desolation."

A pleasant, happy, decidedly upbeat bowl can be made from "The Hut-Sut Song" (Freddie Martin and His Orchestra, Bluebird B-11147). A cheerful, somewhat Wedgwoody bowl, useful for persimmons or papaws, can be fashioned from "Wabash Cannon Ball" (Roy Acuff, Okeh 04466). The trick is to experiment. Strive for novelty and appropriateness as well as utility. For a pineapple bowl, try "Hello, Hawaii, How Are You?" For a pair of bowls to keep on your night tables, the two discs from the Columbia Masterworks album of Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" all but cry out for quick conversion.

Before you have made many fruit bowls, you will probably discover, and perhaps even be vexed by, the fact that each one has a hole in its bottom. *Soyez tranquille!* This immediately suggests their alternative use as flowerpots, and one can only ask, why not? The holes, like those in regular flowerpots, will provide the necessary drainage. The Bruch Concerto No. 1 in G Minor (Columbia MM-517) is on three twelve-inch discs, and your three re-



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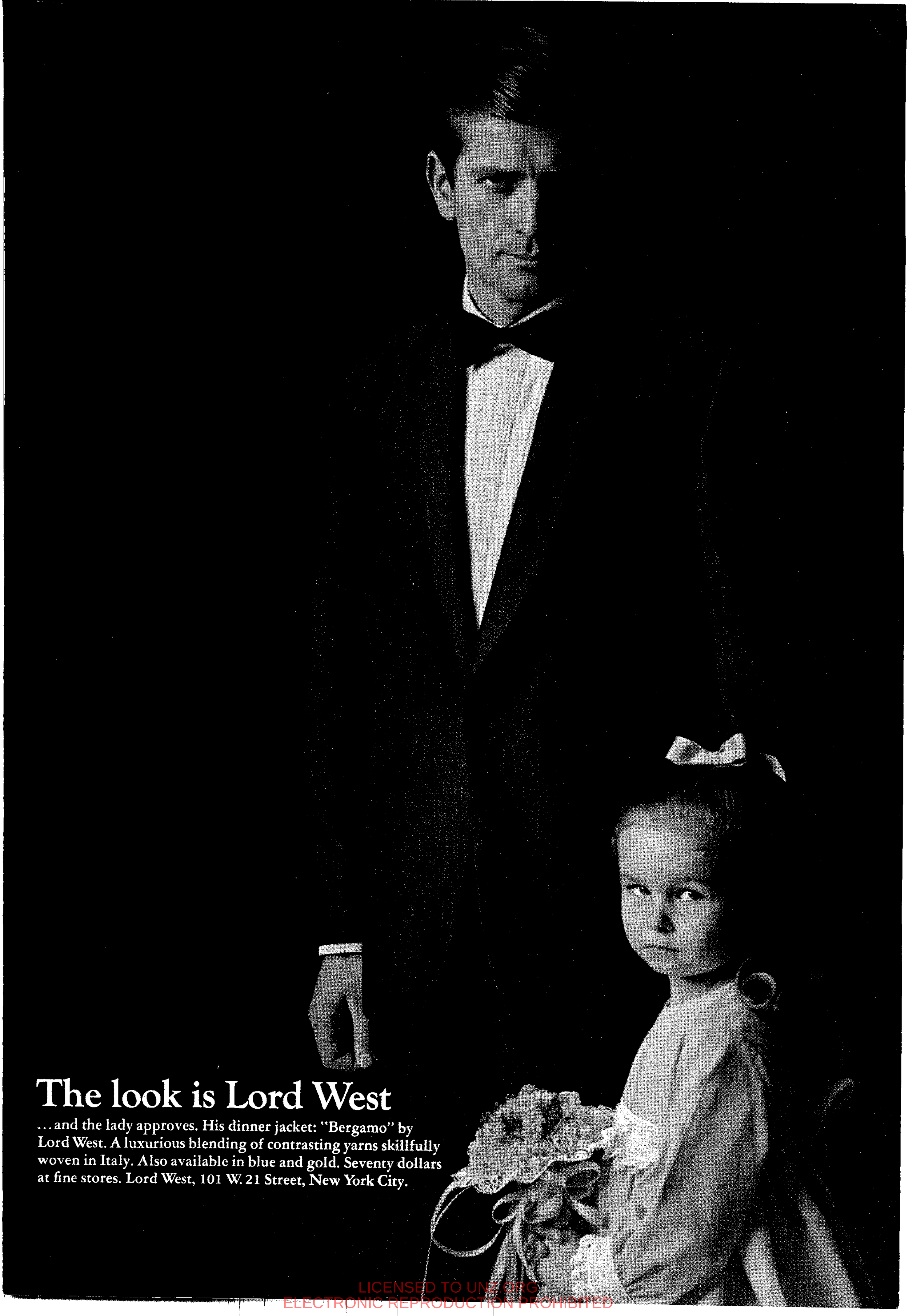

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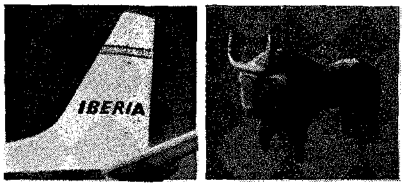

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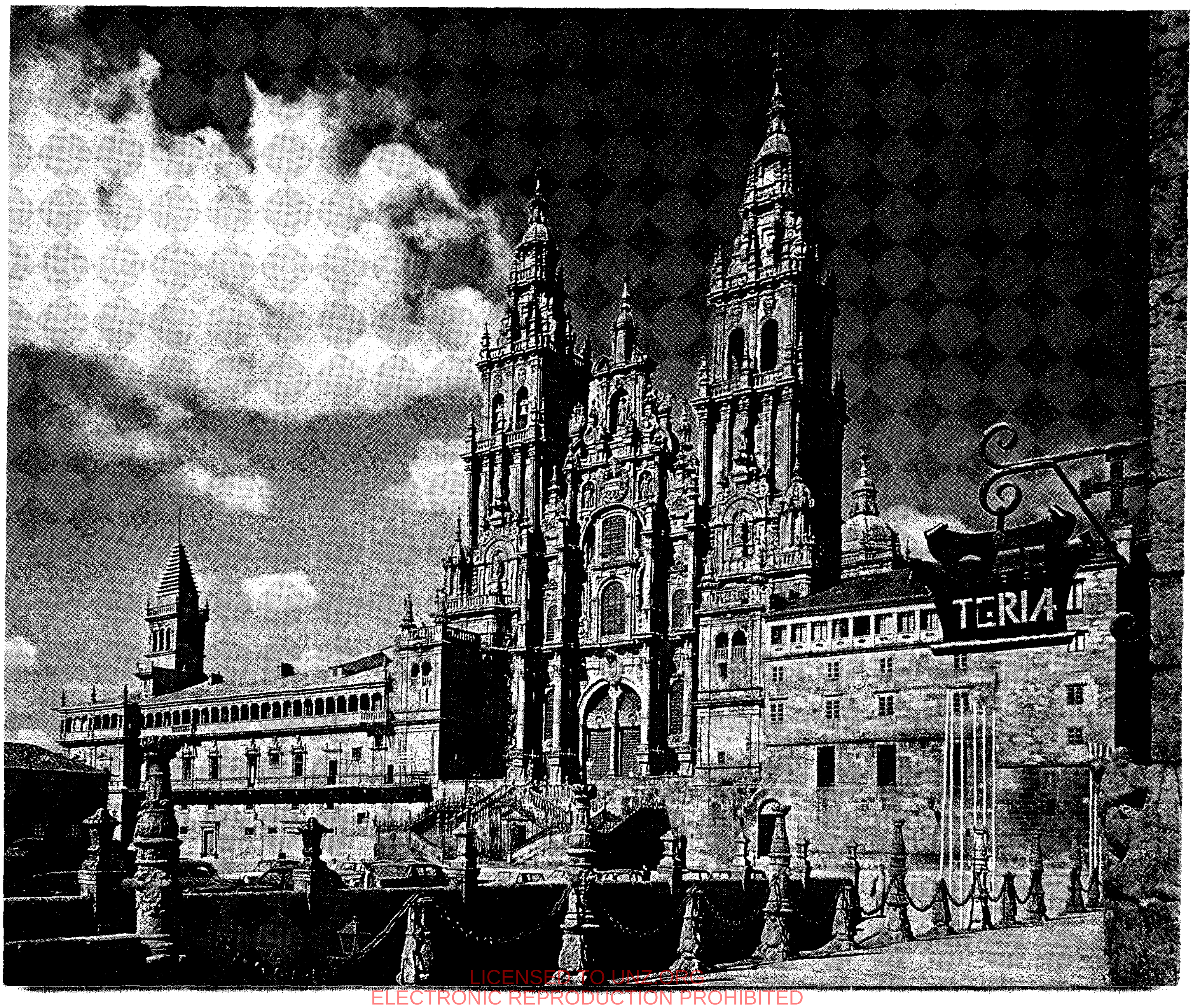

sulting large-size bowls (or I suppose we should say pots now), when filled with a mixture of rich loam, peat moss, and sand, and planted with ivy or philodendron, are certain to draw astonished comment from your botanical *and* your musical friends.

Personally, I would not give houseroom to bowls made from old phonograph records—even those suitable for nuts. They all look tacky and homemade to me. But that, of course, is neither here nor there.

—HAYES B. JACOBS

•

FISHERMAN

I have been fishing now
for nine hours, and in that time
departed all cortical things,
having turned gradually below-
light to dim strata of slime-
weed, bass, and shoaled fingerlings;

plover-like, peering offshore
where nothing is certain, save
the infrequent rational gleam
of the lure, like a drowned flare,
on its long retrieve,
signalling into the unseen.

For hours, for half a day,
nothing may answer. Then
double double tug—some cold
killer of fry, fathoms away,
reasserts a Silurian
mindless violence. Hauled

in, he will thrash, expressionless,
body one clenched limb for
sword cuts in the deep. Sun-
fish, maybe, with daggered crest
like Neptune's helmet, gold gor-
get, and turquoise menton,

or pickerel, the miniature
barracuda, whose fine scale
is like mica or gold leaf. Some-
times I feel like a doctor
of dreams—like Jung or a sibyl—
identifying, as they come

frantic into daylight, this
or that gaudy and innocent
archaism. But each pulls
the angler lakeward also, as
it sounds, against the bent
spinrod and dragged reel.

I would not dare go down
into that inverted world where
symbols devour other symbols
in darkness. No, it was on-
ly this morning I awoke from there—
God knows upon what impulse.

—PETER KANE DUFAULT

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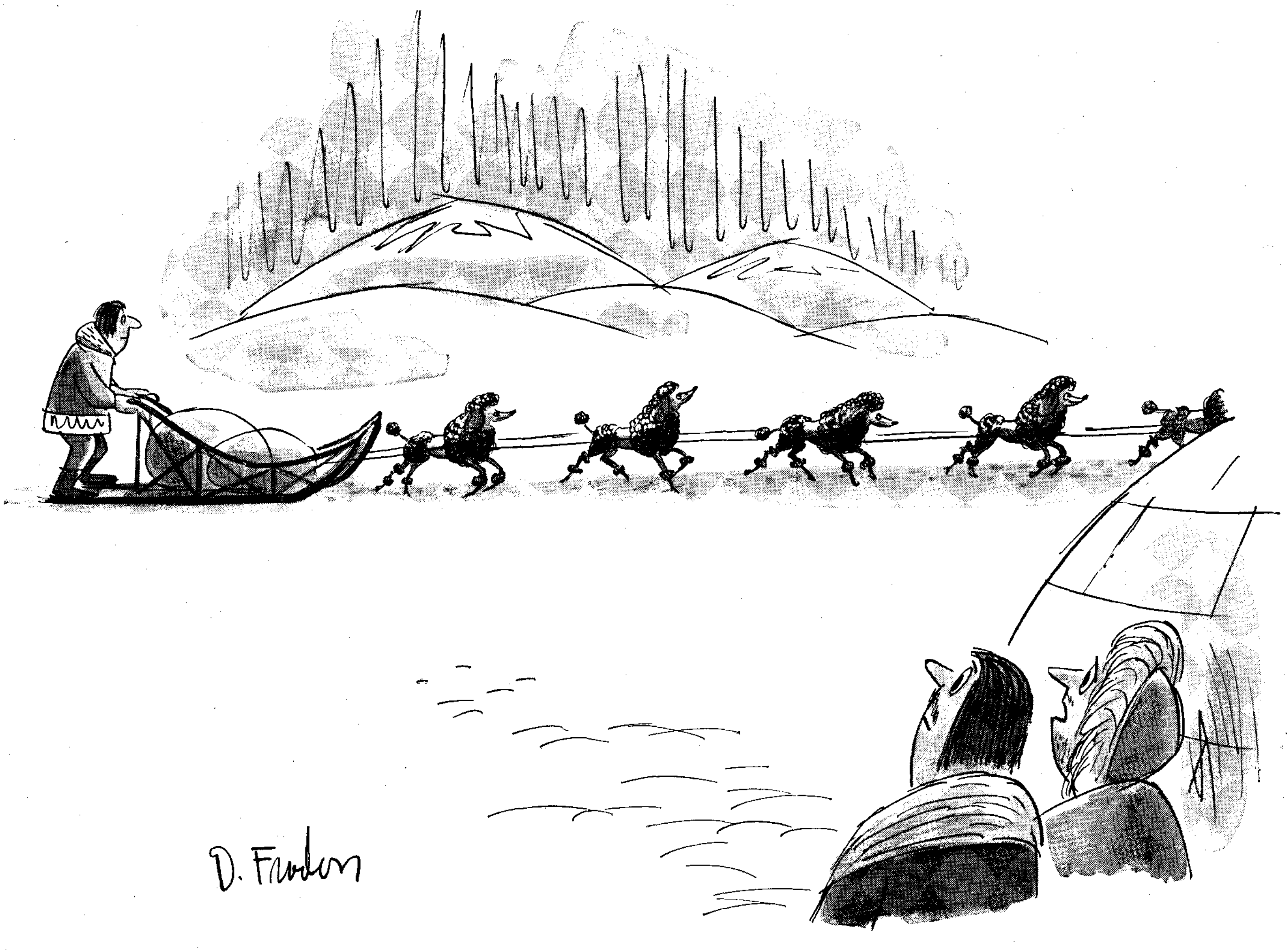
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

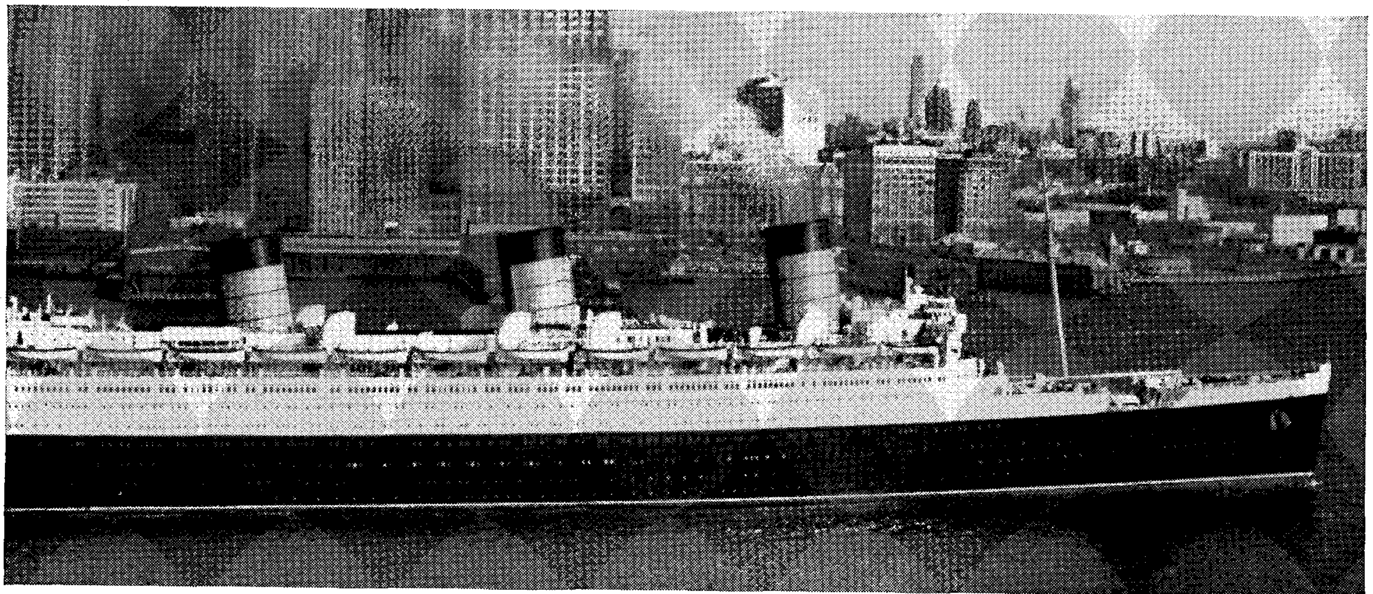
MAY 9

THE President's decision to send large numbers of troops to the Dominican Republic and put down the rebellion there was based on reports prepared by the Central Intelligence Agency. These reports identified fifty-odd participants in the rebellion as Communists or agents of Communist powers. The President was not told that these people had gained control of the movement or that they were certain to have the upper hand in the Dominican government if Juan Bosch resumed the Presidency. No information he had at the time of the intervention supported such conclusions as, for example, that of Senator Hugh Scott, of Pennsylvania, who said on the Senate floor a few days ago, "We moved into the Dominican Republic just in time to prevent a Communist takeover. . . . Had we waited a matter of hours, the house would have burned down. . . . The rebels are predominantly Communist and Castroite, and their purpose was to create another Cuba." The President was, however, told that it was possible—and perhaps, in view of the way things were believed to be going, even probable—that the Communists would take over the rebellion at some early stage and would run the country in the event that the rebels prevailed. He intervened, then, to meet a contingent danger, not a clear and present one. In domestic politics, as in medicine, this approach is generally considered admirable; to anticipate problems and deal with them in the pre-menace stage is high statesmanship. In law and in power diplomacy, it is generally considered a scandal; policemen are not supposed to make arrests until after a crime has been committed, and nations are expected to act in defense of their interests not on some theory of what might be but on a certain knowledge of what is. The theory on which the President acted was supported by data that was suspect because of its source. The C.I.A.'s record for political appraisal is hardly more reassuring than that of Dean Burch. If the C.I.A. hugely exaggerated the strength of anti-Communist sentiment in Cuba at the time of the Bay of Pigs landings four years ago, it may well have exaggerated pro-Communist strength in the Dominican rebellion. But in situations such as the one he faced ten days ago, the President is hardly in a better position to reject the findings of the C.I.A. than he is to challenge the reports of astronauts on conditions in outer space. Knowledgeable, disinterested authorities on the internal politics of the Dominican left are in very short supply. It was impressive to a number of skeptics here that when John Bartlow Martin, our first post-Trujillo Ambassador to Santo Domingo and a supporter of the Bosch regime as long as it lasted, was summoned to Washington and briefed on the C.I.A. findings, he was persuaded that the information was essentially correct. Martin not only happens to know as much as any American about Dominican affairs; he is also one of the most accomplished investigative reporters in the country and a man of unassailable integrity. He left here for Santo Domingo, where he helped negotiate the cease-fire, convinced that the danger was, if not clear and present, real.

But Martin's view was solicited after the President had made his decision to



"There's a man who's more interested in appearance than performance."



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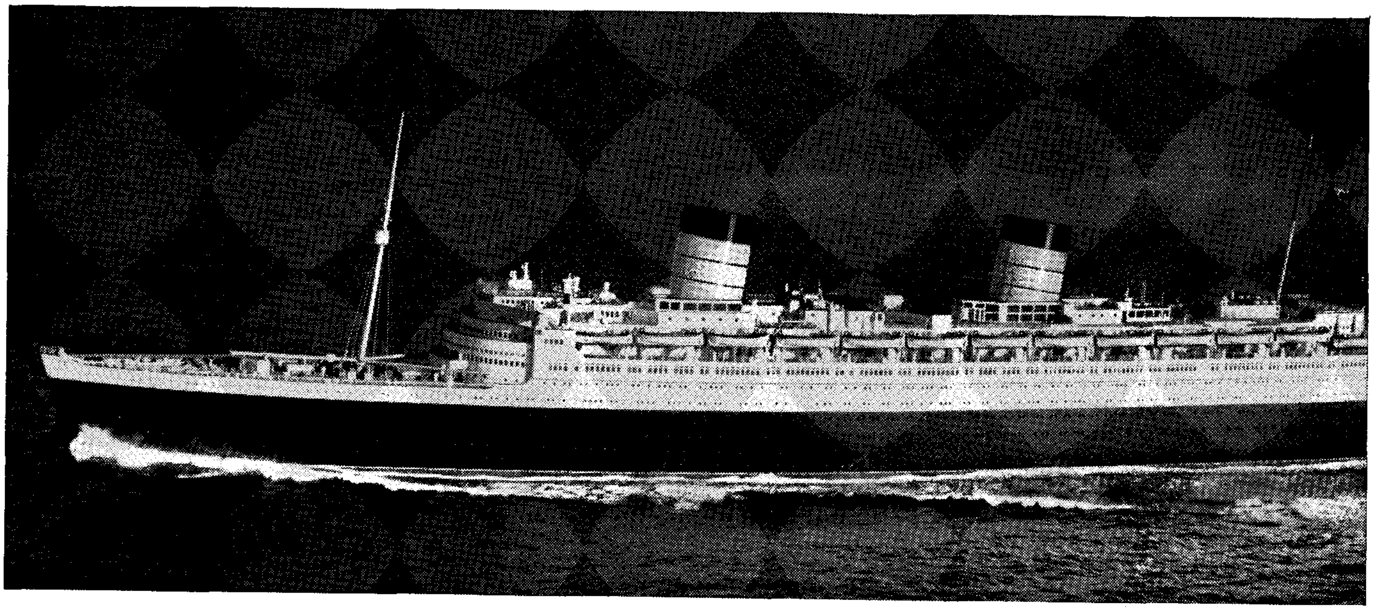

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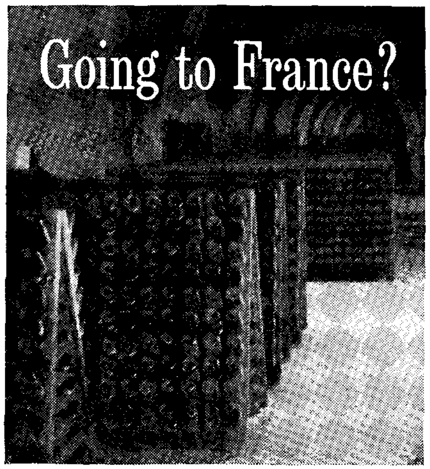

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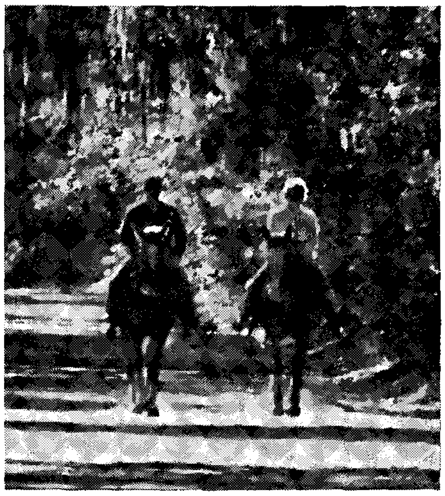
intervene. What Martin or anyone else thought of the information on which the President had already acted was interesting but no longer relevant. American forces had landed not only to evacuate American nationals but to implement American policy. At that point, as today, American policy was to prevent a seizure of power by the Communists. This required prevention of a seizure of power by the rebels—that is to say, by people who insisted they were anti-Communist and had as their aim the restoration of the government that had been elected in December of 1962 and was supported by the United States until it was forced from office in September of 1963. Despite all the talk of a "Johnson Doctrine" and of new departures in hemisphere diplomacy, there is at this moment nothing more to American policy in the Dominican Republic than President Johnson's resolution to deny power to a movement that he fears may fall under Communist domination. If there is any official attitude toward the non-Communist rebels or toward the anti-rebel junta that has just been formed by Brigadier General Antonio Imbert Barreras, no one here knows what it is. To be sure, officials are now saying that it would not be proper for them to have or express attitudes on such matters. The Organization of American States is taking over responsibility for the whole affair, and our aim is simply to carry out O.A.S. policy. (In an interview just published, Thomas C. Mann, Under-Secretary of State for Economic Affairs, says, among other curious things, that our intervention was "an emergency action taken . . . to give the inter-American system a chance to deal with the problem.") In the resolution adopted three days ago, the O.A.S. defines its "sole purpose" as "the restoration of normal conditions in the Dominican Republic." If "normal" means something like "usual," this is a sorry aim indeed. Elsewhere, the resolution speaks of "the reëstablishment of . . . normal democratic conditions." "Democratic conditions" are quite abnormal, but they existed for a few months a couple of years ago, and if they are to be reëstablished now, or soon, or ever, the first step, presumably, would be the formation and protection of some kind of provisional government that would command the loyalty of the non-Communists who supported the rebellion we put an end to. As a corollary, it would be necessary to repudiate the military men who disestablished "democratic conditions" with the coup that over-



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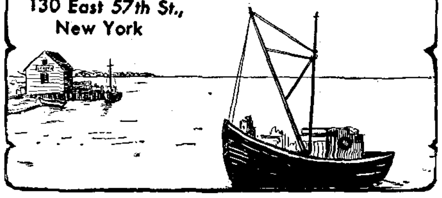

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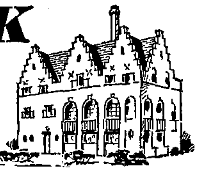

threw Dr. Bosch. But the future, as far as is known, has yet to be discussed in such concrete terms. Our troops are in Santo Domingo not, at the present time, to advance some specific political end but to suspend political processes—not to make something happen but to see to it that nothing happens.

In time, no doubt, this will change. The situation at the moment is a great embarrassment to the administration, which is fully aware that military occupation or the transfer of power to local military and police authorities can only promote the kind of developments we deplore. Before very long, the O.A.S. will work out some formula for Dominican self-government and will attempt to apply it. The glum feeling here is that any Dominican government of the moderate left or the center or the moderate right will not be able to survive without a prolonged military occupation. Dr. Bosch lasted only seven months. It is said that he would have lasted longer if he had not been such a poor politician. In the opinion of his backers, though, he was as forceful as any other man available. The Trujillo regime, which lasted for thirty-two years, provided limited opportunities for democratic politicians to develop and exercise their skills. An awareness of the inexperience and weakness of the moderate leaders was almost certainly one of the factors that heightened the alarm of the President and his advisers when they received the C.I.A. reports on Communist infiltration. Ordinarily, a healthy popular movement could manage to contain and control fifty or sixty Communists, but the experience of Ambassador Martin and others in the period between Trujillo's assassination and the anti-Bosch coup led them to think of the leaders of the democratic movement as poorly trained and vulnerable. If they are to be installed in power by an O.A.S. occupying force, they are bound to need their patrons' help in order to hold power. And this prospect raises certain grave questions: Can a liberal regime accept outside military support without undermining its principles and alienating much of its internal support? And can military men be relied upon to defend a liberal regime against militarist adversaries? United States military people have had some experience in upholding civil authority and defending democratic institutions both in this country and overseas. But a mixed force recruited by the O.A.S. is certain to have in it a large number of officers whose own ideals and instincts are very similar to those of General Wessin y Wessin and

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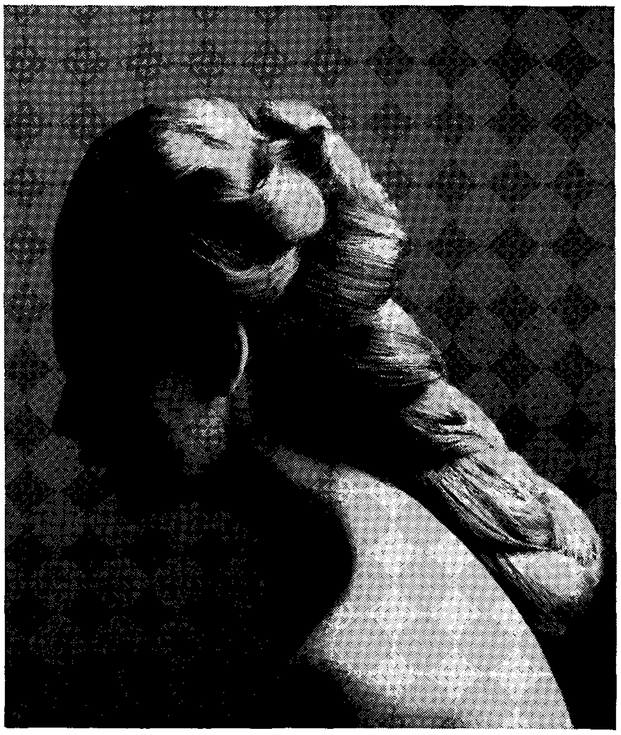

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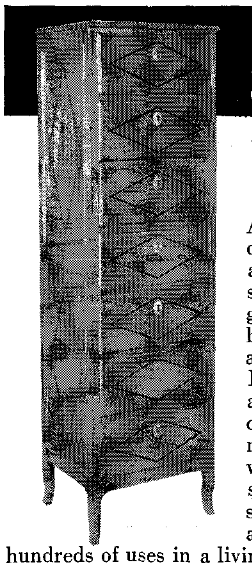

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his jackbooted colleagues and whose attitude toward popular movements is one of contempt and fear. Moreover, the Latin-American countries likely to be the most generous in their military contributions are those in which the military is strongest and in which its customary function has been to prevent the emergence of free institutions. It is possible, of course, that some other kind of political solution will be sought—perhaps a coalition acceptable to some of Bosch's supporters and some of Wessin y Wessin's. The new junta proclaimed by General Imbert seems to think that it could win support from a substantial majority, and conceivably it could. It is feared, though, that the very attempt to impose such a government would bring on a long period of guerrilla warfare. Substantial numbers of the rebels who fought in the streets before the cease-fire have already taken to the countryside with good supplies of weapons.

THE President acted in full knowledge of the difficulties he was creating for himself and with the expectation of being roundly criticized here. By and large, the criticism has been milder than anticipated. Most of the objections raised have had to do with procedural matters and with the scale of the military operation. The Latin Americans were grieved by our failure to consult with them before the landings, and some congressmen have wondered why more than twenty thousand troops should be needed to defend a few city blocks against a force a third that size. But only a handful of people have taken the position that the United States had no business using its power to stop any kind of rebellion in the Dominican Republic, or have expressed outrage at our undeniable violation of the O.A.S. charter, which says in Article Fifteen that no member state "has the right to intervene, directly or indirectly, for any reason whatever, in the internal or external affairs of any other state." Though the President, when he is talking of Vietnam, draws on the old Wilsonian rhetoric of self-determination, practically no one, in the government or out, nowadays seems to regard non-intervention as a defensible principle. No one has tried to square our policy with the O.A.S. charter; the common view, even among those who have criticized the policy on other grounds, is that Article Fifteen should never have been in the charter in the first place or that it has become passé. Whether this reveals a new cynicism or a new sophistication, it is part of the

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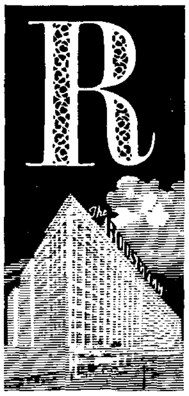

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prevailing mood, and, at least insofar as it is encountered in hemisphere politics, it is not altogether cynical. Whether the Communist threat to the Dominican rebellion was as great as the President thought it to be is not clear now and may never become clear. But there is a Communist threat to every popular or democratic movement in Latin America, and the wedding of revolutionary strategies and terrorist tactics has meant that the threat must be taken seriously even when the extent of infiltration is not particularly impressive and even when the likelihood of Communists' taking over the government is slight. In most cases, the threat is not to the machinery of government but to the political movements that serve as host bodies and that as a rule are seeking political and economic change. A handful of Communist terrorists can, under some conditions, do as much to derail a popular revolution as a cabal of generals.

A hard-earned knowledge of this goes a long way toward explaining the remarkable extent of the support in the O.A.S. and in most Latin-American capitals for the United States intervention. It is true that the O.A.S. resolution would not have had the necessary two-thirds vote if a ballot had not been cast by a government held to be nonexistent—that of the Dominican Republic—but there had been some doubt here as to whether we could rally even a majority. It is not easy for any Latin-American politician in 1965 to approve the landing of United States Marines in any part of Latin America. Moreover, the private expressions of approval have been more numerous than the public expressions of support, and it is likely that even the Mexicans, who voted against the resolution and refused any expression of approval, were not as displeased as they affected to be. Not very long ago, the former President

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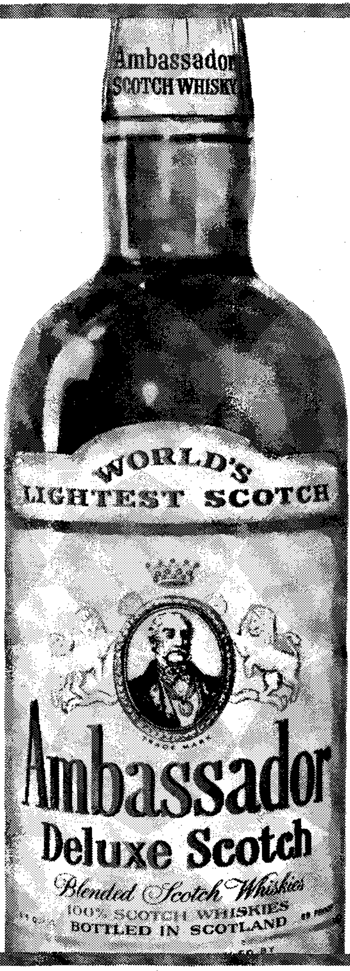

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Bhutan—an unreal place, especially if you've been there.

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of Mexico, Adolfo López Mateos, who spoke well of Fidel Castro publicly and resisted all efforts to have his government join the O.A.S. in isolating Castro's Cuba, said that the Mexican Communists who took their leadership from Castro (not all Mexican Communists did) were doing more damage to the Mexican left than the Mexican right could hope to do. None of this, of course, can be regarded here as an acceptable defense of our intervention and treaty-breaking. But it does to some degree account for them. President Johnson, like President Kennedy, has been sympathetic to the left and liberal movements in Latin America. The Alliance for Progress is largely founded on hopes for their growth and success, and great hope was vested, too, in the movement that first brought Dr. Bosch to office and that, whether or not it was about to succumb to the Communists this spring, could not hold out against the Dominican generals in 1963.

IN moments of crisis, the President tries to discourage debate, and usually his efforts have met with success. It is questionable whether his successes have been very helpful to him. He and lesser officials spend a great deal of time attempting to convince all sorts of people—newspaper reporters, officials of foreign governments, college students and their professors, television viewers—that what he is doing here and there in the world deserves their sympathy and support. Much of the talk reveals an appalling lack of the clarity and precision that can develop as a product of debate. A few weeks ago, in Baltimore, the President declared his Vietnamese policy to be a simple defense of national sovereignty: "The first reality is that North Vietnam has attacked the independent nation of South Vietnam. . . . We will always oppose the effort of one nation to conquer another nation." He made no mention of Communism, and it could have been inferred that we were as fully prepared to spring to the defense of a Communist nation whose borders had been violated as to the defense of a non-Communist nation. The inference would have been wholly unjustified. He was trying, among other things, to provoke further dissension among Communist powers. Now he is confronted in the Dominican Republic with a situation in which the new self-determination line makes almost no sense. Those alleged to be the troublemakers in Santo Domingo are almost without exception natives. Fidel Castro might like to in-

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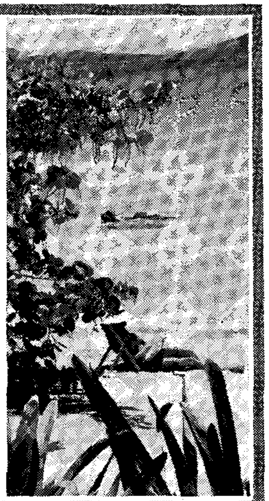

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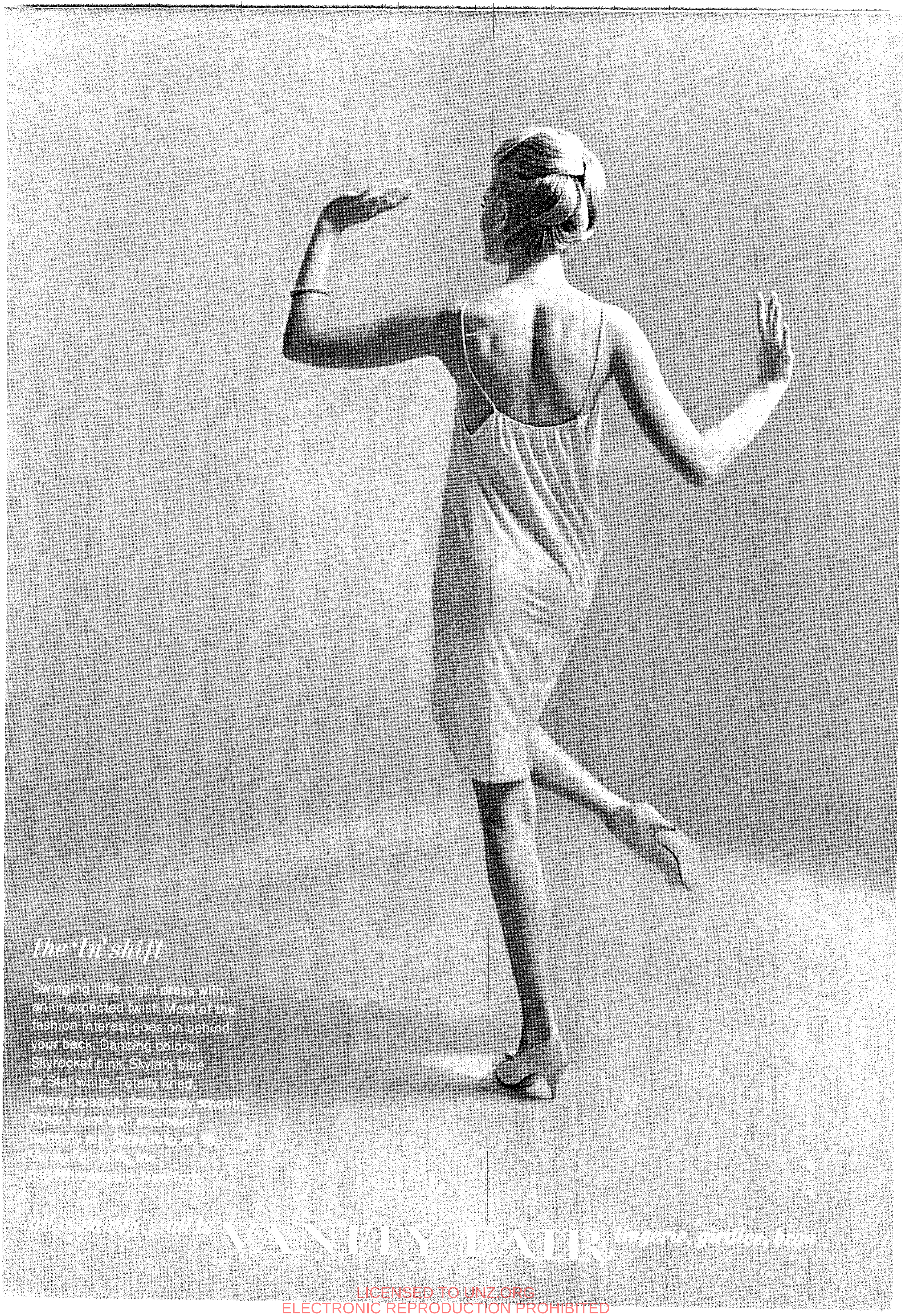

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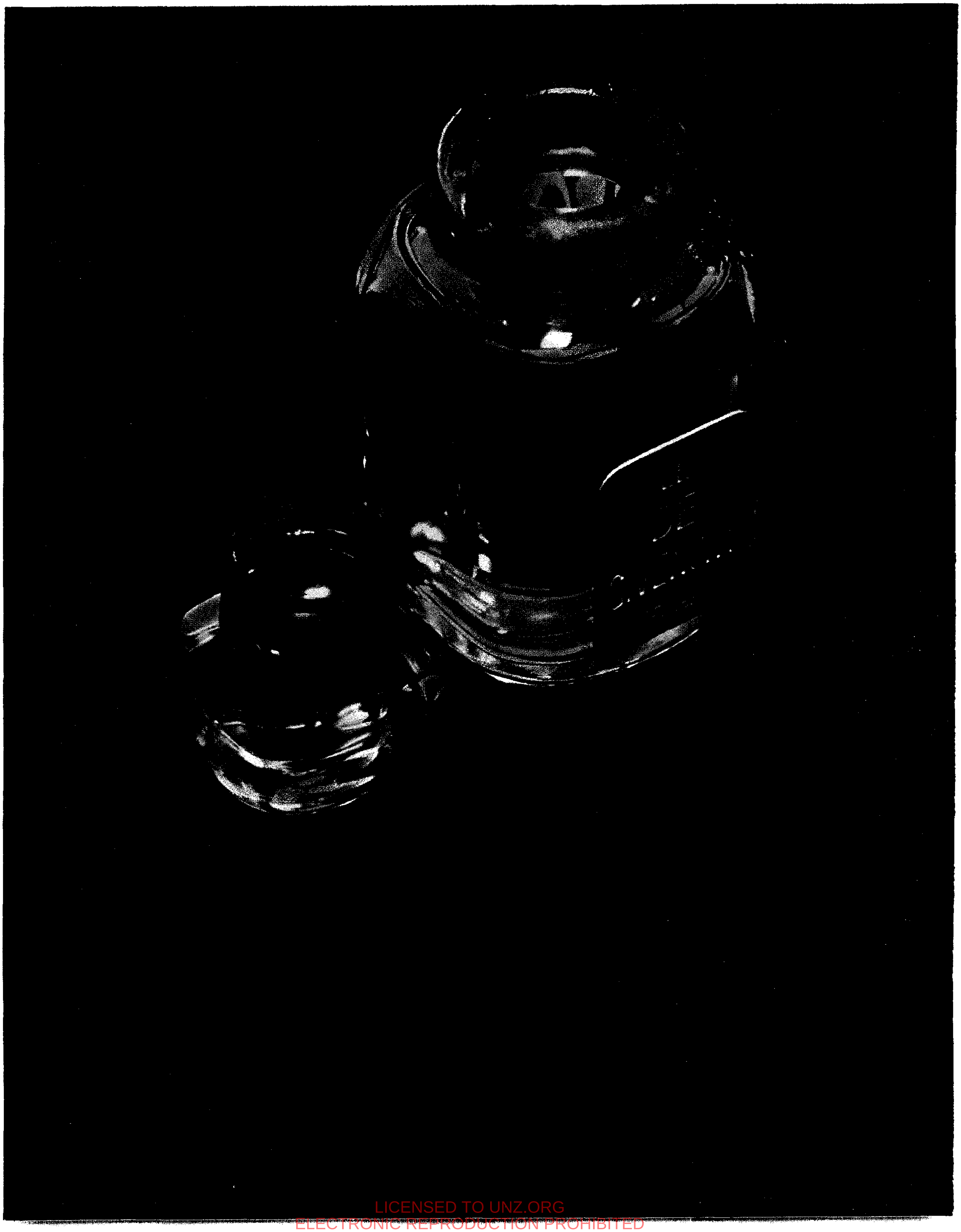

vade the Dominican Republic, and has made a couple of small tries, but no one has reported "aggression" there in the past few weeks. To cope with this difficulty, Averell Harriman, currently touring South America as an explicator of American policy, has been using the phrase "internal aggression." Meanwhile, Under-Secretary Mann has been making some notable contributions. He has explained that the strictures against aggression and intervention in the United Nations and O.A.S. charters are outmoded, because they were drafted "at a time when people were thinking about aggression in terms of nineteenth-century armies marching across frontiers." These happen to be exactly the terms in which we are being urged to think about Vietnam. While the President and others try to widen the Sino-Soviet split, Mann seems to be trying to heal it. He has attributed terrorism in Latin America to "what you might call the extreme left . . . which takes its orders from the Sino-Soviet military bloc, which includes Cuba." Such people, he has said, "are instruments of Sino-Soviet military power, as was demonstrated in the [Cuban] missile crisis." The Soviet Union, China, and Cuba had three different views of the 1962 missile crisis, which happened to be one affair that rank-and-file terrorists had nothing whatever to do with. The latest rationale of our Vietnamese policy can be used to cut the ground from under the administration's defense of its intervention in the Dominican Republic, and if Under-Secretary Mann is right, we are wasting our time in both places, since the roots of the trouble are to be found in Moscow, Peking, and Cuba. The air is badly in need of clearing.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

OUR FORGETFUL MENTORS

[*From "How to Write and Speak Effective English," by Edward Frank Allen*]

Perfect is an adjective that should not be compared. If anything is *perfect*, it is finished, complete. AVOID saying *more perfect* or *most perfect*. The same warning applies to other adjectives of which there cannot, logically, be any variable degree. *Circular* is one. If a thing is *circular*, it is in the shape of a circle, and cannot be more or less so. See *unique*. —*Page 61.*

It has been the purpose of this chapter to simplify, rationalize, and humanize the subjects of capitalization and punctuation. Mere memorization of rules is not the aim of this chapter, which has tried to give you a foundation on which you may build a more perfect knowledge and use of these two devices. —*Page 208.*

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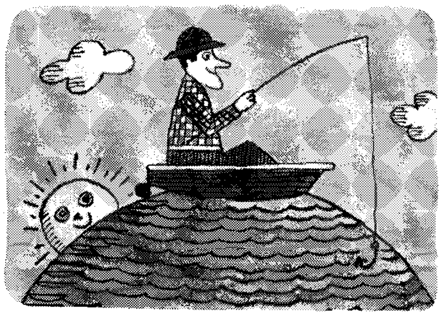

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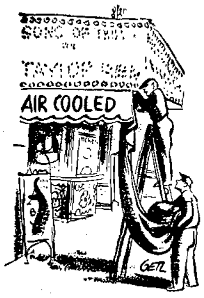

SOME young people in Chicago have made a movie called "Goldstein," and one's first thought is to ask why on earth, in the green season of "Goldfinger" and "John Goldfarb," a title giving off fewer theatrical echoes couldn't have been devised, especially since the name isn't that of a character in the picture but is only to be glimpsed painted on the side of a truck that appears for a few seconds in a single unimportant sequence. The answer to the question may be that "Goldstein" having made a certain noise at the Cannes film festival a year ago, its producers didn't wish to risk losing the lustre acquired on that occasion by bringing it in under an altogether different patronymic; "Smith" or even "O'Reilly" wouldn't have sung to us as "Goldstein" is supposed to do. A second and more drastic stroke of bad luck in the timing of "Goldstein's" local début would have been harder to outwit: a movie that opened here a couple of weeks ago and is one of the worst I've ever seen has for its hero a dotty old man who wanders about the streets in a raggedy getup, doing good deeds, avoiding the police, and looking, as played by the bearded Lou Gilbert, like an Old Testament prophet on the lam; and by a deplorable coincidence the hero of "Goldstein" is a dotty old man who wanders about the streets in a raggedy getup, doing good deeds, avoiding the police, and looking, as played by the bearded Lou Gilbert, like an Old Testament prophet on the lam. Mr. Gilbert may have completed these pictures months or years apart, but his roles in them are as interchangeable as BBs, and for continuous self-delighted mugging there is nothing to choose between them. In the case of the Chicago picture—the other was made in New York while our backs were turned—I've been told that we are to see in the dotty old man an incarnation of the prophet Elijah, but as far as I'm concerned he could just as readily have been the incarnation of Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea, Joel, Amos, Obadiah, Micah, Nahum, Habakkuk, Zephaniah, Haggai, Zechariah, or Malachi. Come to think of it, in the New York picture

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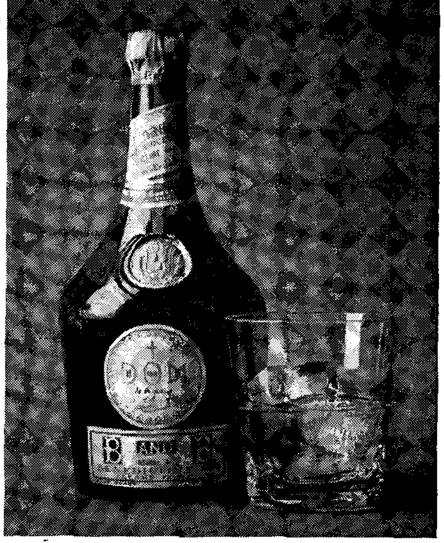

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the old man's name actually *is* Obadiah. It's a small world, and sometimes a threadbare one.

Few things annoy me more than the boozy notion that elderly lunatics not only are adorable in themselves but are members of a higher spiritual order than the rest of us. If "Goldstein" is intended as a comic fantasy, Philip Kaufman and Benjamin Manaster, who wrote and directed it, have placed far too heavy a burden of solemn symbolic meanings on the shoulders of their tireless Tishbite, and the events that he precipitates or weaves his preposterous way among are all diminished for us by the sense that they, too, stand for something other than themselves—that they are, in the cant phrase, trying to tell us something, and are nearly always failing. A sculptor who has got a girl pregnant and is being of no help whatever in the task of securing an abortion for her meets up with the old man and spends most of the rest of the picture literally loping after him, and the sight of this dull young man puffing witlessly over the highways and byways of Chicago on his oh-so-obvious Oedipal quest prompted me to think that the picture might better have been called "The Boringness of the Long Distance Runner." Of the actors, I enjoyed Severn Darden and Anthony Holland as a pair of art-collecting abortionists, and Benito Carruthers as a twitchy part-time pickpocket and full-time intellectual creep. The photography, by Jean-Phillippe Carson, is first-rate, and so is the jaunty music, composed by Meyer Kupferman.

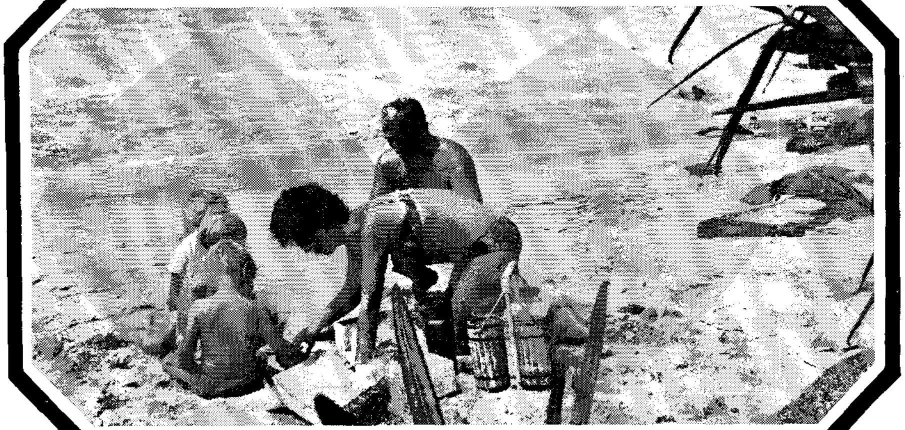
"THE NEW ANGELS" pretends that it would like to be taken as a serious study of the present tribal customs of young men and women of marriageable age in various cozy and not so cozy corners of Mother Italy. The picture is one cut above a "Mondo Cane," and one cut is by no means enough. —BRENDAN GILL

•

SOME QUESTIONS AND
SOME ANSWERS . . .

IT'S JUST NATURAL
Why does
Water freeze,
Rubber stretch,
Copper conduct,
Iron forge,
Paint dry,
Cement harden,
Wood shave,
Glue adhere?
BECAUSE THAT IS THE WAY
GOD MADE THEM.
—*Sacred Heart Messenger*.

It doesn't explain shatterproof glass, though.



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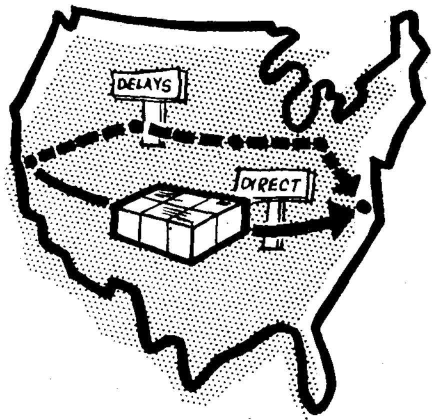

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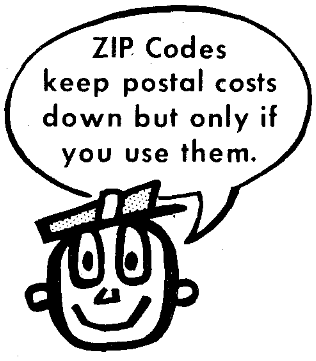
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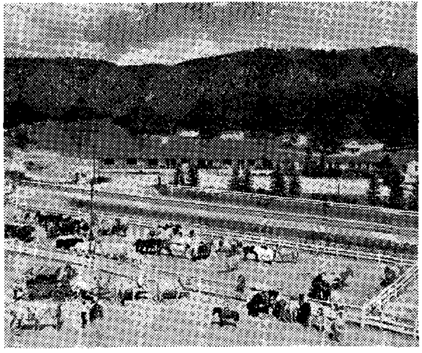

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FICTION

God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater, by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). Eliot Rosewater is the hereditary head of an eighty-seven-million-dollar philanthropic fund, which he runs singlehanded from a kind of one-room flophouse in the run-down Indiana town that bears his name. Rosewater doles out three hundred thousand dollars a year to Harvard, but most of the income from the fund goes to the drunk, the ignorant, the ugly, and the poor of his own town, who love their benefactor as easily as they misspend his bequests. Then Rosewater has a breakdown and, to avoid being deposed by a seedy, suicidal cousin, decides that his office shall be inherited by the fifty-odd illegitimate children he has unjustly been accused of fathering. Mr. Vonnegut is clearly upset about money and how it mishandles and is mishandled, but satire should be delivered in a soft scream, not in a series of narcissistic giggles, the first of which appears in the front matter: "All persons, living and dead, are purely coincidental, and should not be construed."

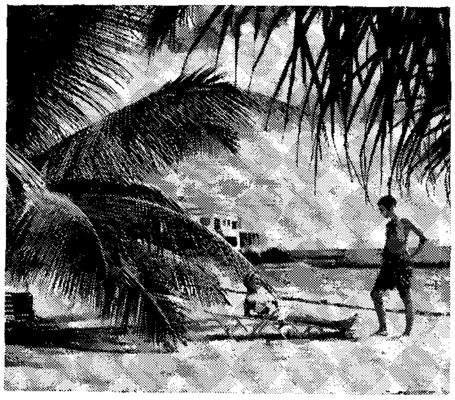
Simplicius Simplicissimus, by J. J. C. von Grimmelshausen, translated by George Schulz-Behrend (Bobbs-Merrill). The first German novel—a tale of the hard but lively times of the Thirty Years' War. Grimmelshausen's plotting is arbitrary and careless, and his religious moralizing has not worn well, but the book retains a permanent interest because of its earthy realism and the vigor of its language; it is, for example, the principal model for "The Tin Drum." Professor Schulz-Behrend has sensibly translated it into a racy, if slightly archaic, American.

GENERAL

The Reawakening, by Primo Levi, translated from the Italian by Stuart Woolf (Atlantic-Little, Brown). The road back from Auschwitz. Mr. Levi, an Italian Jew, doesn't tell us what he was doing in that ghastliest of Nazi concentration camps (that, apparently, was the subject of an earlier book), and he remarks only in passing that he was one of three survivors of an Italian contingent of six hundred and fifty. He is concerned to describe, with an extraordinary sensibility, the feel and flavor—almost the sense of enchantment—of the months of "wandering on the margins of civilization" that followed his liberation by the Red Army. Most of this "wandering" was spent in a happy-go-lucky Russian repatriation camp near Minsk, where he learned from more sophisticated companions that "a man who has no shoes is a fool," that "there is always war," and other stern realities. The Russians were always friendly, always hospitable, but seldom able to understand how "a man, adult and normal, cannot speak Russian, [for] Russian is so easy, everybody speaks it, even children who have not yet started to walk." This is a charming book, with a melancholy good humor that is entirely original.

Wavell: Scholar and Soldier, by John Connell (Harcourt, Brace & World). Mr. Connell, who is ordinarily a lively as well as a reliable writer, is under wraps in this work, probably because he is trying to do justice to a man he believes was slighted. The result is a sober, definitive biography, jammed with details about General Archibald Wavell's attractive personality and impressive achievements. The book ends in 1941, when Churchill relieved Wavell, the Middle East head man, of his post, not because of any single failing but because the General could not command the Prime Minister's confidence. Wavell, who wrote well and could deliver a good lecture, was often taciturn and unconfiding, especially with those about whom he had doubts—and he had long distrusted politicians. Churchill and Wavell rubbed each other the wrong way, showing each other the worst sides of their fine natures. Mr. Connell does not argue that Wavell ought to have been retained; he recalls his courage, skill, and honor, and leaves it at that.

The Sheepskin Psychosis, by John Keats (Lippincott). The author of earlier exposures of suburban jerry-building and the Detroit automobile here tackles American higher education. The job is too much for him; he



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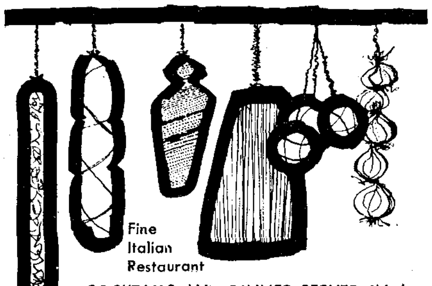

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does not know enough, or have enough respect for learning. His material is nevertheless of considerable interest, and a long taped interview with a college freshman is devastating.

GAMBLERS' MONEY, by Wallace Turner (Houghton Mifflin). A documented report, by a San Francisco correspondent of the New York *Times*, on the underworld underpinning of the Nevada gambling casinos—especially those on the lurid Las Vegas "Strip"—and the compulsive greed of the boss gamblers. This greed, Mr. Turner notes, together with a pathetic craving for "respectability," is driving these relentless men to seek a footing in the upper world of business and industry. It is his understandable hope that they never get it. Gamblers' money is "black money" and brings "elements of fraud and moral corruption wherever it touches . . . [for] gamblers are never happy except when they have a game with a fixed wheel or fixed dice or some edge that gives them the percentage in the game." A grisly book, and certainly one that should be widely read in any state contemplating any form of legalized gambling.

GALILEO GALILEI, by Ludovico Geymonat, translated from the Italian by Stillman Drake (McGraw-Hill). Galileo was the first modern physicist. He used experiments to guide his mathematics, and mathematics to give continuity and meaning to his experiments. Like Einstein and Bohr, he was a master at inventing imaginary experiments, which, although unperformed and unperformable, illuminate, just by one's thinking about them, dark corners in physics. He tried to reconcile the Church—he was a devout and devoted Catholic—to the new physics, and Mr. Geymonat, a professor of the philosophy of science at the University of Milan, describes all this marvellously. Galileo saw clearly that if the Church took a definitive position against a scientific theory that was almost certainly right, it could lead only to tragedy. He wrote, argued, and persuaded, but to no avail, and the tragedy that resulted was, first of all, his own. His trial before the Inquisition—again beautifully described by Professor Geymonat—was a monumental blow to him and to intellectual freedom. (It was only in 1822 that books like his were removed from the Index.) Galileo spent the nine

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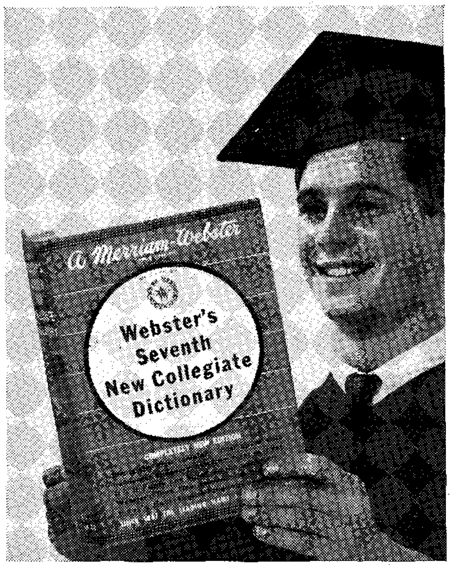
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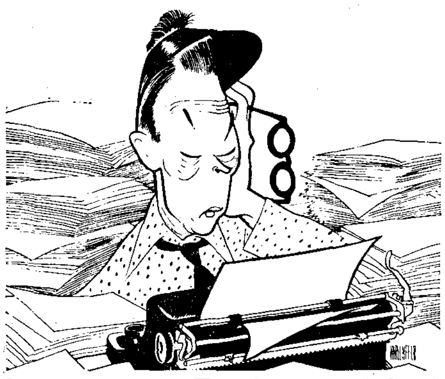

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remaining years of his life under house arrest. However, his books and the news of his discoveries spread throughout Europe, and from them modern physics was built.

THE WORLD OF THE COYOTE, by Joe Van Wormer (Lippincott). A comprehensive report—No. 6 in the excellent Living World series—on the remarkably cosmopolitan animal that is known to science as *Canis latrans* ("barking dog") and to the rest of us by a Spanish corruption of the Aztec "*coyotl*." Mr. Van Wormer, an Oregon naturalist and wildlife photographer, has a high opinion of the coyote, "probably the cleverest of all wild animals found in the United States," and he relates many interesting anecdotes about its unusual adaptability to civilization. (Coyotes follow snowplows for the field mice they flush.) He also suggests, with understandable satisfaction, that the coyote's years of relentless persecution may be about over. It is now widely recognized that some livestock depredations traditionally attributed to coyotes are largely the work of feral dogs, and ranchers are belatedly realizing that coyotes are essential to keeping down range-destroying rodents. Many fine photographs by the author.

THE ART OF BIOGRAPHY, by Paul Murray Kendall (Norton). A short, hedgehopping history of biographical and autobiographical writing (Plato, Suetonius, Bishop Gregory of Tours, Margery Kempe, Pope Pius II, Philippe de Commynes, Roger North, Samuel Johnson, James Boswell, James Parton, Lytton Strachey), together with a heartfelt discussion of how biography should and should not be written today. The proper way, Mr. Kendall is inclined to think, is the way he went about writing his "Richard the Third," and the wrong way is the way Leon Edel is writing his multivolume life of Henry James.

MY FRIEND DEGAS, by Daniel Halévy, translated from the French and edited, with notes, by Mina Curtiss (Wesleyan). Degas, who was generally difficult, obstinate, wayward, touchy, and reserved, was an intimate friend of the author's parents, and he relaxed at the Halévys' dinner table and said whatever he felt like saying. In 1888, when Daniel Halévy was sixteen, he began to write down Degas's conversations, and this book is the record up to his death, in 1917. (It has many other nuggets, one of them an en-

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chanting assignment given by Mallarmé to his English class at the Lycée Condorcet.) Besides being a great painter, a sharp critic of painting, and an inspired collector, Degas was a witty man. Many of his lines are Beerbohmesque in their fantastic, acerb exactitude. The illustrations, by the way, are mostly photographs by Degas.

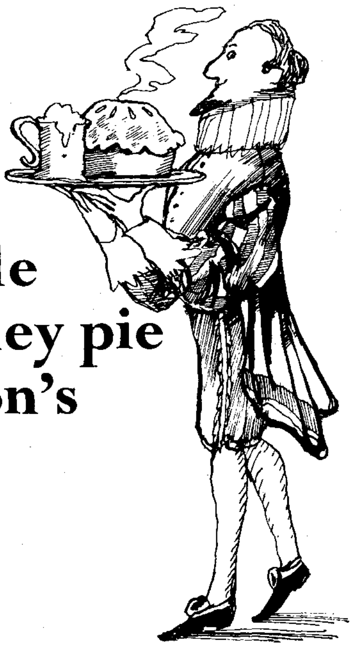
JOURNEY TOWARDS MUSIC, by Victor Gollancz (Dutton). An eminent British publisher who is a lifelong music buff tells, with a great deal of charm and notable critical insight, about his adventures in concert halls and opera houses. His style is not without quirks—he uses "eat" as a past tense, in the manner of Pepys—but his recollections (especially of opera singers, from Chaliapin and Tetrazzini to Lotte Lehmann and Birgit Nilsson) are extraordinarily vivid and are presented in a chatty fashion that will delight music lovers who have had similar experiences.

NOTE: Morton M. Hunt's account of his exploration of Long Island Sound in the summer of 1963, which originally appeared in this magazine, has been published by Doubleday under the title "The Inland Sea."

MYSTERY AND CRIME

IT CAN'T ALWAYS BE CAVIAR, by Johannes Mario Simmel, translated from the German by James Cleugh (Doubleday). A spy thriller with mildly comic and strongly gastronomic overtones. It is set in Europe and relates the adventures in war and peace (1939-57) of a determined pacifist and inadvertent double (and sometimes triple) agent variously known as Thomas Lieven, William S. Murphy, Jean Leblanc, Ernst Heller, Peter Scheuner, Captain Robert Almond Everett, and Pierre Hunebelle. Lieven—his usual name—is an accomplished cook, and he prepares a score of full-course meals, for each of which Mr. Simmel provides the pertinent recipes. The dishes are excessively pretentious ("Pheasant and Oysters with Sauerkraut"), but the adventures they nourish are generally entertaining, and Lieven is a man of irresistible charm. It might be added that the cast of characters includes Jacques Cousteau, Admiral Canaris, Josephine Baker, J. Edgar Hoover, and Rudolf Ivanovich Abel.

THE THOUSAND DOORS, by Abraham Rothberg (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). An expert melodrama that aims at being something more. It



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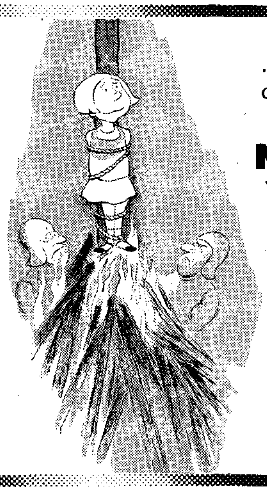

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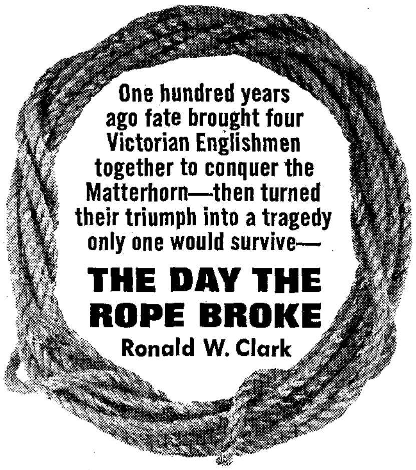

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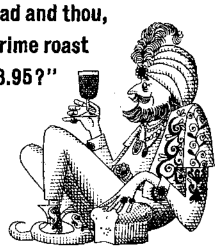

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Without Prejudice

Thomas Henry Huxley, Darwin's chief advocate, explained the scientist's philosophy in a letter to the clergyman and author Charles Kingsley. "Sit down before a fact as a little child," he wrote, "and be prepared to give up every preconceived notion, following humbly into whatever abysses nature leads, or you will learn nothing."

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has to do with an American literary agent who ventures into Yugoslavia in search of exotic talent and becomes murderously involved with the secret police, Soviet assassins, a conventionally hot-blooded beauty, a lunatic diplomat from his own embassy, and a backslidden political man of letters. Mr. Rothberg has been a foreign correspondent in contemporary Yugoslavia, and this gives a very satisfying certainty to his handling of the setting of his book, but his claim for more serious attention is largely based on some lengthy conversations on moral philosophy and on the nature of his hero, a man upon whom he has lavished every modish flaw and failing—insomnia, alcoholism, inferiority, guilt, passivity, sentimentality, and self-pity.

THE FAR SIDE OF THE DOLLAR, by Ross Macdonald (Knopf). Another of Mr. Macdonald's complicated cautionary tales about the underside of upper-class life in and around contemporary Los Angeles. This one is set in motion by the disappearance of a poor little rich boy from an expensive boarding school for troubled adolescents, and it confronts us with an almost Elizabethan labyrinth of hidden motives, mistaken identities, bloody hands, and unabashed coincidences. The incorruptible Lew Archer is, as usual, the narrator and commentator.

•

One of the most discussed architectural achievements is the newly redecorated home of Frederick Loewe, composer of "My Fair Lady." Gar Moore, an actor-singer-decorator, installed a vast, glass-walled bedroom for his client with a bed that swivels automatically, enabling its occupant to see whatever portion of the landscape catches his fancy.

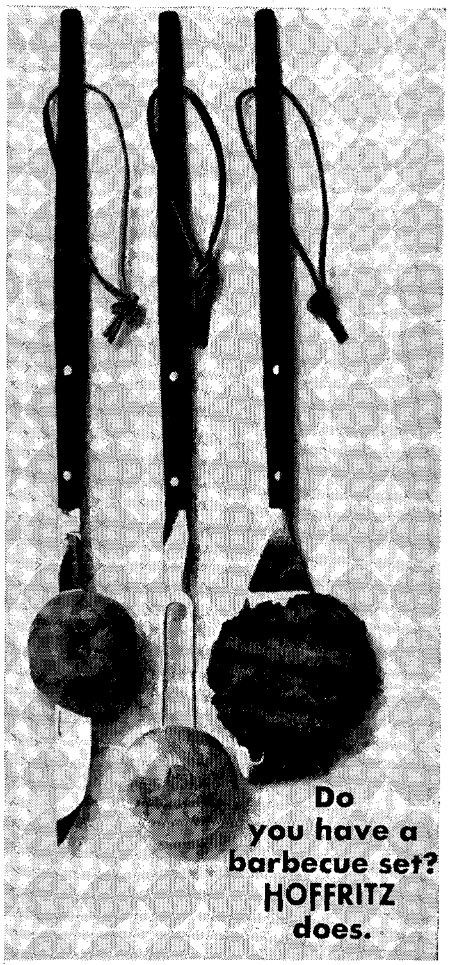
To further enliven Mr. Loewe's view, the decorator also rearranged the rock garden so that it has assumed an erotic motif.—*The Times.*

These composers! Everything has to be just so.

•

Dear Month of Mary—The first time I tried your "Busy Day" cake it was so quick to do and delicious. Second time I doubled the recipe, but the results were two hard layers and one soggy ring. Perhaps it was wrong addition (by the way, how much is 2/3 and 2/3? The answer is 4/6 but how can you measure that?) Could be I only put in the one 2/3 cup and forgot the the second 2/3 cup of milk. Who says housewives don't have to be educated? Next time I will make one cake twice.
—*Boston Globe.*

Who indeed?



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